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**MASTER JOHNE BARBOUR**







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**MASTER JOHNE BARBOUR**

ABERDEEN: PRINTED BY WILLIAM BENNETT,  
42 CASTLE STREET.

fm



# THE BRUS

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—THE PREFACE,.....	i
II.—TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS,.....	xxxiii
III.—THE STORY OF THE BRUS,.....	1-488
IV.—VARIOUS READINGS, WITH NOTES OF SOME ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS,.....	489
V.—NOTES,.....	513

1

## P R E F A C E.





## P R E F A C E.

THE little that we know of the author of the 'Story of the Brus,' is derived from the most authentic sources. His ecclesiastical office enables us to trace him at intervals in the public records of both kingdoms, as well as in the registers of his own diocese. John Barbour was Archdeacon of Aberdeen when his name is first met with. Of his parentage we know nothing, and conjecture is defeated by the wide spreading of the name, whether as a surname, or as expressing the original calling that gave it birth. Of his age we have some indications, which lead to the conclusion that he was born within a very few years after Bruce's crowning victory of Bannockburn.

On the 13th of August, the 31st year of his reign (1357) Edward III., King of England, granted a safe conduct to John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company, going to study at the University of Oxford.\* It has been supposed that the Archdeacon may have gone to the English University, on that occasion, rather to superintend the studies of the young men who are included in his passport, than for advancing his own education. But similar safe conducts, granted to himself specifically in subsequent years, show that the Scotch Archdeacon was prosecuting his own studies, for some time after, both in England and France. In 1364 a safe conduct was granted "to Master John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with four horsemen in his company, to pass through England to

\* *Rotuli Scotie* I., p. 808.

study at Oxford or elsewhere, as he may think proper." <sup>a</sup> Next year he was allowed to pass through England, with six persons in his company, to St. Denis, beside Paris; and, so late as 1368 (30th Nov.) the English King granted letters of safe conduct to Master John Barber of Scotland, with two servants and two horses, to pass through his dominions towards France, for the purpose of study. <sup>b</sup>

It is certain that, at the period of these safe conducts, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen was not a mere youth, promoted prematurely to an ecclesiastical office while incapable of discharging its duties. In 1357, the year of the earliest of his passports, John, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was named by the Bishop of his diocese one of his three proxies to attend that important national Council, which voted the large funds for the ransom of David from his English prison. <sup>c</sup> We must conclude, then, that in 1357, John Barbour, a Scotchman of no noble family, holding a dignity and judicial office in the Church, and attending Parliament as a proxy for his Bishop, was a man of mature age; and yet he appears then to have begun, and to have continued for eleven years, a course of study in foreign universities,—an advantage which his own country could not yet afford him.

The last safe conduct which Barbour obtained to pass into France, and which probably enabled him to visit the famous University of Paris, then in its glory, was to be in force for only one year. He probably returned to Scotland the following season, and in a short time was employed in the public service. In 1373, (Feb. 18) John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was both Clerk of Audit (*clericus probationis*) of the King's household, with a fee of ten pounds, and also one of the Auditors of the Exchequer then sitting at Perth. <sup>d</sup> He was a second time one of the Auditors of Exchequer in 1382; <sup>e</sup> and again in 1384. <sup>f</sup>

Soon after his return to his native country may be placed also the

<sup>a</sup> *Rotuli Scotiæ*, I., p. 886.

<sup>b</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 926.

<sup>c</sup> *Rymer*, VI., 39.

<sup>d</sup> *Compota Camerariorum Scotiæ*, vol. II.,

p. 32—p. 19.

<sup>e</sup> *Exchequer Roll*, No. 93.

<sup>f</sup> *Ibid.*, No. 95.

commencement of his great patriotic poem. The poet tells us himself that the "tym of the compiling of this buk" was in the year of grace, 1375.<sup>a</sup> That passage occurs within a third part of the end of the poem; and it is pleasant to think that its completion is in all probability indicated by a considerable mark of Royal bounty. The Exchequer account, which embraces the period from 5th February to 14th March, 1377, allows to the receivers of customs of the Burgh of Aberdeen the sum of ten pounds paid to the poet by command of the king.<sup>b</sup> A year later, he had another gift from the Sovereign of 20 shillings yearly out of the farms of Aberdeen for ever, with power to assign; and there is sufficient evidence that the latter gift was made expressly in reward of his services in composing the book of the gests of the illustrious King Robert the Bruce.<sup>c</sup>

There is reason to believe that Barbour was the author of another national poem, having for its subject the illustrious line of Stuart, under the first monarch of which family he flourished. Wyntown tells us,—

"The Stewartis orygenale  
The Archedekyne has tretyd hal  
In metyr fayre."<sup>d</sup>

and elsewhere speaks of Barbour's genealogy of the race then reigning, in terms that cannot apply to any part of his extant work, and seems to give to it the name of "the Brute," indicating that it was founded on the great middle age fable which connected the royal races of Britain with an imaginary Brutus, a Prince of Troy. It seems probable that it was for this second work that a further mark of royal bounty was

<sup>a</sup> *cx.*, 75, p. 319.

<sup>b</sup> "Et domino Archidiacono Abirdonensi de mandato Regis, per literam ostensam super compotum, x libbre." *Exchequer Roll*, No. 82.

<sup>c</sup> *Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis*, I., 130-1. This power of assignation he exercised immediately in favour of the Chapter of his Cathedral for celebrating his anniversary, who continued to receive the pension after his decease. In the allowance of the payment to them,

in some of the subsequent accounts in Exchequer, it is stated as for the anniversary of Master John Barbare, Archdeacon of Aberdeen—"qui compilavit librum de gestis illustrissimi principis quondam d. Regis Roberti Bruys," and again—"pro compilacione libri de gestis quondam Regis Roberti de Brus." *Exchequer Rolls*, No. 177, No. 178.

<sup>d</sup> *Cronykil VIII.*, vii., 143.

bestowed upon the poet. By a charter, dated 5th December, 1388, King Robert II. granted to the Archdeacon ten pounds sterling yearly for his life, payable out of the great customs of Aberdeen. This pension was duly paid to the poet for seven years, and it is from the termination of these payments that we learn the time of his decease, which must have fallen between the term of Martinmas, 1394, and Whitsunday, 1395.<sup>a</sup> The precise time was probably the 13th of March, on which day an anniversary was celebrated yearly in the Cathedral, down to the Reformation, for the soul of Master John Barbour, sometime Archdeacon of Aberdeen.

Besides these pensions, and the revenue of his prebend, (the whole tithes and dues of the parish of Rayne, in the Garioch) as well as an indefinite but considerable income from his judicial office of Archdeacon, Barbour, in 1380-1, had a gift from the crown of the ward of a minor, whose estate lay within his parish.<sup>b</sup> But this was probably of small emolument, and such grants were often made really for the benefit of the young heir. Nor should it have been mentioned here, but for the curious coincidence that we find Chaucer obtaining from the King of England a similar grant of the custody and marriage of a minor heir (Edmond Stapleton) five years earlier, which in his case was very lucrative.

Such are the few events of the life of John Barbour which we learn from the public records; and though we cannot but regret the scantiness of these details, it is unreasonable to expect much more information regarding the Archdeacon of a northern diocese of Scotland during the fourteenth century, even though the ecclesiastic was the author of popular poems, one of which supplied the place of history.

Barbour's poem of "the story of the Brus" was not only acceptable at Court: it was received at once into the popular literature of the country; and what is more remarkable, even at that short distance from the events it records, was at once adopted as authentic history. Fordun himself was

<sup>a</sup> Exchequer Rolls.

<sup>b</sup> Regist. Episc. Aberdon., I., 201.

probably unacquainted with Barbour's works: but his continuator Bower, compiling his Latin chronicles at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and Andrew Wyntoun, writing in his own language contemporaneously with him and Fordun, yet, evidently each unconscious of the other's labours, agree in praising the Archdeacon's historical poem, and even concur in pleading its sufficiency as a reason for not giving in detail the struggles and heroic war of Robert Bruce.\*

\* Paraphrasing Fordun's language, Bower says—"Rem grandem certe inceptit rex, onera importabilia propriis humeris imponens. Nam contra potentissimum regem Angliæ . . . non solum manum crexit, sed etiam contra omnes et singulos de regno Scotiæ, exceptis paucissimis sibi benevolis . . . se dedit ad certandum." . . . After a rhetorical allusion to the hero's sufferings and virtues, the chronicler concludes—"ideo ejus particularia gesta scribere postpono, tum quia non paucas membranas occuparent, tum quia, licet indubitanter sint vera, locus et tempus quibus fiebant et patrata fuerunt his diebus paucis innotescunt; tum etiam quia magister Johannes Barbari, archidiaconus Abirdonensis, in lingua nostra materna diserte et luculenter satis ipsa ejus particularia gesta necnon multum eleganter peroravit."—*Scoticron.* xii., c. 9.

So, while noting the battle of Bannockburn, Bower adds—"modum mirabilem et gloriosum genus vincendi in hoc bello, vide in libro dicti domini Roberti regis quem composuit in lingua materna archidiaconus Aberdonensis.—c. 20.

And in like manner refers to Barbour for the exploits of Edward Bruce in Ireland—"cujus actus bellicos et eventus validos liber de Bruce quem composuit Barbarius declarat luculenter."—c. 25.

Wyntoun writing in the same language, makes freer use of Barbour, and engrafts whole chapters of his predecessor's poem in his rhyming chronicle, (as in the second and eighteenth chapters of the eighth book) and is equally ready to acknowledge his merit as a historian:

Quhat that folwyd eftyrwert,  
How Robert oure kyng recoveryd his land  
That occupyd wyth his slys he fand,  
And it restoryd in all fredwme  
Quyt til his ayris of all threldwme,  
Quha that lykis that for to wyt  
To that buke I thame remyt  
Quhare Maystere Jhon Barbere of Abhyrdene,

Archeden, as mony has sene,  
Hys dedis dytyd mare wertusly.

Than I can thynk in all study,  
Haldand in all lele suthfastnes.  
*Wyntoun Cronykil*, VIII., v., 210.

Afterwards, referring shortly to the marriage of David Bruce, the chronicler adds—

"Of this mare qwha wyll here  
Bathe the deyde and the manere,  
And ma thyngis I leve behynd  
In Brwsis buk men may find."—xxiii. 9.

And, of Douglas's last duty to Bruce:—

"His body was enterd syne;  
And gud Jamys of Dowglas  
His hart tuk as fyrst ordanyd was  
For to bere in the Haly land.  
How that that wes tane on hand  
Well purportis Brwsys buk,  
Quhay will tharof the matere luk."  
—l. 46.

Wyntoun's obligations to the other poem of Barbour are no less frequent:—

"This Nynus had a sone alsua,  
Sere Dardane, lord of Frygya,  
Fra quham Barbere sutely  
Has made a propyr genealogy,  
Tyl Robert oure secownd kyng."  
II. i. 130.

"But be the Brwte yhit Barbare sayis  
Of Yrischry all othir wayis,  
That Gurgwnt-hadruk quhille wes kyng,  
And Bretayne had in governyng."—ix. 1.

"Of Bruttus' lyneage quha wyll her,  
He luke the tretis of Barbere,  
Mad intyl a genealogy  
Rycht wele, and mare perfytyl  
Than I can on ony wys  
Wytht all my wyt to yowe dewys."  
III. iii., 139.

"The Stewartis oryginale  
The Archedekyne has treftyd hnl

Another reason assigned by Fordun and repeated by Bower, for passing over the history of King Robert, is remarkable. They say that the great achievements of Bruce, though unquestionably true, were in their days gone out of memory, or known but to few. Undoubtedly, even the earlier chronicler, though writing before 1400, could not hope to meet many who had witnessed the beginning of the War of Independence, or drawn their own swords at Bannockburn; yet it seems to us strange to speak of the events of the last generation as out of memory, and especially for a writer who had no scruple in detailing the pedigree of the Scotch Kings, all down from *Scota*, the daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. But those chroniclers lived in perilous times, and it might be imprudent to dwell upon the more recent history, and especially of that great struggle which, even by them, could scarcely be narrated without some expression of sympathy.

John Barbour at least had no such scruple. His remarkable poem is not to be criticised as a chronicle in rhyme. Its author had an object independent of strict correctness in the order or dates, or even the facts

In metyre sayre, mare wertwsl  
Than I can thynk be my study,  
Be gud contynwatown  
In successive generatiown "  
VIII. vii, 143.

They who wish to know how Brennus and  
Beline, "knychtis fine," strove for Britain, are  
admonished—

"Thai rede the Brwte and thai sall se  
Ferlys gret of thare bownte."—IV. lx., 29.

Of Vespasian's war to recover the "trewage"  
of Britain—

"The Brute tellys it sa oppynly  
That I wyll let it now ga by."—F. iii., 91.

"Octaveus into thai dayis  
As of the Brute the story sayis,  
Of all Brettayne hale wes kyng."—x. 481.

The coming in of the Saxons is passed over,  
because—of their victories, and how "was  
slayne downe the Brettis blud"—

"The Brwte tellys oppynly."—xii. 225.

In defending his own accuracy and that of  
his admired leader, "HUCHOWN OF THE AWLE  
RYALE," as to the Roman Emperor contem-  
porary with King Arthur, Wyntown quotes  
Barbour as an authority not to be disputed:—

"Bot of the Brwte the story sayis  
That Lucys Hiberus in hys dayis  
Wes of the hey state Procurature  
Nowthir cald Kyng na Emperwre."  
F. xii., 295.

From these and other references to this  
work of Barbour, its nature is not to be  
doubted. It was plainly a chapter or modified  
version of the great romance of the middle  
ages—put in shape by Geoffrey of Monmouth,  
or his apocryphal author, Archbishop Turpin.

Fordun and Bower do not use the poem of  
the Brute so much, if at all. Yet, their con-  
tinuators, down to 1510, were at least acquaint-  
ed with it as a popular authority, which they  
blamed for misrepresenting the origin of the  
Stuarts. Goodall's Fordun, II., 60, 542.



of his story. His theme was Freedom, not personal liberty, which, in the abstract was then hardly understood, but exemption from that most hated tyranny, the violent dominion of a foreign people : \* And let no one doubt that the topic was stirring enough, suggesting the noblest of ' high actions and high passions.' In his patriotic undertaking, Barbour had set up for his model something like the ancient tragedy, which crowded the marked affairs of a person or a generation into a single day ; or like our own Shakspeare, who disposes of a revolution of Government in one scene. Satisfied to have real persons and events, and an outline of history for his guide, and to preserve the true character of things, he did not trouble himself about accuracy of detail. It suited his purpose to place Bruce altogether right, Edward outrageously wrong, in the first discussion of the disputed succession. It suited his views of poetical justice, that the Bruce, who had then been so unjustly dealt with, should be the Bruce who took vengeance for that injustice at Bannockburn ; though the former was the grandfather, the other the grandson. His hero is not to be degraded by announcing that he had once sworn fealty to Edward, and once done homage to Balliol, or ever joined any party but that of his country and of freedom.

After all the research which has been made of late years, the case of Robert Bruce stands much as it was put by our most dispassionate and best historical authority. " His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward and the vicegerent of Balliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the Crown. But his

\* I cannot express this so forcibly as it is set forth in a passage of a living orator and historian :—

"Of all forms of tyranny, I believe that the worst is that of a nation over a nation. Populations separated by seas and mountain ridges may call each other natural enemies, may wage long wars with each other, may recount

with pride the victories, and point to the flags, the guns, the ships which they have won from each other. But no enmity that ever existed between such populations approaches in bitterness the mutual enmity felt by populations which are locally intermingled, but which have never morally and politically amalgamated."—*Mr. Macaulay's Speech on the State of Ireland, 1841.*

character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent." <sup>a</sup> It may surely be added, that in the enterprise, which perhaps he began for personal ambition, he used the qualities of the great captain and wise statesman always for the advantage of his country, and always made his personal interest subservient to that of Scotland.

The preliminary narrative of Barbour represents his ideal Bruce—a personage mixed up of the grandfather and grandson—rejecting the treacherous offer of the English king, who promised him the kingdom of Scotland if he would consent to hold it as the vassal of England. Balliol accepts the condition and is preferred, but soon degraded and expelled, that Edward may grasp poor Scotland in his own name and person. It is the oppression of the invader that rouses Bruce to action—now no longer the ideal type of his family, but the actual Robert Bruce—in youth, the hero of a hundred stories of suffering and of success, that must have captivated the young poet's attention by the nursery fire-side, and whom Barbour was old enough to remember in later life reigning in all honour, ruling his people in peace and prosperity, the more to be remembered from the contrast of the sad times that followed.

Barbour turns aside for a moment to introduce the second hero of his poem, hardly second in chivalrous interest, the young Douglas, roused not only by patriotic feeling, but by personal resentment, to expel the invaders who had appropriated the possessions of his family; and then, these preliminaries being hastily passed over, he plunges into his drama—

"The Romanis now beginnis her,  
Of men that war in gret distres  
And assait full gret hardynes  
Or tha micht cum to thar entent." <sup>b</sup>

still, however, hurrying over the first steps; the compact with Comyn, his treachery and death; the flight of Bruce from the English Court, his

<sup>a</sup> Hailes' Annals, A.D. 1305.

<sup>b</sup> vii., p. 19.

meeting with Douglas, the coronation at Scone. Here is our first certain date.\*

We are now in the midst of the story. Edward 'out of his wits' with rage, sends Aymer de Valence with a host into Scotland. Bruce challenges the Earl to meet him in "plain bataill," and is routed in the wood of Methven. His forces dispersed, "the thanes fallen from him," all save a handful of devoted knights; Bruce's fortune is at the ebb. He plunges into the fastnesses of the North and Western Highlands. He and his followers are reduced to great distress among the mountains. Exposed to all suffering from cold and famine, without clothes or shelter, they are not without some sweet touches of humanity and of genuine chivalry. When the ladies joined them, the pains of the starving wanderers were forgotten in providing food for them. Douglas was the most active and skilful in killing venison and snaring all manner of fish for their use. When his friends are fainting and sick with inaction, Bruce himself entertains them with tales of chivalry.

The battles and known exploits and disasters of the Scotch party; Bruce's flight to the Scotch Isles and to Rachrin; his successful onslaught on his own Turnberry and Carric; his victories over De Valence and De Monthermer at Loudoun; his defeat of John Comyn at Inverury; the taking of Perth, of the Castle of Roxburgh, of Edinburgh Castle, are given by Barbour in their true order, though without much precision as to time and distance. For Bruce's personal adventures and escapes, some of which border on the fabulous heroic, we have no authority but our poet, nor any confirmation of his narratives (for we need not except the tradition of the broach of Lorn), except in the ascertained and most remarkable revolution wrought by his arms. From the state of desolate wandering with his handful of followers after the flight of Methven in the winter of 1306, in seven years, not with-

May, 1307.  
22 May, 1308.  
Jan., 1311.  
7 Mar., 1312.  
14 Mar., 1312.

\* 29 March, 1306. xiii, p. 32.

out many reverses and against such fearful odds, Bruce had freed all Scotland, from Berwick to the Pentland Firth, and was able deliberately to meet the power of England in open field at Bannockburn. Such a result warrants the relation of marvellous but real exploits, though it may also give some motive for exaggeration.

24 June, 1314.

The national Epic, as it begins with the coronation of Bruce and his assertion of independence, properly ends with the great battle which vindicated the independence of Scotland. Edward Bruce's expedition to Ireland, the Stuart's defence of Berwick, and the exploits of Douglas and Randolph on the Borders and in England, which come after, are episodes that would have been of more interest if separated from the main poem; and yet they form not unworthy chapters of the "Story of the Brus," the tale of chivalry, which was to conclude with the deaths of the Hero King and his gallant Palladins.

The first known edition of Barbour's Bruce is believed to have been printed at Edinburgh about 1570-1. Only one imperfect copy is known to exist, and I have not had the advantage of seeing it.\*

The next known edition is that bearing the impress—"Edinburgh printed by Andro Hart 1616." One copy is in the Bodleian Library among the books of John Selden, whose well-known mark it bears. Another and more perfect copy, formerly in the Anstruther library, is in the collection of Mr Maidment, advocate. I know of no other.

The edition printed by Andro Hart in 1620, small octavo, black letter, was known to Dr. Jamieson and the later editors. Its readings do not differ from the immediately previous one, which, indeed, it resembles so much as to give at first the impression of being the same book with a new

\* It is described by its possessor as a "small quarto, black letter, apparently printed at Edinburgh about the year 1570." *Memoir prefixed to Dunbar's Poems*, 1834, p. 40, note. More lately, Mr. Laing informs us, it is printed "apparently in 1571," at the expense of Henrie Charteris, Edinburgh. *Ban. Misc.*, III., 169.

title page. The type is the same, the page of letter is the same size in both, and the paging corresponds almost throughout. They are, however, essentially different.<sup>a</sup>

The other editions with which I am acquainted are those of

Andrew Anderson, Edinburgh, 1670 ; 12mo, *bl. l.*

Robert Saunders, Glasgow, 1672 ; 18mo.

Robert Freebairn, Edinburgh, 1715 or 1716 ; 4to, *bl. l.*, in language much modernised. Issued with a false title page in 1758.

Carmichael and Miller, Edinburgh, 1737 ; 18mo.

Pinkerton's, London, 1790 ; 3 volumes, sm. 8vo.

Dr. Jamieson's, Edinburgh, 1820 ; 4to.

The last of these editions, that of the late Dr. Jamieson, is printed from a single MS. in the Advocates' Library, with little or no help from collation of other authorities.<sup>b</sup> It is valuable as a careful print of a transcript of the poem, penned by "John Ramsay" in 1489, and it lays claim to no other merit.

Another MS. of Barbour is found in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge,<sup>c</sup> for the use of which I am indebted to the liberality and courtesy

\* The paper of the older book is browner and thicker. The title page, in the same words, is differently lettered. On its back, in the later edition, are the Royal arms, surrounded with the collar of the Thistle ; not in the other. "The Printer's Preface to the Reader" in the older, occupies twenty-one pages ; in the other only twenty, though the matter is the same : and in like manner the Table of Contents is slightly different in its paging, though otherwise corresponding in the two editions. In both, the poem itself occupies 418 pages, and both editions coincide apparently page for page throughout the poem. In the edition of 1620 there are three flourished initial capital letters (pp. 14, 15, 16) which, like all the rest, are plain in the older edition. Occasional changes of words and spellings in the later edition are evidently accidental ; but some are found which seem to show a rapidly progressive transition in the orthography, or the pronunciation of Scotland during the latter part of James VI.'s reign. For example, the following changes occur with some uniformity :—

In 1616.				In 1620.
<i>Cupitane</i>	.	is	.	<i>Captaine</i>
<i>Mekle</i>	.	..	..	<i>Mekle</i>

In 1616.				In 1620
<i>He, Me, Be</i>	.	is	.	<i>Hee, Mee, Bee</i>
<i>Allane</i>	.	..	..	<i>Allone</i>
<i>Two</i>	.	..	..	<i>Two</i>
<i>Mare</i>	.	..	..	<i>More</i>
<i>Noght</i>	.	..	..	<i>Nought</i>
<i>Shawes</i>	.	..	..	<i>Shewes</i>
<i>Thame</i>	.	..	..	<i>Them</i>
<i>Maist</i>	.	..	..	<i>Most</i>
<i>So</i>	.	..	..	<i>So</i>
<i>Wald</i>	.	..	..	<i>Wold</i>
<i>Thair (corum)</i>	.	..	..	<i>There and their</i>
<i>Lauer</i>	.	..	..	<i>Lower</i>
<i>Na</i>	.	..	..	<i>No</i>
<i>Tauld</i>	.	..	..	<i>Tould</i>
<i>Quha</i>	.	..	..	<i>Quho</i>
<i>Gif</i>	.	..	..	<i>If</i>
<i>Ald</i>	.	..	..	<i>Old</i>
<i>Anefuld</i>	.	..	..	<i>Onefald</i>

The Bodleian copy is imperfect, wanting seven leaves at the end of the poem, and the first leaf of *Tubula*. Mr. Maidment's copy is complete.

<sup>b</sup> The editor occasionally (and often in the notes only) corrects an unintelligible reading from Hart's Edition of 1620.

<sup>c</sup> "G. 23."

of Mr. Bateman, formerly the Librarian, and the Fellows of that College.<sup>a</sup> It is imperfect at the beginning, commencing at present at line 57 of the 76th page of the present edition. At the end is this colophon,—*Explicit liber excellentissimi et nobilissimi principis roberti de broys scottorum regis illustrissimi. Qui quidem liber scriptus fuit et finitus in vigilia Sancti Johannis Baptiste, viz., decollacio eiusdem, per manum J. de R. capni Anno dñi millessimo quadringentesimo octogesimo septimo.*

The handwriting is very like that of the Advocates' Library MS., and the initials of the name agreeing, lead to the belief that this is another transcript made somewhat earlier by the same scribe, John Ramsay, of whom nothing is known except what he himself has told us—that he was a chaplain and wrote one of these two copies for Master Symon Lochmalony, Vicar of Ouchtremsye.<sup>b</sup> The Cambridge MS. affords on the whole, perhaps, the best readings, and has been written with greater care; but each of them serves to correct errors and supply omissions of the other. No other manuscripts of the poem are extant.

The printed editions are almost a century later; and these two manuscripts of nearly equal date, form undoubtedly the surest and most authoritative basis of an accurate text of Barbour's poem.<sup>c</sup> I have endeavoured to avail myself of both, holding them of equal authority: I have used each for supplying innumerable defects and omissions of the other, and have freely adopted the best reading of every passage to be found in either. With regard to the spelling, I have used a still greater liberty. It is well known how loose and inconsistent spelling was, down to a much later period than the era of Master John Ramsay. A scribe of that age not only spells a word different ways in different manuscripts, but often

<sup>a</sup> A very careful collation of the Cambridge MS. on the margins of a copy of Dr. Jamieson's edition, made for the present edition by Mr. J. B. Brichtan, I propose to deposit in the Advocates' Library.

<sup>b</sup> That MS. (the one now in the Advocates' Library), has passed through the hands of several members of the family of the Burnetts of Leys, who have inscribed their names upon it.

<sup>c</sup> Hart's two editions bear to be "newly corrected and compared with the best and most ancient MSS.," and it seems certain that the editor was acquainted with the Cambridge MS. But there is no appearance of his having carefully followed that or any more ancient authority in the language of the poem, or its spelling.

spells the same word in many different ways in the same writing and the same page. It did not seem to me desirable to perpetuate those variations, and thereby increase considerably the difficulty of conversing with an ancient author; and I have endeavoured to seize the scribe's most reasonable, as well as for the most part his most usual method of spelling his words, and to adhere to that uniformly. I am aware that philologists would prefer a close representation of one MS. with all its imperfections, which they justly regard as instructive in tracing the history of language. But I must confess I have had other objects in view than those of the mere philologist. I have hoped, by settling the text on the best authorities, to make one step towards restoring a fine national poem to its former popularity, which editions like Dr. Jamieson's would render for ever hopeless. I have attempted to produce such a text as the scribe of 1487-9 would have made, if he had felt the propriety of an uniform spelling.

Supposing that attempt to have been successful, the important question remains—How far was the text of Ramsay altered from the language of Barbour? It is not quite—How much had the language of the people of Scotland changed in a century—from 1380 to 1480? For Ramsay, the scribe, professed to give the words of Barbour, and we may acquit him of making any structural change, or any but such changes as a transcriber makes, unconsciously approximating to the speech of his own time. To a certain extent such a modification must have taken place; and it would be more considerable if Ramsay copied from a later transcript, and not from an original or contemporary manuscript of the poem. But let us not exaggerate the effect of such changes in transcribing, nor unnecessarily give up our faith in the purity of the text of all ancient authors. It is not so easy, as it at first sight may appear, to modernise an old writer's language, even with all premeditation. The grammar will not always yield: the phraseology of the old time is not readily clipped down into modern speech. In a poem, the rhythm and the rhyme present all but insuperable obstacles to modernising. If the attempt be made partially, it

will be betrayed by the patch-work effect produced. To change the structure entirely requires an amount of labour and skill which no copyist will give without taking credit for it. In the present case we have some disagreeable proofs of the transcriber's honesty in the many passages which he has left unintelligible. It is plain, indeed, throughout, that he was not a very intelligent reader of his author,<sup>a</sup> and it is impossible, after perusing either of his copies, to attribute to him the intention or the capacity of making a general, or to any extent a structural change in the language of Barbour.

We have not many extrinsic guides to show us what was the language of John Barbour and of Scotland in his time. Except his poems, there was no Scotch literature till the end of the fourteenth century. The mixed inhabitants of our division of Britain had, no doubt, much earlier adopted a common Teutonic speech, but no writer had yet given it precision and laws.<sup>b</sup> During all the fourteenth century, the lawyer and the churchman still wrote in Latin. The courtier and the gentleman (when so accomplished as to write) probably used the language of the Norman *trouveur*, the appropriate and almost peculiar speech of all the technicalities of real and mimic war, arms and heraldry, of hunting and hawking, of the lays of love and the romance of chivalry.

Perhaps the first words of the vernacular language committed to writing, are a few phrases to be found in some charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Thus an old charter of the reign of William the Lion expresses the boundaries of land by *the standand stane—the stane cross*: and a penalty for destroying wood is denominated by the Anglo-Saxon term *Tri-gild*. The military services of vassals are named *Utwere* and *Inwere*.

<sup>a</sup> Some years ago I was sitting in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth, spelling out an old MS. of Scotch Law. It was in many places ill spelt and even unintelligible. "What a pity," I said, "that this scribe did not know what he was writing about!" "Ah!" said Dr. Maitland (the then librarian) "I have come to think ignorance the least of the faults of a transcriber."

<sup>b</sup> An English writer of the previous century tells us, "*Moderniores enim Scottorum reges magis se Francos fatentur, (than Scotch, that is, or Gaelic) sicut genere, ita moribus, lingua, cultu.*"—Walter of Coventry; *ad an.* 1212. Notes to Chron. of Lanercost, p. 371.



In the year 1312, an indenture of lease between the Abbot of Scone and the Hays of Leys was extended, like all deeds of that time, in Latin. But there were provisions of great importance to the tenants, laymen and not strong in Latin. For their benefit, a friend had gone over the lease (the original of which is extant) and interlined over each word or phrase of force, its equivalent in the vernacular. The pains of the interpreter have not been lost, for they have preserved to us one specimen of what was the language of Eastern Scotland five centuries ago. There cannot be a more pure English speech. It is without the redundancy of consonants, the gutturals, and many of the peculiarities which, in later times, gave an effect of coarseness to the language of Scotland in southern ears.\*

So far as I know, the earliest connected language of our country preserved in the original writing, is a precept under the privy seal of the Earl of Fife, Warden of Scotland, to pass the wool of the Monks of Melros free of custom. It is dated 26 May 1389.<sup>b</sup> The record or minutes of some

\* Liber de Scon, No. 104, and fac-simile. The interlineation is a little later than the body of the indenture, but only by a few years.

The words translated are

Concesserunt . . . . .	has grantit
Dimiserunt . . . . .	has letin
Pertinenciis . . . . .	Purtenauncis
Rectis divisis . . . . .	Rithwis diuisis
Solebant . . . . .	Was cont
Linealiter . . . . .	Enin in line
Ex latere . . . . .	On side
Procreandi . . . . .	To be to gitt
Descendentibus . . . . .	Descendant
Triginta . . . . .	Thritti
Annuatim . . . . .	Iere bi iere
Hyeme . . . . .	Wymir
Immediate sequentes . . . . .	For utin oni mene fol- wand
Quod molent . . . . .	That thai sal grind
Pro sustentatione sua . . . . .	For thair fude
Molendinum . . . . .	Miln
Vicesimum quartum vas . . . . .	Four and tuentiand fat
Jure servientis molendini . . . . .	i. enaueschipe
Prestabunt . . . . .	Sal gif
Genere . . . . .	Kynd
Nativi . . . . .	In born men
Preparationem . . . . .	Grayting
Sustentationem . . . . .	Uphaldinn
In circuitu . . . . .	Ahute thuiame
Forinsecum . . . . .	Forayn
Percipient locale . . . . .	Sal tak fuayl
Alienabunt . . . . .	Do away

Eorum successoribus . . . . .	Tha that' comie in thair stede
Usufructu, etc. . . . .	Gres water and other profits
Indiguerint . . . . .	Thai hif mister
Exorte fuerint . . . . .	Haf growyn
Decidentur . . . . .	Haf fallin (a mis- reading)
Reservari . . . . .	Be yemil
Dominio . . . . .	The lauerdscape
Requisiti . . . . .	Requerit
Simulatione . . . . .	Feyning
Accedere . . . . .	i. venire
Contingat . . . . .	Impersonaliter
Revocare . . . . .	Cal agayn
Sui recessus . . . . .	Of thair parting
Recedent . . . . .	Sal depart
Edificia . . . . .	biging
Construi facient . . . . .	Sal ger be made
Competentia . . . . .	Gaymand
Dimittent edificia . . . . .	Sal leue bigit
Cyrographi . . . . .	Hund chartur
Confecti . . . . .	Made
Penes . . . . .	Anentis (a mistake)
Residenti . . . . .	Duelland
Appensum . . . . .	Hingand

<sup>b</sup> "Robert, &c., ffor quhy that of gude memore Dauid kyng qwhilom of Scotland that God assoillie w<sup>t</sup> his chartir vndre his grete sele has gyvin to the Religious men the Abbot and the Conuent of Meuros and to thair successors for evere mare frely all the custume of all thair wollys as wete of thair awin growing

Scotch Parliamentary proceedings are preserved, for the years 1397-8,<sup>a</sup> and from such sources we become acquainted with the formal business speech of the end of the fourteenth century. The more familiar language of correspondence may be found in some letters of George, Earl of Dunbar, and James of Douglas, Warden of the Marches, to the King of England, the first of which is of date 18 February 1400.<sup>b</sup> The Earl of Dunbar might well call the language of his letter "English."

The first actual literary compositions of our country must have been, in all probability, those lays or ballads which are nearly at the beginning of literature in all countries, and which have influenced the literature and the people of Scotland more than others. When Barbour relates de Sulis's victory over Sir Andrew Hardclay, he says,

"I will nocht rehers the maner  
For, quhasa likis, tha ma her  
Yhoung wemen quhen tha will play,  
Sing it emang tham ilke day."

But of the current traditional poetry of that time—of the songs of battle and adventure and infant patriotism, or of the shepherd's lays of love, we cannot pretend to have preserved anything, or if anything, only a shadow or

as of their tendys of thair kyrkes as it apperis be the forsaid chartir confermyt be our mast sonereigne and doubtit Lorde and fadre our lorde the kyng of Scotland Robert that now ys wyth his grete sele, &c."—*Liber de Melrose*, No. 480.

<sup>a</sup> A short specimen must suffice. The proceedings (with a fac simile of the record) are in the "*Act. Parl. Scot.*, vol. I, p. 210. "Sen it is wele sene and kennyt that oure lorde the kyng for seknes of his persoun may nocht trauail to gouerne the Realme na restreygne trespassours and rebellours, it is sene to the consail maste expedient that the duc of Rothesay be the Kyngis lieutenande generally throch al the kynrike for the terme of thre yhere, hafande fwl power and commissioun of the kyng to gouerne the lande in althyng as the kyng sulde do in his persoun gife he warr present. That is to say, &c.

<sup>b</sup> The whole letter is given by Pinkerton in the Appendix to his history, I., p. 442. The conclusion I have had collated with the original in the British Museum :—

"And excellent prince syn that I clayme to be

of kyn tyll yhow, and it peraventour nocht knawen on yhour parte, I schew it to yhour lordschip be this my lettre that gif dame Alice the Bewmount was yhour graunde dame, dame Mariory Comyne hyrr full sister was my graunde dame on the tother syde, sa that I am bot of the feirde degre of kyn tyll yhow, the quhilk in alde tyme was callit neir And syn I am in swilk degre tyll yhow I requer yhow as be way of tendkness tharcof, and fore my seruice in maner as I hafe before writyn, that yhe will vouchesauf tyll help me and suppowell me tyll gete amendes of the wrangs and the defowle that ys done me, sendand tyll me gif yhow lik yhour answer of this with all gudely haste. And noble prince mervaille yhe nocht that . I . write my lettres in Engl fore that ys mare clere to myne vnderstandyng than latyne or Fraunche. Excellent mychty and noble prince, the haly Trinite hafe yhow euermar in keepyng. Writyn at my Castell of Dunbarr the xvlii day of Feuerer.

Le Count de la Marche Descocce.

—*Cotton MSS.*, Vesp. E., VII.

faint outline, now a name, now the burden of an ancient dittay ; or, in the rare cases where the theme and spirit are preserved, the language, passing through the mouths of many generations, has kept no impress of its first shape.

Closely connected, however, with the popular oral poetry—in some instances with us its foundation or prototype—were those early metrical romances which, though intended for recitation, were usually committed to writing ; and a few of these, of Northern composition, have been preserved, and furnish us with the earliest specimens of our written language. Unluckily the poetry is of that tedious alliterative kind which wearies the ear of the reader, as it must have exhausted the invention and cramped the thoughts of the writer. One of these Romances we have in a MS. of the latter half of the fourteenth century, and so, contemporary with Barbour. But the language shows its composition to be of a period considerably earlier.\*

These scanty fragments of contemporary writing serve to show that the language of Barbour differed in nothing from that of his countrymen of his own time, and also, that it had not been materially changed in the version of his transcriber, writing a century after the poet. If one could come unprejudiced to the inquiry, they might teach the Scotch student yet another truth.

It must be confessed that Dr. Jamieson's "Etymological Dictionary of

\* The Alliterative Romance of *Morte Arthure*, cited by Sir F. Madden from a MS. in the library of Lincoln Cathedral (A. i. 17). Sir Gawain, the good knight's last battle, is thus described :—

" Into the hale bataile hedlynges he rynnys,  
And hurtes of the hardieste that on the erthe  
lenges,  
Letande alles a lyone, he lawnches theme  
thorowe,  
Lordes and ledars that one the launde boues.  
And for wondsome and wille alle his wit  
failede,  
That wode alles a wyldre beste he wente at  
the gayneste,

Alle walewede one blode, thare he a-waye  
passed."

And his death thus lamented :—  
" And thus Syr Gawayne es gone, the gude  
man of armes,  
Withe owtyne rescewe of renke, and  
rewghe es the more!  
Thus Syr Gawayne es gone, that gyded  
many othire;  
Fro Gower to Gernesay, alle the gret lordys.  
Of Glamour, of Galys londe, this galyarde  
knyghtes,  
For gient of gloppyngnyng glade be they  
never!"

*Preface to Sir Gawayne, p. xxv.*

the Scottish Language," so praiseworthy in its object, and in many respects so useful, has misled the unwary, chiefly in that particular which the author counted his main strength. Dr. Jamieson was pledged to support the title of his dictionary, and pressed learning of all sorts into his service, to show that the "Scottish language" was a peculiar and national language, almost unconnected with the dialect which prevails in the other end of Britain. Where a Scotch word happened to have an equivalent in meaning, and almost in sound, in English—still more where a Scotch word was a mere misspelling of a well known Anglo-Saxon one—he thought it allowable to pass by these patent and near sources, and to fetch his etymon from the remote, though, no doubt, still kindred dialects of Icelandic, the Suio-Gothic, or the Moeso-Gothic of Ulphilas. It was not the worst effect of this system, that the etymologies are often both far fetched and doubtful. It misleads the student of our early literature, by withdrawing him from the true pedigree of the language, and makes it sound startling now to announce, that, from its earliest known fragments, down to the end of the Fourteenth century, the language of Scotland was the same with that of one half of England—of England north of Trent.

The great province of Northumbria (the most powerful as well as the most enlightened of the kingdoms of Saxon England) had, from the first, institutions and a literature of its own, and a distinct speech, peculiar in its structure as well as its pronunciation. That Anglian tongue, though modified by its successive revolutions, was yet preserved distinct under its Anglian kings, the rough rule of the Northmen, the sway of its Norman Earls, and even after their decay; and when the Anglo-Saxon language passed rapidly (so rapidly that we can only mark the extremities) through that process of decomposition which effaced its whole grammar and systematic structure—its declinable articles, its genders, its inflections of noun and verb, its final vowels—enough still remained of peculiar vocables and forms, as well as of mere pronunciation and spelling, to distinguish very broadly the Northern from the Southern tongue.

Down to the Fourteenth century, and later, this Doric dialect of English extended all over the ancient Province which derived its name from lying on the north of the Humber, and beyond even its most ancient bounds, along the whole Eastern coast and quite to the Northern extremity of the Lowlands of Scotland. Let it not be supposed that it was a mere vulgar and popular speech uncultivated by men of learning. Not to mention the wealthy abbeys which studded the valleys of Yorkshire and our own Teviotdale, each a little school of good letters, the great Episcopal Sees of York and Durham, and the Royal Court of Scotland, which, down to the Fourteenth century, enjoyed more peace and prosperity than fell to the lot of the English Monarchs, were the centres of much intellectual cultivation, and brought it about that the Northern men possessed a literature of their own, which bade fair to rival, if not to excel, that of the South, spoiled and depressed as it was by the courtly use of French, until the genius of Chaucer turned the balance. Within these wide bounds—from the Moray Firth to Trent—there were, doubtless, numerous small varieties of language and voice, most of them probably distinguishable only by themselves, while to the Kentish or London ear, the epithet “Northern” comprehended the whole; and, what is of more consequence, a uniform language was used and cultivated through that wide district by men of education and for purposes of literature. Its variations can be traced even in spelling,\* notwithstanding the looseness of the orthography of that age; but it is safe to assert that there was no greater difference between the written language of York and of Eastern Scotland in the Fourteenth century, than between the modern speech of Aberdeen and Edinburgh.

Such is the language of Barbour, and of his countrymen of the Fourteenth century. It is Anglo-Saxon of the old Northern type, disregarding or confounding the characteristic terminations of the language, and

\* As *Quā* very consistently used for *Wā* in “when,” “who,” &c.

altogether degenerate in grammar. It is considerably Latinised, and with a sprinkling of Norman-French phrases; but neither Latin nor French affected its grammar nor entered into its structure, unless, indeed, these foreign elements, resisting the peculiar inflections of Anglo-Saxon, tended more rapidly to break down the whole system of grammatical inflection, which appears to us so perfect and so artificial, and which is yet found in perfection only in the earliest stages of language. The dialect has a dash of Danish too, or at least of that phraseology which our etymologists ascribe to a Danish parentage,<sup>a</sup> and which is easily recognised in the language of Yorkshire, of Cumberland, and the Northern shires of England.

The evidence and pure examples which should have proved this, are rendered scarce by the prepossession which has followed the system of Dr. Jamieson, and which claims for Scotch all that is not Southern English.<sup>b</sup> Thus the romances of "Sir Tristrem," "Havelock," some of those of which Sir Gawain is the hero, and others, still pass by the name of Scotch poems, though known by scholars to be the production of North of England "makers."

The name, however, matters little; and it is of little consequence whether the Northern romance poems were written on the one side of the Tweed or the other, if enough yet remains, of compositions of ascertained parentage, to fix the identity of the language at the extremities of the district assigned to it. In this inquiry the "Story of the Bruce" may stand for the ascertained literature of Scotland, and that, too, of its northern division, in the latter part of the Fourteenth century. Of the richer stores of the literature of Northern England, none is of more ascertained locality

<sup>a</sup> As *war* for 'worse';—all the three persons singular of the present indicative alike, as *I loves, thou loves, he loves*—*I, thou, he thinks* (but the verb, indeed, is often used without inflection in both numbers and in all the persons) besides a number of vocables, as *elding*, "fuel," *graith*, "to prepare," *bruid*, "to resemble," *gar*, "to force," *greet*, "to weep," and numerous others from unmingled Northern sources.

<sup>b</sup> It can scarcely be said, perhaps, that Scott was misled. He was rather the leader of the patriotic delusion, and had influence enough to mislead, not only his willing countrymen, but many of the scholars of England, before philology had been so much cultivated as it has been in the days of Kemble, Guest, and Latham.

than the version of the "Cursor Mundi" of the same century. A passage in it is instructive—

"In a writte this ilke I fand;  
Himself it wroght I understand.  
In Suthrin Englys was it drawn,  
And I have turnid it til ur awn  
Langage of the northern lede  
That can non other Englis rede."

This "langage of the northern lede," so distinguished from the "Suthrin Englis," was the tongue of Durham and York, as well as of all Lowland Scotland. It never occurs to any writer of those ages to call it Scotch, and Scotchmen who wielded it skillfully still thought no shame to call their language English.\*

At the other extremity of ancient Northumbria, in the city of York, contemporary with Barbour, or a little earlier, were composed certain "Mysteries" or church plays, which, being written for popular representation, necessarily give the popular language of the district. Not much later, a similar set of "miracle plays" was composed for the edification of the burghers of "merry Wakefield" in the West Riding. Of both, with the exception of some variations in spelling (*wh* for *quh*, *gh* for *ch*, the aspirate freely used before vowels, &c.) the language is the broad and guttural tongue of Barbour; and a comparison of the poem of the Aberdeen eccle-

\* I am not aware that any of the 'makers,' whether of romantic or church poetry, calls his language Scotch. On the other hand we find writers within the kingdom of Scotland speaking of their language as English. In the *Statuta Ecclesie Scoticanæ* of the Thirteenth century, recorded in the Register of the Bishopric of Aberdeen, priests are enjoined to teach the formula of Baptism in Latin and in English (*in Romano et etiam Anglico idiomate*) *Regist. Aberdeen. II., p. 24.* Barbour calls the language of his poem "Ingliš," c. 30, l. 95. The Earl of March, and his greater namesake, the poet Dunbar, who wrote to the commons and boasted of it, spoke of their language—the tongue of Lothian—as English. It was not till the glory and the literature of Northumberland had quite passed away, and the feuds of

two centuries had estranged the nation of Scotland from England, that Gawain Douglas announced of his language—

"I set my bissy pane  
As that I couth to mak it braid and plane  
Kepand na Sudron bot our awyn langage."

and excused himself for borrowing from "Bastard Latyn, French, or Inglys, quhar scant was Scottis." Somewhat of his nationality was owing to his wholesome desire of engaging the popular ear, which made Lindsay soon afterwards, in still plainer terms, disclaim writing for a learned class. He chose to write to the people—

"Whairfor to coilyearis carteris and to cuikis  
To Jok and Tam my rhyme sal be direckit:  
With cunning men howbeit it will be lackit."

siastic with the church plays of Yorkshire, must satisfy the most sceptical that they were in effect the same dialect.\*

While the Northern dialect, of Anglo-Saxon origin, was used by Barbour for his national epic, the Southern language of England was wielded by a greater master; but even Chaucer, incomparable as he is in genius,

\*Take first a specimen of the York Mysteries. It is from the Cardmakers' play of the CREATION:—

"*Deus* . . .  
In hevyn er angels fayre and brighte  
Sternes and planetis thar cursais to ga  
The mone servis on to the nyght  
The son to lyghte the day als wa.

In erthe is treys and gres to springe  
Bestis and foulis bothe gret and smalle  
Fysshis in fiode, alle othyr thyng  
Thryffe and have my blyssyng alle.

*Adam*—A lorde! full mekyll is thi mighte  
And that is sene in ilke a syde  
For now his here a joyfull syght  
To se this worlde so lange and wyde.

Mony divers thyngis now here is  
Off bestis and foulis bothe wylde and tame  
Yet is nan made to thi liknes  
But we alone, a louyd be thi name!

*Eve*—To swylke a lorde in all the degre  
Be evirmore lastande lovyng  
That till us swylke a dyngnite  
Has gyffyne before all othyr thyng.

And selcouth thyngis may we se here  
Of this ilke warlde so lange and brade  
With bestis and fowlis so many and sere:  
Blessid be he that has us made!

*Adam*—His syng sone he has on us sette  
Beforne alle othre thyng certayne  
Hem for to love we sall nocht lett  
And worschip hym with myght and mayne"

I am indebted for this specimen to a paper of the Rev. Richard Garnett, printed in the proceedings of the Philological Society (Mar. 14, 1845.) The original is a MS. formerly in the Library of Lord Oxford, and afterwards in the

possession of Mr. Bright. A more recent copy "of the latter part of the fourteenth century" affords some various readings of interest, as marking the rapid transition of the language into the Southern English. *Ga* becomes "goo;" *Alsoa*, "also;" *Nane*, "none;" *Warkie*, "worlde;" *Sall*, "shalle;" *Mare*, "more;" *Lang*, "long;" *Mony*, "many;" *Tyll*, "to;" *Swylke*, "suche;" *Syne*, "sethen;" *Gude*, "goodnesse."

The Wakefield plays are not mere curiosities of language and manners. There is high thought and some poetry in them, and the most grotesque humour. But it is the language only with which we have to do. The final quarrel between Cain and Abel runs thus:—

*Cayn*—Com furth Abelle and let us weynd,  
Me thynk that God is not my freynd,  
On land then wille I flyt.

*Abelle*—O Cayn brother, that is ille done.

*Cayn*—No, bot go we hens sone,  
And if I may I shalle be  
Ther as God shalle not me se.

*Abelle*—Dere brother, I wille fayre  
On feld, ther our bestes ar,  
To looke if thay be holgh or fulle.

*Cayn*—Na, na, abide, we have a craw to pulle;  
Hark, speke with me or thou go,  
What! wenys thou to skape so?  
We, na, I aght the a fowlle dispyte,  
And now is tyme that I hlt qwite.

*Abel*—Brother. whi art thou so to me in ire?

*Cayn*—We, theyf, whi brend thi tend so shyre,  
Ther myne did bot smoked

Right as it wold us bothe have choked?

*Abel*—Godes wille I trow it were," &c.

— "The Towneley Mysteries" (Surtees Society) p. 15.

The careful editor notes among expressions proving a north of England origin—"Umbe-  
thynke thee what thou says"—"Ather"—"Let  
it be"—"Be pease yourdyn"—"Go furth greyne  
horne"—"Othergates"—"a craw to pluck"—  
"mon" must—"fun" found—"pik" pitch—  
"skelp"—"mydyng"—"chylde"—"kythe and  
kyn"—"nearhand"—"balk" a ridge of un-  
tilled land—"Wet hir whystyll"—"threpe"  
—"eaten out of house and harbour:" we say,  
"out of house and home"—"what alys thee?"  
&c.—every one familiar to the ears of all be-  
tween the Tweed and John o' Groats.



has little advantage over our poet, on a fair comparison of the language used by each.

Of the poetry of Barbour a few observations may be allowed. The plan and conduct of his poem are exceedingly simple. There is no artificial or far-sought ornament, no invention of machinery, no imitation of the ancient epic. None of the miracles afterwards told of Bannockburn are traced to Barbour. There is not a superhuman being nor a supernatural incident introduced in his poem. We do not meet even with the name of a god or goddess of classical antiquity: I cannot recall a single deliberate simile. We are left in doubt whether the author was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.<sup>a</sup> Barbour claims the single merit of telling "a soothfast story"<sup>b</sup> in verse, and with some of the graces of the fables of romance; and he was the first who did so. He prays that he may "say nought but soothfast thing."<sup>c</sup> His story was, throughout, his first and chief object; and he shows great anxiety, lest in any point of the actual adventures he may mislead his reader.<sup>d</sup> But the Archdeacon is no common chronicler. He has an eye for all beauty and a heart for every kind of nobleness. He delights in describing the evolutions of troops and all the pomp and circumstance of war. He paints like an artist the assembling of the English king's host of many nations, (so effectively named), in multitude overspreading the land, hiding both hill and valley; the war horses and the knights, shields and spears and burnished arms; banners and pennons glancing to the sun's beam, that all the land was in a blaze.<sup>e</sup> On the other hand, the hardy countenance of the Scotch army, Bruce's homely manner of cheering his soldiers, "speaking good words here and there," and their confidence in their tried leader, are very skilfully contrasted with the glitter and pride of the English squadrons.

<sup>a</sup> Perhaps he took the story of Eteocles and Polyneices (c. 48) from the original Latin of Statius. He certainly had no acquaintance with the play of Euripides; and the "Ektor of Troy," to whom he compares Douglas (c. 5) is

rather the Hector of the "Nine Worthies" than the Homeric hero.

<sup>b</sup> 1, 13.

<sup>c</sup> Cap. 1, 36.

<sup>d</sup> As at 65, 96.

<sup>e</sup> 88 and 89.

A number of admirable incidents serve as a prelude to the great battle : Douglas, against the King's will, hastening to Randolph's rescue when surrounded and overmatched by the enemy, but halting when he sees his friend likely to have the better without his help, lest he might rob him of a part of the honour ; Bruce's own encounter with De Bohun ; the fasting and shriving of the Scotch army ; their final kneeling and short prayer, and the different inferences of the rash Edward and the veteran De Umphravil :

"He said in hy  
'Yon folk knel to ask mercy!'  
Sir Ingraham said, 'Ye say suth now,  
Thai ask mercy, but nane at you.'"

After this solemn note of preparation, the battle follows with fine picturesque incidents. The fiery charge, the gleaming armour, the mighty host of England broken against the wall of Scotch spears, the crash of lances, the hewing of mail, the confusion and promiscuous slaughter, the grass red with blood, and the panic and flight, are given not without some Homeric power. Afterwards, Edward's suffering De Valence to lead him away by his bridle rein, is contrasted very skilfully with the chivalry of the good knight, Sir Giles de Argenteyn, raising his old battle-cry, the terror of the Saracens in Palestine, and turning to sure death that he might not stain his noble name with flight.

Even more interesting than these heroic deeds are the incidents of real life, chiefly to be found at the beginning of the story ; the pictures of the manners and modes of thinking of Bruce and the brave men who followed him, outraged and hunted like beasts of prey, and sometimes as savage in their revenge, but reverting readily to the decencies and charities of life and the gentle usages of chivalry.

We owe to Barbour the earliest notices of popular Celtic poetry—of Gaul the son of Morni and Fingal, and other heroes of the Ossianic rhapsodies. It is not only the earliness of the notice of these floating fragments

of Celtic hero-worship that is remarkable. We can see that even already had begun the Teutonic feeling which has run riot in our time, and which Scott has so delightfully embodied in the person of Jonathan Oldbuck. The Lord of Lorne, a Highland chief, speaking the traditions of his country, thought he honoured a brave adversary in comparing Bruce to Gaul the son of Morni.<sup>a</sup> But to the poet, a lowlander educated in France and England, it seemed otherwise. It had been more mannerly, says Barbour, to have likened him to Gaudifer de Larys, a person at least as apocryphal, but still a knight of chivalry.

The Norman romances noticed by Barbour are not always to be identified with existing works; which is not wonderful, when we consider the multitude of these poems that delighted our forefathers, and the infinite variety of persons and incidents which the invention of successive 'makers,' and even professed transcribers, hung round the three centres of romantic fable—Alexander the Great, Arthur of England, and Charlemagne—without much variety in thought, feeling, or imagery. There is no doubt concerning the hero whom Barbour thought worthy to be compared with Bruce. He was Sir Gaudifer de Larys, whose adventures in arms form the chief subject of that chapter of the Romance of Alexander the Great, which treats of the "Forray of Gadderis," where he is opposed by the mighty "Duke Betys that Gaderis aucht."<sup>b</sup> But some of the scenes where these romances are introduced derive a higher interest from other causes. Almost at the lowest of Bruce's fortunes, when his little band of faithful followers, Douglas, Hay, Campbell, and his brother Nigel, were joined by their ladies,

"That for leil luff and lawte  
Wald partneris of thair panis be."

and were wandering in the Highlands, destitute of all necessities, even of food, the King was always the comforter of the party, "feigning to make

<sup>a</sup> p. 49, l. 7.

<sup>b</sup> "The Buik of Alexander the Great," a Northern version of the Romance. Printed for the Bannatyne Club

better cheer than he had matter for," supporting them by his example of cheerfulness, and entertaining them with stories of history and romance. At length the ladies' strength quite failed, and it was resolved to send them for security to the Castle of Kildrummy, under the charge of Nigel Bruce. The King gave up the horses for their service, and he and his followers went forward on foot. The parting of ladies from their lords, and the adieus of younger lovers, are very pathetically, yet naturally told. You might have seen, says the poet,—

"At leve-taking the ladyes grete  
And mak thair face with teris wet  
And knichtis for thair luffis sake  
Bath sigh and wep and murning make;  
Thai kissit thair luffis at thair parting."

With such touches of gentleness does the old poet know to relieve his story of stern hardship and deeds of battle. Bruce was now making his way to Kintyre, where he was to seek shelter for the winter. On the journey the party had to cross Loch Lomond; and for that purpose only one little boat, fit to carry three at a time, was found by the indefatigable James of Douglas, where it had been hidden under water. During the time that was consumed in crossing the lake by swimming and rowing, the King "merrily" read to his friends romances of the renowned Oliver and the twelve peers of Charlemagne,

"And mad them gamyn and solas  
Quhill that his folk all pussit was."\*

These men of high blood and delicate nurture had long travelled on foot through the wildest mountains, in want of all necessities. The whole country was against them. Starvation urged them from behind: unknown

\* The transcriber has made "douze-pers," the received appellation of the twelve paladins of the romantic court of Charlemagne into

"Dukperis," and here there was no second MS. to afford a modification of the spelling. p. 63, l. 74.

dangers and hunger also might wait them on the other side. At such a time, to find the Prince their leader taking such means for entertaining and rousing them, by the examples of those Knights of Christian mythology, to deeds of chivalrous daring and endurance, gives us a higher idea of chivalry than any writer of fable has reached. Neither is there anything in fictitious romance so touching as the pictures of the love and confidence that existed between Bruce and his followers; and if we seek in real history for the chivalry of romance, we shall find it here, when men fought against all odds, against hope itself, in a high and holy cause, rather than in the wars which Froissart has gilded over, where brave knights and men-at-arms, horse and rider clad in iron, thought it noble to ride down thousands of the unarmed "jacquerie," men of their own language and country.

Barbour himself was full of patriotism, but his patriotism never prevents him from doing justice to a noble adversary. He celebrates feats of individual daring on either side, as if he could gladly have shared them; and how often of old must the heart of a soldier have beat under the frock of the churchman! While sometimes through the mouth of Bruce, sometimes in his own person, he gives utterance to the purest sentiments of love of country and love of freedom, chivalry is above all, and the honour of a gallant and loyal knight too bright a thing to be obscured by difference of party or country.

If the antique language of the book were not still an obstacle to the general reader, I should think it inexcusable to have dwelt so long on points which its perusal will much better make known. It is to encourage its perusal that I have bestowed my labour in adjusting the text; and perhaps these slight notices may serve the same end. The fine old poem deserves to be better known. It is a proud thing for a country to have given a subject for such an *Odyssey*, and to have had, so early in its literature, a poet worthy to celebrate it.

For the reader unlearned, like myself, in the mystery of English rhythms, it may be sufficient to observe that Barbour's *verse* is the old metre of four accents, and (generally) eight syllables, which had become

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common in the Thirteenth century.<sup>a</sup> In reading, it must be kept in mind that the final *e*, as a distinct syllable, once so frequent in both tongues, and still so much used in the contemporary Southern English of Chaucer, has altogether, or almost, disappeared in Barbour's verse;<sup>b</sup> and that the syllable *it*, the increment of many verbs, and the termination *is*, where it marks a case or inflection, whether of noun or verb, are to be discounted or reckoned for syllables as suits the rhythm.<sup>c</sup>

Pinkerton, in his edition of Barbour, thought it gave dignity to the poem to divide it into twenty books instead of the numerous divisions of the original; and Dr. Jamieson imitated him, though making only fourteen books. The divisions into chapters or 'fyttes' seem to be the Author's, since they are found in both MSS.; but, at any rate, they are manifestly useful for the sense in many places.<sup>d</sup> I have therefore thought it allowable to return to the simple but useful divisions of the original. Imitating Dr. Jamieson, I have collected the marginal rubrics or titles of both MSS. (often of much later date than the text) and prefixed them to the poem, where they serve in some degree the purpose of a table of contents.<sup>e</sup> The "various readings" are a mere selection of such of these as affected the sense, or required comparison to settle the best version. The multitude of amendments on the text, occurring in every page, almost in every line, will appear on a comparison with the former editions; and the more curious student who desiderates their authority will find, upon consulting Mr. Brechin's

<sup>a</sup> "The Owl and Nightingale," "Havelok" and several other poems in this metre, are quoted by Mr. Guest. — *History of English Literature*, B. III., c. in.

<sup>b</sup> In C. 79 the word *sege* occurs as a monosyllable and dissyllable.

*And et | ane sege | to the | custele |* l. 11.

*The seg | e tuk | full ap | crilly |* l. 16.

<sup>c</sup> C. 75, l. 9. —

*Bot tha | akathit nocht | gretly | the King |*

In this line the termination *it* (modern *ed*) is not a distinct syllable. So in c. 55, l. 76 —

*And askit the King gif he wald et.*

In the three following lines, c. 55, l. 103-5, it occurs in both ways —

*The King than winkit ans titill we*

*And slepit nocht full entirly,*

*Bot gluffrit oft up sudnly*

In c. 1, l. 8 — *That schawis the thing richt as it wes.*

"Schawis" is one syllable: so "kingis" in c. 2, l. 9. In c. 8, l. 21, *ghouris* is certainly of two syllables. In c. 9, l. 3, the syllable occurs both ways. I read it —

*Thar en | denturis | and ath | in mad.*

<sup>d</sup> There is a pause or break in the narrative, pointing at its being written for recitation; and each chapter or "fytte" often begins with a slight return and resuming of the previous matter, which is superfluous and cumbrous where there are no divisions. One instance may be sufficient.

CLT. ends, —

Thus Ischit Thrillwall that day.

and CLT. begins, —

Quhen Thrillwall on this maner fad Ischit.

<sup>e</sup> The letters E and C distinguish these titles as taken from the Edinburgh or the Cambridge MS.

careful collation in the Advocates' Library, that none are unwarranted. The few miscellaneous notes may seem slight and insignificant. But a dissertation upon any of the doubtful points of the history could not be tolerated among the notes on a romance. If they have any value, I believe it will be found in those illustrating Edward Bruce's Irish campaigns, the information conveyed in which I owe chiefly to my friend Dr. Reeves, to whose learning and industry Scotland will soon owe a greater debt.<sup>a</sup>

Before concluding, I must be permitted to offer some apology for presuming to undertake this work. I feel how absurd it must appear to an English scholar of good accomplishment, that the earliest Scotch poem should be edited by one who knows Anglo-Saxon very imperfectly, and is not acquainted with German or any of the continental Teutonic languages. In my defence I trust it will be allowed that, for many reasons, a Scotsman was the proper editor of Barbour's poem. Then, it must be remembered that these studies have not hitherto been cultivated among us as they deserve. With the exception of one or two persons who study language as an amusement, amid graver and more important labours, there are no Scotsmen possessing the requisite learning.<sup>b</sup> In these circumstances I could not refuse when asked to do something for putting this fine old poem on a better footing than it has hitherto held. If I have, by allowable means, adjusted a consistent orthography, and further, by due comparison settled the text on a good foundation, my aim is in a great measure gained, however much the edition may come short of the wishes of the philologist and student of language.

C INNES.

<sup>a</sup> Dr. Reeves, who has done so much for the antiquities of his own diocese and country, is now engaged on the Life of Saint Columba, a work of infinite learning and research, and of the very highest interest.

<sup>b</sup> I fear, in this particular, the former editors, Pinkerton and Dr. Jamieson, were equally defective. The former, with some learning and industry, had certainly no philological taste or

study. The latter, who had studied the language of his country so much, had not worked out the German and Teutonic mines in the right channels. It seems that he knew only the writers who wrote in Latin, and, in fact, used only the common Latin glossaries of the Northern tongues, which satisfied the scholar before the finer and more elaborate investigations of modern German philologists.





## TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

[The Rubrics and Titles from the Margins of the Edinburgh MS. are marked E. Those from the Cambridge MS. C.]

INCIPIT LIBER COMPOSITUS PER MAGISTRUM JHOANNEM  
BARBER ARCHIDIACONUM ABYRDONENSEM DE GESTIS BELLIS  
ET VIRTUTIBUS DOMINI ROBERTI DE BRWYSS REGIS SCOCIE  
ILLUSTRISSIMI ET DE CONQUESTU REGNI SCOCIE PER EUNDEM,  
ET DE DOMINO JACOBO DE DOUGLAS—E.

i. The Author's purpose, . . . . .	page 3
ii. Introduction—the disputed succession of Scotland, . . . . .	4
l. 35. <i>Quhow the lordis of Scotland tuk the King of Ing-</i> <i>land to be arbitar at the last—E.</i> , . . . . .	5
iii. Edward's arbitration, . . . . .	8
iv. Edward occupies Scotland, . . . . .	9
v. The Douglas, . . . . .	13
vi. James of Douglas, . . . . .	17
vii. Here begins the Romance, . . . . .	19
<i>Scoti assimulantur S. Machabeo—E.</i>	
viii. Agreement of Bruce and Cumyn, . . . . .	20
ix. Cumyn's treachery, . . . . .	21
x. Bruce's danger, . . . . .	23
xi. <i>Quhow the Bruse scheuit King Edwardis deseit—E.</i> . . . .	26

	xi. l. 35. <i>Hic Johannes Cumyn et alii occiduntur in Ecclesia</i>	
	<i>Fratrū—E.</i> , . . . . .	page 27
	xii. <i>Hic Rex Anglie inquit Robertum Bruce sed non invenit—E.</i> . . . . .	27
	l. 25. <i>Hic Robertus Bruce mittit literas ad convocandum—E.</i>	
	Douglas joins Bruce, . . . . .	31
	xiii. Bruce crowned. Edward invades Scotland, . . . . .	32
Book II. of Jamieson.	l. 21, . . . . .	33
	xiv. The English and Scots meet, . . . . .	36
	xv. Bruce defeated at Methven, . . . . .	38
	xvi. <i>Hic Rex cum suis magnam patitur penuriam—E.</i> . . . . .	42
	xvii. <i>Hic Rex Robertus cum suis vadit usque Abberden—E.</i> . . . . .	44
	The Queen and ladies join Bruce, . . . . .	44
	xviii. <i>Hic dominus de Lorne invadit Regem propter mortem</i>	
	<i>Jo. Cumyn—E.</i> , . . . . .	47
	xix. Bruce's encounter with the brothers Makindrosser, . . . . .	49
	xx. Maknaughtan's judgment of Bruce, . . . . .	52
	xxi. Bruce comforts his followers with ancient stories of Scipio, . . . . .	54
	xxii. And of Cæsar, . . . . .	57
	xxiii. The ladies go to Kildrummy, . . . . .	58
	xxiv. The King, on his way to Kintyre, crosses Loch Lomond, . . . . .	60
	xxv. Lennox meets the King, . . . . .	64
Book III. of Jamieson.	l. 69. . . . .	66
	xxvi. The voyage to Kintyre, . . . . .	67
	l. 40. <i>Hic Comes de Levenax insequitur a suis proditorie—E.</i> , . . . . .	69
	xxvii. The King crosses to Bachrin, . . . . .	70

# TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

xxxv

	xxviii. The Queen taken by the English, . . .	page 74
	xxix. <i>How Prince Edward of Yngland assagit Kyndromy—C.</i> <i>Hic castrum de Kyldrome obsidetur et proditorie capi-</i> <i>tur—E., . . . . .</i>	77
	xxx. <i>Hic Rex Anglie congregat suos in Scociam—E., . . .</i>	80
	l. 45. <i>How King Edward deit into Burch in Sand—C.,</i>	82
	l. 60. <i>Hic Edwardus a demone decipitur et moritur—E.,</i>	82
	xxxi. Douglas crosses over to Arran, . . . . .	86
	xxxii. Defeats a party of English at Brodick, . . . . .	88
	xxxiii. <i>The cuming of King Robert Bruce in Arane—C.,</i>	91
	xxxiv. Bruce sends a messenger into Carrick, . . . . .	93
	xxxv. He finds the country all hostile, . . . . .	95
	xxxvi. Bruce prepares to sail to Carrick, . . . . .	97
	<i>Hic hospita predicat Regi futura et dat ei ij filios—E.</i>	
Book IV. of Jamieson.	xxxvii. <i>Hic rex Robertus applicat navigio ad Carryk—E.,</i>	102
	l. 90. <i>Hic rex intrat villam latenter occidens omnes—E.,</i>	105
	xxxviii. <i>Quedam domina Regis consanguinea venit ad eum cum</i> <i>xl—E., . . . . .</i>	107
	xxxix. <i>Hic Henricus Percy fleys in Ingland—E., . . .</i>	109
	xl. Douglas would go to his own country, . . . . .	110
	xli. <i>Hic James Douglas vadit ad recuperandum suam heredi-</i> <i>tatem—E., . . . . .</i>	112
	<i>The passing of James of Douglas to Douglasdail his here-</i> <i>tage—C.</i>	
	xlii. He wins his Castle of Douglas, and burns it, . . . . .	115
	l. 35. <i>Heir James of Dowglas slayis thaim in the kyrk—E.,</i>	116
	l. 75. <i>Here makis he the Dowglas lardnar, . . . . .</i>	117

XLIII.	<i>Here Clyffurd byggis the castel agayn—E.,</i>	page 118
XLIV.	<i>Here the Inglis men peys a tratour to [sla the Kyng]—E.,</i>	119
XLV.	<i>How the man and his twa sonis wes set to sla the Kyng gud Robert Brus at the preve—C.,</i>	122
l. 64.	<i>Heire King Robert is in greit peral—E.,</i>	124
l. 125.	<i>Heir the nobyll Kyng slays iii tratouris hym allane—E.,</i>	126
XLVI.	<i>Heir Galloway sekis him—E.,</i>	126
XLVII.	<i>How King Robert the Brus wes socht ryth the sleuth hund—E.</i>	129
l. 65.	<i>Heire he fechtis allan agayne ij hundyr—E.,</i>	131
XLVIII.	<i>Bruce's prowess compared to the story of Tydeus,</i>	133
XLIX.	<i>His men join him at the ford,</i>	137
L.	<i>Bruce's worship,</i>	138
LI.	<i>How Douglas slew Thrillvall—C.,</i>	140
l. 60.	<i>Here the Inglis captane and othir ar slayn—E.,</i>	142
LII.	<i>Heire folowis the King R., Schir Emery and John of Lorne with a slowth hund—E.,</i>	143
l. 135.	<i>Heir v chosyn men ar send to tak the Kyng—E.,</i>	147
LIII.	<i>How John of Lorn soucht the gud Kyng Robert Brus vyth the sleuth hund—C.,</i>	150
l. 40.	<i>Here the sleuth hund tynt his sent—E.,</i>	152
LIV.	<i>Another account,</i>	152
	<i>. . . he wes slan with an arrow—E.</i>	
LV.	<i>Heir ij tratouris metis the Kyng with a weddir—E.,</i>	153
l. 145.	<i>Heir he slew the ij tratouris—E.,</i>	158
l. 153.	<i>Heir cumis the Kyng til his triste—E.,</i>	158
LVI.	<i>Heir metis he with his meny—E.,</i>	159

# TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS. xxxvi

Book VI. of Jamieson.	LVI. l. 100. <i>Heir the Kyng with his menye cumis hastely apon thar inimyis and slew mony—E., . . .</i>	page 162
	LVII. <i>Heir Schir Emery passis til Carlele—E., . . .</i>	164
	l. 30. <i>Here the Kyng metis iij tratouris—E., . . .</i>	165
	LVIII. <i>De Vallance watches Bruce in Glentrwel, Here Schir Emery settis the King in gret juperty—E., . . .</i>	168
	LIX. <i>How Schir Amer Vallance [sent] the woman to spy King Robert in Glentrwell—C., . . .</i>	169
	l. 90. <i>Heir wes xv hundir discumfit with few Scottis—E., . . .</i>	172
	LX. <i>Mowbray's troops defeated by Douglas, . . .</i>	173
	LXI. <i>Heir Schir Emery [challanges] bargan in the plane—E., . . .</i>	177
	l. 55. <i>Heir King R. providis for wantag in the place quhar thai suld fecht—E., . . .</i>	179
	LXII. <i>Heir Schir Emery cumis with his host in sycht—E., . . .</i>	180
	l. 59. <i>Heir King R. metis hym with few—E., . . .</i>	182
	LXIII. <i>The battle of Loudoun hill. Heir King R. wynnys in plane battale—E., . . .</i>	183
	LXIV. <i>Heir Schir Emery passis in Ingland—E., . . .</i>	186
	LXV. <i>How the gud King Robert the Brus passit north beyound the Month—C., . . .</i>	188
	l. 29. <i>Heir Schir James [of Douglas] he wynnys mony men, and makys fyrst a trane on the castal—E., . . .</i>	189
	LXVI. <i>How gud King Robert lay seik in Innerowry—C., . . .</i>	192
	LXVII. <i>Heir the erl of Buchquhan gaderis again the King—E., . . .</i>	196
	LXVIII. <i>Heir the King wox hale throw bost—E., . . .</i>	198
	LXIX. <i>Heir the erl of Bowquhan fleys, and Schir David Brechen yeldis him to the king—E., . . .</i>	200

# xxxviii      TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

Book VII. of Jamieson.	LXX.	<i>Heir the king byrnys al Bowchguhan and [wins] the castell of Forfair and distrois it—E.,</i>	page 202
	LXXI.	<i>How gud king Robert the Brus segit the town of Perth—C.,</i>	204
	LXXII.	<i>Heir al Scotis obeyis the king excep Lorn—E.,</i>	208
	l. 11,		209
	LXXIII.	<i>Edward Bruce wins all Galloway,</i>	209
		<i>Heir is mekyl commendit Schir Edward Brus—E.,</i>	
	l. 45.	<i>Heir Schir Edward Brus discumfites the Inglismen at Cre—E.,</i>	211
	l. 120.	<i>Heir he discumfites fer ma, manfully, that is to say . . . E.,</i>	213
	l. 185.	<i>Schir Edward Brus in a yer wan xiiij castell—E.,</i>	215
	LXXIV.	<i>Heir Schir James Douglas metis with Schir Alexander Stewart lord Bonkle—E.,</i>	216
	l. 62.	<i>Heir Schir James Douglas cumis to the king with Schir Alexander Stewart and Thomas Rendale—E.,</i>	218
	LXXV.	<i>Heir the king passis agayn Jon of Lorn—E.,</i>	219
	l. 53.	<i>Heir the king metis with Jon of Lorn menyne—E.,</i>	221
	LXXVI.	<i>Heir the king segis and wynnys Dunstaffinch—E.,</i>	223
	l. 45.	<i>Bunnok's stratagem to win Lithgow pele—E.,</i>	224
	LXXVII.	<i>Lithgow taken,</i>	226
	LXXVIII.	<i>How Thomas the Rendale com man to the gud king Robert the Brus—C.,</i>	228
	l. 30.	<i>Heir is mekil commendit Thomas Rendale—E.,</i>	229
	LXXIX.	<i>Randolph besieges Edinburgh Castle,</i>	230
	LXXX.	<i>The Captain of the Castle changed,</i>	231
	LXXXI.	<i>The vynning of the castell of Roxburgh be the Douglas throw the slicht of John Ledous—C.,</i>	232

# TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

xxxix

	LXXXII. The tower taken and thrown down, . . . . .	page 236
	LXXXIII. The siege of Edinburgh Castle. Fransas undertakes to enter it, . . . . .	238
	LXXXIV. <i>The vynning of the castell of Edinburgh be gud erll Thomas Randall—C., . . . . .</i>	240
	LXXXV. The Castle cast down : Randolph's praise, . . . . .	246
	LXXXVI. <i>The vynning of Strevilling be Schir Eduard the Brus, and how the battale res set of yer and day betuix hym and Schir Philip the Mowbra—C., . . . . .</i>	248
Book VIII. of Jamieson.	l. 39, . . . . .	249
	LXXXVII. The King declares his resolution, . . . . .	250
	LXXXVIII. Edward assembles his host and comes to Berwick, . . . . .	252
	LXXXIX. Edward marshals his host and comes to Edinburgh, . . . . .	254
	xc. The Scotch army assembled at the Torwood, . . . . .	257
	xcI. The Scotch power marshalled in four battles, . . . . .	259
	xcII. The Scots prepare for battle—Saturday and Sunday. . . . .	262
	xcIII. Douglas and Keith observe the English host, . . . . .	264
	xcIV. <i>The battle of Bannockburn. Randolph's encounter with Clifford's squadron, . . . . .</i>	267
	l. 130. <i>How gud James of Douglas askit at King Robert the Brus leif to gang to supple Erll Thomas Randall —C., . . . . .</i>	272
	xcv. Sir Henry de Bohun slain by Bruce, . . . . .	273
	xcvi. Randolph beats back Clifford's force, . . . . .	276
	xcvII. Bruce prepares for battle, . . . . .	279
	xcvIII. The King's exhortation, . . . . .	280
	xcIX. The English lords comfort their men, . . . . .	285

## TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

Book IX. of  
Jamieson.

c.	Preparations for battle, . . . . .	page 287
ci.	Encounter of the English vaward with Edward Bruce's battle, . . . . .	291
cii.	Randolph's battle engages with the main host of the English, . . . . .	292
ciii.	The Steward's battle also encounters the main body of the English. Keith disperses the English archers, .	294
civ.	The King's battle attacks the English main host. The English have the worse, . . . . .	297
cv.	The English routed, . . . . .	302
	<i>How the yhemen men and the pouermen maid of schetis the maner of baneris in supplc of King Robert the Brus and his folkis.</i>	
	<i>l. 160. How gud Douglas chassit the King of Ingland eftir the battallis of Bannokburne—C., . . . .</i>	306
cvi.	The flight and pursuit, . . . . .	308
cvi.	The spoil, . . . . .	310
cvi.	Sir Marmaduke le Tweng yields him prisoner, and Mow- bray renders Stirling Castle, . . . . .	312
cix.	Edward's flight and escape, . . . . .	314
cx.	Prisoners exchanged. The Lady Marjory married to the Steward, . . . . .	317
cx.	Bruce ravages England, . . . . .	320
	<i>Book X. of Jamieson.</i>	
cxii.	<i>How the Erll of Carrik passit in Irland to vyn it, and with him erll Thomas Randal and Schir Philip the Mowbray, Schir Johne Stewart, Schir John Sowlis, and Ramsay of Ouchterhous—C., . . . .</i>	321



# TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS.

xli

Book XI of Jamieson.	cxiii.	Edward Bruce defeats the English at Kilros, . . .	page 329
	cxiv.	Randolph defeats a victualling party, and part of the English army at Coigneris, . . . . .	332
	cxv.	Ambush and skirmish before Coigneris, . . . . .	337
	cxvi.	Edward Bruce defeats the English host—takes Coigneris. Repulses a sally from the Castle of Craigfergus, . . .	340
	cxvii.	The Castle surrendered, . . . . .	349
	l. 25.	<i>How King Robert Brus passit throw the Tarbatis and wan the Ilis—C., . . . . .</i>	349
	cxviii.	Douglas defeats a party of foragers from Berwick—the keeper slain, . . . . .	351
	l. 107.	<i>The battale betuix the Lord Douglas and the Lord Nevell of Ingland—C., . . . . .</i>	355
	cxix.	The English terror of Douglas, . . . . .	359
	l. 27,	. . . . .	360
	l. 50.	<i>How King Robert the Brus passit in Irland til his brother Eduard—C., . . . . .</i>	361
	cxx.	King Robert, without his brother, defeats a great army of the Warden of Ireland, . . . . .	362
	cxxi.	The Scotch forces over-run Ireland. The Kings of the Irishry do homage to Edward Bruce, . . . . .	369
	cxxii.	Sir Thomas of Richmond defeated and slain by Douglas, . . .	372
	l. 85.	<i>How the gud Douglas slew the erll Richmonde of Yngland—C., . . . . .</i>	375
	cxxiii.	Three points of war, each achieved with 50 men, . . . . .	377
	cxxiv.	An English force landing in Fife repulsed by the Bishop of Dunkeld, . . . . .	379

	cxxv. <i>How gud King Robert the Brus com hame agane fra Irland—C.,</i>	page 384
	l. 50. <i>The vinning of the toun of Berwike be the Scottis-men throw the menyys of Sym of Spaldyn—C.</i>	385
	cxxvi. Berwick Castle taken—given in keeping to the Steward,	391
Book XII. of Jamieson.	cxxvii. Edward of England besieges Berwick,	394
	cxxviii. <i>How Valter Steward was asalyit in Berwik be the King of Ingland. The siege. The ship prepared to assail the walls burnt,</i>	396
	cxxix. A Scotch army invade England — “the Chapter of Myton,”	401
	cxxx. The siege continued. The sow destroyed. The sally at Marygate,	405
	cxxxI. The siege raised. The Scotch army returns from England by way of Carlisle,	412
	cxxxII. <i>How Schir Eduard the Brus ves slayn in Irland—C.</i>	
	Edward Bruce defeated and slain,	416
	cxxxIII. The Scots who survive return to Scotland,	424
Book XIII. of Jamieson.	cxxxIV. <i>How King Eduard com agane in Scotland with his power till Edinburgh eftir the ded of gud Schir Eduard the Brus intill Irland—C.,</i>	425
	Bruce’s policy of defence.	
	cxxxv. <i>How the gud King Robert the Brus followit the King Eduard of Ingland south in his awin land—C.,</i>	429
	cxxxvi. The battle of Biland,	433
	cxxxvii. The Scots return with their booty,	436
	cxxxviii. <i>How the lord Soulis thocht throu tressoun vith his com-</i>	

# TABLE OF THE CHAPTERS. xliii

	<i>plisis till hav put down gud King Robert the Brus,</i>	
	<i>and how he ves varnit be a lady—C.,</i>	page 438
CXXXVIII. l. 128.	Messengers sent to England to treat for peace,	442
CXXXIX.	A truce made for thirteen years—broken by the English	
	at sea,	443
CXL.	<i>The ded of gud Schir Valtir Steward—C.,</i>	445
Book XIV. of Jamieson.	CXLI. The Scots ravage England—meet the English forces at	
	Weirdale,	446
CXLII.	The English assay to draw the Scots from their strength,	452
CXLIII.	Douglas makes an onslaught on the English camp by	
	night,	455
	l. 167. <i>Nota. how the fox playit vyth the fischar—C.,</i>	460
CXLIV.	On the next night the Scots decamp,	463
CXLV.	The Scots invade England with three armies. Peace con-	
	cluded. Marriage of David Bruce with the Princess	
	Joan,	466
CXLVI.	The King prepares for death,	472
CXLVII.	<i>Obitus Roberti Brus Regis Scocie—C.,</i>	475
CXLVIII.	Randolph governor. Douglas's expedition to Spain, and	
	death,	477
CXLIX.	Douglas's funerals,	483
CL.	Bruce's heart buried in Melros. Randolph dies by poison,	487

EXPLICIT LIBER EXCELLENTISSIMI ET NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS  
ROBERTI DE BROYS SCOTTORUM REGIS ILLUSTRISSIMI  
QUIQUIDEM LIBER SCRIPTUS FUIT ET FINITUS IN VIGILIA  
SANCTI JOHANNIS BAPTISTE VIZ. DECOLLATIO EIUSDEM PER  
MANUM I. DE R. CAP<sup>NI</sup>. ANNO DNI MILLESIMO QUADRINGEN-  
TESIMO OCTOGESIMO SEPTIMO—C.

## EPITAPHIUM REGIS ROBERTI BROYS.

*Hic jacet inuictus Robertus Rex benedictus :*

*Qui sua gesta legit reperit quot bella peregit.*

*Ad libertatem deduxit per probitatem*

*Regnum Scottorum : nunc vivit in arce polorum—C.*

FINITUR CODICELLUS DE VIRTUTIBUS ET ACTIBUS BELLICOSIS  
VIZ. DOMINI ROBERTI BROYSS QUONDAM SCOTTORUM REGIS  
ILLUSTRISSIMI RAPTIM SCRIPTUS PER ME JOHANNEM RAMSAY  
EX JUSSU VENERABILIS ET CIRCUMSPECTI VIRI VIZ. MAGISTRI  
SYMONIS LOCHMALONY DE OUCHTERMUNSYE VICARII BENE  
DIGNI ANNO DOMINI MILLESIMO QUADRINGENTESIMO OCTUA-  
GESIMO NONO.

ANIMA DOMINI ROBERTI BRUYSS ET ANIME OMNIUM FIDELIUM  
DEFUNCTORUM PER DEI MANUM REQUIEScant IN PACE. AMEN.  
AMEN. AMEN.—E.

*Desine grande loqui, frangit Deus omne superbum ;*

*Magna cadunt, inflata crepant, tumefacta premuntur ;*

*Scandunt celsa humiles, trahuntur ad yma feroces ;*

*Vincit opus verbum ; minuit jactantia famam—E.*

*Per ea viscera Marie virginis que portaverunt eterni*

*Patris filium. Amen.—E.*

THE STORY OF  
**T H E B R U S**

WRITTE

**MASTER JOHNE BARBOUR**

**ARCHDECON OF ABERDEN.**



**S**TORYIS to red ar delitabill,  
 Suppos that tha be nocht bot fabill.  
 Than suld storyis that suthfast wer,  
 And tha war said on gud maner,  
 5 Haf doubill plesans in hering.  
 The first plesans is the carping,  
 And the tothir the suthfastnes  
 That schawis the thing richt as it wes :  
 And suth thingis that ar likand  
 10 To manis hering ar plesand.  
 Tharfor I wald fane set my will,  
 Gif my wit nicht suffis thartill,  
 To put in writ ane suthfast story,  
 That it lest ay furth in memory  
 15 Sa that na tym of lenth it let  
 Na ger it haly be foryhet.  
 For ald storyis that men redis  
 Representis to tham the dedis  
 Of stalward folk that livit ar

- 20 Richt as tha than in presens war :  
 And certis tha suld wele haf pris  
 That in thar tym war wicht and wis,  
 And led thar lif in gret travale,  
 And oft in hard stour of battale  
 25 Wan gret pris of chevelry,  
 And war voidit of cowardy,  
 As was king Robert of Scotland  
 That hardy was of hart and hand,  
 And Schir James of Douglas  
 30 That in his tym sa worthy was  
 That of his pris and his bounte  
 In fer landis renounit was he.  
 Of tham I think this buk to ma.  
 Now God gif gras that I may sa  
 35 Tret it and bring it till ending  
 That I say nocht bot suthfast thing.

## II.

- Quhen Alexander the king was ded  
 That Scotland had to ster and led,  
 The land sex yher and mar, perfay,  
 Lay desolat eftir his day,  
 5 Quhill that the barnage at the last  
 Assemblit tham, and fandit fast  
 To ches ane king thar land to ster  
 That of awncestry cumin wer



## THE BRUS.

5

Of kingis that aucht that rialte,  
10 And mast had richt thar king to be.  
Bot envy that is sa feloun  
Mad emang tham gret discencioun:  
For sum wald haf the Balleoll king,  
For he was cumin of the ofspring  
15 Of hir that eldast sistir was,  
And othir sum nyit all that cas,  
And said that he thar king suld be  
That war in als ner degre,  
And cumin war of the nest male,  
20 And in branch collaterale.  
Tha said successioun of kinrik  
Was nocht to lawar feis lik,  
For thar nicht succed na female  
Quhill fundin nicht be ony male,  
25 How that in his evin descendand  
Tha bar all othir wais on hand:  
For than the nest cumin of the sed,  
Man or woman, suld succed.  
Be this resoun that part thocht hale  
30 That the lord of Anandirdale,  
Robert the Brus erl of Carrik,  
Aucht to succed to the kinrik.  
The barounis thus war at discord  
That on na maner nicht accord,  
35 Quhill at the last tha all concordit  
That all thar spek suld be recordit  
To Schir Eduard of Ingland king,  
And he suld swer that but fenyheing

He suld that arbitre disclar,  
 40 Of thir twa that I tald of ar  
 Quhilk suld succed to sic ane hicht,  
 And lat him ring that had the richt.  
 This ordinans tham thocht the best,  
 For at that tym was pes and rest  
 45 Betwix Scotland and Ingland bath,  
 And tha couth nocht persaf the scath  
 That toward tham was aperand,  
 For that that the king of Ingland  
 Held sic frendschip and cumpany  
 50 To thar king that was sa worthy,  
 Tha trowit that he as gud nichtbour  
 And as frendsum compositour  
 Wald haf jugit in lawte :  
 Bot othirwais all yhed the gle.  
 55 A ! blind folk full of all foly,  
 Had yhe umbethocht yhou enkirly  
 Quhat perill to yhou micht aper,  
 Yhe had nocht wrocht on that maner,  
 Had yhe tane kep how that that king  
 60 Alwais forouten sojorning  
 Travalit for to win senyhory,  
 And throu his micht till occupy  
 Landis that war till him marchand,  
 As Walis was and als Irland,  
 65 That he put to sic thrillage  
 That tha that war of he parage  
 Suld rin on fut as ribaldale  
 Quhen he wald ony folk assale.

## THE BRUS.

7

Durst nane of Walis in battale rid,  
 70 Na yhet fra evin fell abid  
 Castell or wallit toun within,  
 That he ne suld lif and limmis tyn.  
 Into sic thrillage tham held he  
 That he ourcum throu his pouste,  
 75 Yhe nicht se he suld occupy  
 Throu slicht that he ne nicht throu mastery.  
 Had yhe tane kep quhat was thrillage,  
 And had considerit his usage  
 That grippit ay but gane-gifing,  
 80 Yhe suld forouten his deming  
 Haf chosin yhou ane king that nicht  
 Haf haldin wele the land in richt.  
 Walis ensampill nicht haf bene  
 To yhou, had yhe it forow sene:  
 85 And wis men sais he is happy  
 That be othir will him chasty:  
 For unfar thingis may fall perfay  
 Als wele to-morn as yhistirday:  
 Bot yhe trastit in lawte  
 90 As simpill folk but mawte,  
 And wist nocht quhat suld eftir tid:  
 For in this warld that is sa wid  
 Is nane determinat that sall  
 Knaw thingis that ar to fall,  
 95 Bot God, that is of mast pouste,  
 Reservit till his majeste  
 For to knaw in his presciens  
 Of allrin tym the movens.

## III.

On this maner assentit war  
 The barounis, as I said yhou ar,  
 And throuch thar aller hale assent  
 Messingeris till him tha sent  
 5 That was than in the haly land  
 On Sarasenis warrayand.  
 And fra he wist quhat charge tha had  
 He buskit him but mar abad,  
 And left purpos that he had tane,  
 10 And till Ingland agane is gane :  
 And syn to Scotland word send he  
 That tha suld mak ane assemble,  
 And he in hy suld cum to do  
 In all thing as tha wrat him to.  
 15 Bot he thocht wele throuch thar debat  
 That he suld slely find the gat  
 How that he all the senyhory  
 Throu his gret nicht suld occupy,  
 And to Robert the Brus said he,  
 20 'Gif thou will hald in chef of me  
 For evirmar, and thyn ofspring,  
 I sall do sa thou sall be king.'  
 'Schir,' said he, 'sa God me saf,  
 The kinrik yharn I nocht till haf,  
 25 Bot gif it fall of richt to me :  
 And, gif God will that it sa be,

## THE BRUS.

9

I sall als frely in all thing  
 Hald it as it efferis to king,  
 Or as myn elderis forouth me  
 30 Held it in freast rialte.  
 The tothir wrethit him and swar  
 That he suld haf it nevirmar,  
 And turnit him in wreth away.  
 Bot Schir Johne the Balleoll, perfay,  
 35 Assentit sone till all his will,  
 Quharthrouch fell eftir mekill ill.  
 He was king bot ane litill quhile,  
 And throuch gret sutelte and gile  
 For litill enchesoun or nane  
 40 He was arestit syn and tane,  
 And degradit syn was he  
 Of honour and of dignite.  
 Quhethir it was throuch wrang or richt,  
 God wat it that is mast of micht.

### IV.

Quhen Schir Eduard the mighty king  
 Had on this wis done his liking  
 Of Johne the Balleoll that sa sone  
 Was all defaltit and undone,  
 5 To Scotland went he than in hy,  
 And all the land can occupy

Sa hale that bath castell and toun  
 War intill his possessioun  
 Fra Weik anent Orkynnay  
 10 To Mulisnuk in Galloway,  
 And stuffit all with Inglis men.  
 Schirrefis and balyheis mad he then,  
 And alkyn othir officeris  
 That for to govern land efferis  
 15 He mad of Inglis nacioun,  
 That worthit than sa richt feloun,  
 And sa wikkit and covatous,  
 And sa hawtane and dispitous,  
 That Scottis men nicht do na thing  
 20 That evir nicht ples to thar liking.  
 Thar wifis wald tha oft forly,  
 And thar dochtris dispitwisly,  
 And, gif ony tharat war wrath,  
 Tha wald him wate with ane gret scath,  
 25 For tha suld find sone enchesoun  
 To put him to destructioun.  
 And, gif that ony man him by  
 Had ony thing that was worthy,  
 As hors, or hund, or othir thing  
 30 That was plesand to thar liking,  
 With richt or wrang it haf wald tha.  
 And, gif ony wald tham withsay,  
 Tha suld sa do that tha suld tyn  
 Outhir land or lif, or lif in pyn,  
 35 For tha demit tham eftir thar will,  
 Takand na kep to richt na skill.

- A! quhat tha demit tham felounly,  
 For gud knichtis that war worthy  
 For litill enchesoun or than nane  
 40 Tha hangit be the nekbane.  
 Alas! that folk that evir was fre,  
 And in fredom wont for to be,  
 Throu thar gret mischans and foly  
 War thrillit than sa wikkitley  
 45 That thar fais thar jugis war.  
 Quhat wrechitnes may man haf mar?  
 A! fredom is ane nobill thing,  
 Fredom mais man to haf liking,  
 Fredom all solas to man gifis,  
 50 He lifis at es that frely lifis.  
 Ane nobill hart may haf nane es,  
 Na ellis nocht that may him ples,  
 Gif fredom falyhe, for fre liking  
 Is yharnit our all othir thing,  
 55 Na he that ay has livit fre  
 May nocht knaw wele the propirte,  
 The angir, na the wrechit dom  
 That is couplit to foul thrildom,  
 Bot gif he had assait it;  
 60 Than all perquer he suld it wit,  
 And suld think fredom mar to pris  
 Than all the gold in warld that is.  
 Thus contrar thingis evirmar  
 Discoveringis of the tothir ar,  
 65 And he that thrill is has nocht his,  
 All that he has enbandonit is

Till his lord quhatevir he be,  
 Yhet has he nocht sa mekill fre  
 As fre will to lef or do  
 70 It that his hart him drawis to.  
 Than mais clerkis questioun,  
 Quhen tha fall in disputacioun,  
 That, gif man bad his thrill ocht do,  
 And in the samin tym cum him to  
 75 His wif, and askit him hir det,  
 Quhethir he his wifis ned suld bet,  
 And pay first that he aucht, and syn  
 Do furth his lordis comandyn,  
 Or lef onpait his wif, and do  
 80 It that his lord comandit him to.  
 I lef all the solucioun  
 To men of mar discrecioun;  
 Bot, sen thai mak sic compering  
 Betwix the dettis of wedding  
 85 And lordis bidding till his threll,  
 Yhe may wele se, thouch nane yhou tell,  
 How hard ane thing that thrildom is,  
 For men may wele se that ar wis  
 That wedding is the hardast band  
 90 That ony man may tak on hand,  
 And thrildom is wele wer than ded,  
 For, quhile ane thrill his lif may led,  
 It merris him body and banis,  
 And ded anoyis him bot anis,  
 95 Schortly to say, is nane can tell  
 The sar condicioun of ane threll.



## V.

**T**hus gat livit tha and in sic thrillage,  
 Bath pouer and tha of he perage,  
 For of the lordis sum tha slew,  
 And sum tha hangit, and sum tha drew,  
 5 And sum tha put in presoun  
 Forouten caus or enchesoun.  
 And emang othir of Douglas  
 Put in presoun Schir Wilyham was  
 That of Douglas was lord and syr.  
 10 Of him tha makit ane martyr,  
 Fra tha in presoun him sleuch  
 His landis that war far eneuch  
 Tha to the lord of Cliffurd gaf.  
 He had ane son, ane litill knaf,  
 15 That was than bot ane litill page,  
 Bot syn he was of gret vassalage.  
 His fadir ded he vengit sa  
 That in Ingland, I undirta,  
 Was nane on lif that him ne dred,  
 20 For he sa fele of harnis sched,  
 That nane that lifis tham can tell.  
 Bot wondirly hard thing fell  
 Till him or he to stat was brocht.  
 Thar was nane aventur that mocht  
 25 Stonay his hart na ger him let  
 To do the thing that he was on set,

For he thocht ay enkirly  
 To do his ded avisely.  
 He thocht wele he was worth na sele  
 30 That micht of nane anoyis fele,  
 And als for till eschef gret thingis  
 And hard travalis and barganingis,  
 That suld ger his pris doublit be.  
 Quharfor in all his lifym he  
 35 Was in gret pane and gret travale,  
 And nevir wald for mischef fale,  
 Bot drif the thing richt to the end,  
 And tak the ure that God wald send.  
 His nam was James of Douglas:  
 40 And, quhen he herd his fadir was  
 Put in presoun sa felounly,  
 And that his landis halely  
 War gifin to the Cliffurd, perfay,  
 He wist nocht quhat to do na sa,  
 45 For he had nathing for to dispend,  
 Na thar was nane that evir him kend  
 Wald do sa mekill for him that he  
 Micht sufficiandly fundin be.  
 Than was he wondir will of wane,  
 50 And sudanly in hart has tane  
 That he wald travale our the se,  
 And ane quhile in Paris be,  
 And dre mischef quhar nane him kend  
 Quhill God sum succouris till him send.  
 55 And as he thocht he did richt sa,  
 And sone to Paris can he ga,

And livit thar full simpilly.  
The quhethir he glad was and joly,  
And to sic thowlesnes he yhed  
60 As the cours askis of yhouthed,  
And umquhile into rebaldale,  
And that may mony tym avale.  
For knowlage of mony statis  
May quhile avalyhe full mony gatis,  
65 As to the gud erl of Artais  
Robert befell in his dais,  
For oft fenyheing of rebaldy  
Avalyheit him, and that gretly,  
And Catone sais us in his writ  
70 That to fenyhe foly quhile is wit.  
In Paris ner thre yher duellit he,  
And then cum tithandis our the se  
That his fadir was done to ded.  
Than was he wa and will of red,  
75 And thocht that he wald ham agane  
To luk gif he throu ony pane  
Micht win agane his heritage  
And his men out of all thrillage.  
To Sanct Androis he cum in hy,  
80 Quhar the bischop full curtasly  
Resavit him and gert him wer  
His knifis forouth him to scher,  
And cled him richt honorabilly,  
And gert ordane quhar he suld ly.  
85 Ane wele gret quhile thar duellit he,  
All men lufit him for his bounte,

For he was of full far effer,  
 Wis, curtas, and deboner,  
 Large and lufand als was he,  
 90 And our all thing lufit lawte.  
 Lawte to luf is gretumly:  
 Throuch lawte lifis men richtwisly:  
 With a vertu of lawte  
 Ane man may yhet sufficiand be.  
 95 And but lawte may nane haf pris,  
 Quhethir he be wicht or he be wis,  
 For, quhar it falyheis, na vertu  
 May be of pris na of valu  
 To mak ane man sa gud that he  
 100 May simply callit gud man be.  
 He was in all his dedis lele,  
 For him dedenyheit nocht to dele  
 With trechery na with falset.  
 His hart on he honour was set,  
 105 And him contenit on sic maner  
 That all him lufit that war him ner.  
 Bot he was nocht sa far that we  
 Suld spek gretly of his beaute.  
 In visage was he sumdele gray,  
 110 And had blak har, as I herd say;  
 Bot of limmis he was wele mad,  
 With banis gret and schuldris brad;  
 His body was wele mad and lenyhe  
 As tha that saw him said to me.  
 115 Quhen he was blith he was lufly,  
 And mek and suet in cumpany,

## THE BRUS.

17

Bot, quha in battale nicht him se,  
 All othir contenans had he,  
 And in spek ulispit he sumdele,  
 120 Bot that sat him richt wondir wele.  
 To gud Ector of Troy nicht he  
 In mony thingis liknit be.  
 Ector had blak har as he had,  
 And stark limmis and richt wele mad,  
 125 And ulispit alsua as did he,  
 And was fulfillit of lawte,  
 And was curtas and wis and wicht.  
 Bot of manhed and mekill nicht  
 Till Ector dar I nane comper  
 130 Of all that evir in warldis wer.  
 The quhethir in his tym sa wrocht he  
 That he suld gretly lufit be.

## VI.

**H**e duellit thar quhill on ane tid  
 The king Eduard with mekill prid  
 Cum to Strevilling with gret menyhe  
 For till hald thar ane assemble.  
 5 Thiddirward went mony baroun,  
 Bischop Wilyham of Lambirtoun  
 Rad thiddir als, and with him was  
 This squyar James of Douglas.

The bischop led him to the king,  
 10 And said, 'Schir, her I to yhou bring  
 This child that clamis yhour man to be,  
 And prayis yhou per cherite  
 That yhe resaf her his homage  
 And grantis him his heritage.'  
 15 'Quhat landis clamis he?' said the king.  
 'Schir, gif that it be yhour liking,  
 He clamis the lordschip of Douglas,  
 For lord tharof his fadir was.'  
 The king than wrethit him enkirly,  
 20 And said, 'Schir bischop, sekirly,  
 Gif thou wald kep thy fewte,  
 Thou mad nane sic speking to me.  
 His fadir ay was my fa feloun,  
 And deit tharfor in my presoun,  
 25 And was agane my majeste,  
 Tharfor his ar I aucht to be.  
 Ga purchas land quharevir he may,  
 For tharof hafis he nane perfay,  
 The Cliffurd sall than haf, for he  
 30 Ay lely has servit to me.'  
 The bischop herd him sa ansuar,  
 And durst than spek till him na mar,  
 Bot fra his presens went in hy,  
 For he dred sar his felouny,  
 35 Sa that he na mar spak tharto.  
 The king did that he cum to do,  
 And went till Ingland syn agane  
 With mony man of mekill mane.

## VII.

- L**ordingis, quha likis for till her,  
 The romanis now beginnis her  
 Of men that war in gret distres,  
 And assait full gret hardynes  
 5 Or tha micht cum to thar entent,  
 Bot syn our Lord sic gras tham sent  
 That tha syn throu thar gret valour  
 Cum to gret hicht and till honour  
 Magre thar fais evirilkane  
 10 That war sa fele that ay for ane  
 Of tham tha war wele ane thousand:  
 Bot, quhar God helpis, quhat may withstand?  
 Bot, and we say the suthfastnes,  
 Tha war sum tym erar ma than les.  
 15 Bot God that mast is of all micht  
 Preservit tham in his forsicht  
 To venge the harm and the contrer  
 That that fele folk and pantener  
 Did to simpill folk and worthy  
 20 That couth nocht help thamsel; forthi  
 Tha war lik to the Machabeis  
 That, as men in the Bibill seis,  
 Throu thar gret worschip and valour  
 Faucht into mony stalward stour  
 25 For to deliver thar cuntre  
 Fra folk that throu iniquite

Held tham and tharis in thrillage:  
 Tha wrocht sa throu thar vassalage  
 That with few folk tha had victory  
 30 Of mighty kingis, as sais the story,  
 And deliverit thar land all fre;  
 Quharfor thar nam suld luft be.

## VIII.

This lord the Brus I spak of ar  
 Saw all the kinrik sa forfar,  
 And sa troublit the folk saw he  
 That he tharof had gret pite.  
 5 Bot, quhat pite that evir he had,  
 Na contenans tharof he mad,  
 Quhill on ane tym Schir John Cumyn,  
 As tha cum ridand fra Strevillyn,  
 Said till him, 'Schir, will yhe nocht se  
 10 How that governit is this cuntre?  
 Tha sla our folk but enchesoun,  
 And haldis this land agane resoun,  
 And yhe tharof suld lord be;  
 And, gif that yhe will trow to me,  
 15 Yhe sall ger mak yhou tharof king,  
 And I sall be in yhour helping  
 Withthi yhe gif me all the land  
 That yhe haf now intill yhour hand;



And, gif that yhe will nocht do sa,  
 20 Na sic ane stat apon yhou ta,  
 All hale my land sall yhouris be,  
 And lat me ta the stat on me  
 And bring this land out of thrillage,  
 For thar is nouthir man na page  
 25 In all this land than tha sall be  
 Fane to mak thamselvin fre.'  
 The lord the Brus herd his carping,  
 And wend he spak bot suthfast thing,  
 And, for it likit till his will,  
 30 He gaf his assent sone thartill,  
 And said, 'Sen yhe will it be sa,  
 I will blithly apon me ta  
 The stat, for I wat that I haf richt,  
 And richt mais oft the febill wicht.'

## IX.

The barounis thus accordit ar,  
 And that ilk nicht writin war  
 Thar endenturis, and athis mad  
 To hald that tha forspokin had.  
 5 Bot of all thing wa worth tresoun!  
 For thar is nouthir duk na baroun,  
 Na erl, na prins, na king of nicht,  
 Thouch he be nevir sa wis na wicht

For wit, worschip, pris, na renoun,  
 10 That evir ma wach him with tresoun.  
 Was nocht all Troy with tresoun tane  
 Quhen ten yheris of the wer was gane?  
 Than slane was mony thousand  
 Of tham without throu strinth of hand,  
 15 As Dares in his buk he wrat,  
 And Dytis that knew all thar stat.  
 Tha nicht nocht haf bene tane throu nicht,  
 Bot tresoun tuk tham throu hir slicht.  
 And Alexander the conquerour,  
 20 That conquerit Babilonis tour  
 And all this warld of lenth and bred  
 In tuelf yher throu his douchty ded,  
 Was syn distroyit throu pusoun  
 In his awn hous throu gret tresoun,  
 25 Bot or he deit his land delt he:  
 To se his ded was gret pite.  
 Julius Cesar als that wan  
 Bretane and Frans as douchty man,  
 Affrik, Arrabe, Egipt, Syry,  
 30 And all Europe halely,  
 And for his worschip and valour  
 Of Rome was first mad emperour,  
 Syn in his capitol was he  
 Throu tham of his consale preve  
 35 Slane with pujoun richt to the ded,  
 And, quhen he saw thar was na red,  
 His ene with his hand closit he  
 For to de with mar honeste.

- Als Arthur that throu chevelry  
 40 Mad Bretane mastres and lady  
 Of tuelf kinrikis that he wan,  
 And alsua as ane nobill man  
 He wan throu battale Frans all fre,  
 And Lucius Yber vencusit he  
 45 That than of Rome was emperour,  
 Bot yhet for all his gret valour  
 Modret his sistir son him slew,  
 And gud men als ma than enew,  
 Throu tresoun and throu wikkitnes:  
 50 The Brute beris tharof witnes.  
 Sa fell of this cunand making:  
 For the Cumyn rad to the king  
 Of Ingland, and tald all this cas,  
 Bot I trow nocht all as it was.  
 55 Bot the endentur till him gaf he,  
 That sone schawit the iniquite  
 Quharfor syn he tholit ded,  
 Than he couth set tharfor na red.

X.

Quhen the king saw the endentur,  
 He was angry out of mesur,  
 And swour that he suld vengeans ta  
 Of that Brus that presumit sa

- 5 Aganis him to brawl or ris,  
Or to conspyr on sic ane wis ;  
And to Schir Johne Cumyn said he  
That he suld for his lawte  
Be rewardit, and that hely,  
10 And he him thankit humilly.  
Than thocht he to haf the leding  
Of all Scotland but ganesaying  
Fra that the Brus to ded war brocht.  
Bot oft falyheis the fulis thocht,  
15 And wis menis etilling  
Cumis nocht ay to that ending  
That tha think it sall cum to,  
For God wat wele quhat is to do  
Of his etling richt sa it fell  
20 As I sall eftirwardis tell.  
He tuk his lef and ham is went,  
And the king ane parliament  
Gert set thareftir hastely,  
And thiddir summonis he in hy  
25 The barounis of his rialte,  
And to the lord the Brus send he  
Bidding to cum to that gadring ;  
And he that had na persaving  
Of the tresoun na the falset  
30 Rad to the king but langar let,  
And in Lunden him herbryit he  
The first day of thar assemble,  
Syn on the morn to court he went.  
The king sat into parliament,

- 35 And forouth his consale preve  
 The lord the Brus thar callit he,  
 And schawit him the endentur:  
 He was in full gret aventur  
 To tyn his lif, bot God of micht  
 40 Preservit him tìll hear hicht  
 That wald nocht that he sa war ded.  
 The king betaucht him in that sted  
 The endentur the sele to se,  
 And askit gif it enselit he.  
 45 He lukit the sele entently,  
 And ansuerit till him humilly,  
 And said, 'How that I simpill be!  
 My sele is nocht all tym with me;  
 I haf ane othir it to ber,  
 50 Tharfor, gif that yhour willis wer,  
 I ask yhou respit for to se  
 This lettir, and tharwith avisit be  
 Quhill to morn that yhe be set,  
 And than forouten langar let  
 55 This lettir sall I entir her  
 Befor all yhour consale planer,  
 And thartill into burch draw I  
 Myn heritage all halely.'  
 The king thocht he was trast eneuch  
 60 Sen he in burch his landis dreuch,  
 And let him with the lettir pas  
 Till entir it, as forspokin was.

## XI.

The Brus went till his innis swith,  
 Bot wit yhe wele he was full blith  
 That he had gottin that respit.  
 He callit his marschall till him tit,  
 5 And bad him luk on all maner  
 That he ma till his men gud cher,  
 For he wald in his chalmer be  
 Ane wele gret quhile in prevate,  
 With him ane clerk forouten ma.  
 10 The marschall to the hall can ga,  
 And did his lordis comanding.  
 The lord the Brus but mar letting  
 Gert prevely bring stedis twa,  
 He and the clerk forouten ma  
 15 Lap on forouten persaving,  
 And day and nicht but sojorning  
 Tha rad quhill on the fiften day  
 Cumin to Lochmabane ar tha.  
 His brothir Eduard thar tha fand,  
 20 That thocht ferly, I tak on hand,  
 That tha cum ham sa prevely.  
 He tald his brothir halely  
 How that he thar socht was,  
 And how he chapit was throu cas.  
 25 Sa fell it in the samin tid  
 That at Dumfres richt thar besid

Schir Johne the Cumyn sojorning mad.  
 The Brus lap on and thiddir rad,  
 And thocht forouten mar letting  
 30 For to quit him his discovering.  
 Thiddir he rad but langar let,  
 And with Schir Johne the Cumyn met  
 In the Freris at the he awter,  
 And schawit him with lauchand cher  
 35 The endentur, syn with ane knif  
 Richt in that sted him reft the lif.  
 Schir Edmund Cumyn als was slane  
 And othir mony of mekill mane.  
 Nocht forthi yhet sum men sais  
 40 That that debat fell othir wais:  
 Bot, quhatsaevir mad the debat,  
 Tharthrouch he deit wele I wat.  
 He misdid thar gretly but wer  
 That gaf na girth to the awter.  
 45 Tharfor sa hard mischef him fell  
 That I herd nevir in romanis tell  
 Of man sa hard frait as was he  
 That eftirward cum to sic bounte.

## XII.

Now agane to the king ga we,  
 That on the morn with his barne

## THE BRUS.

Sat intill his parliament,  
 And eftir the lord the Brus he sent  
 5 Richt till his in with knichtis kene.  
 Quhen he oft tym had callit bene,  
 And his men eftir him askit tha,  
 Tha said that he sen yhistirday  
 Duelt in his chalmer ithandly,  
 10 With ane clerk with him anerly.  
 Than knokit tha at his chalmer thar,  
 And quhen tha herd nane mak ansuar,  
 Tha brak the dur, bot tha fand nocht,  
 The quhethir the chalmer hale tha socht.  
 15 Tha tald the king than hale the cas,  
 And how that he eschapit was.  
 He was of his eschap sary,  
 And swour in ire full stalwardly  
 That he suld drawin and hangit be.  
 20 He manausit as him thocht, bot he  
 Thocht that suld pas ane othir way.  
 And quhen he, as yhe herd me say,  
 Into the kirk Schir Johne had slane,  
 To Lochmabane he went agane,  
 25 And gert men with his lettiris rid  
 To frendis apon ilk sid,  
 That cun till him with thar menyhe,  
 And his men als assemblit he,  
 And thocht that he wald mak him king.  
 30 Our all the land the word can spring  
 That the Brus the Cumyn had slane,  
 And emang othir lettiris ar gaue



- To the bischop of Androis toun  
 That tald how slane was that baroun.  
 35 The lettir tald him all the ded,  
 And he till his men can it red,  
 And sithin said them, 'Sekirly  
 I hop Thomas prophesy  
 Of Hersildoun sall verifyit be  
 40 In him, for, sa our Lord help me,  
 I haf gret hop he sall be king  
 And haf this land all in leding.'  
 James of Douglas, that ay quhar  
 Alwais befor the bischop schar,  
 45 Had wele herd all the lettir red,  
 And he tuk alsua full gud hed  
 To that the bischop had said.  
 And, quhen the burdis doun war laid,  
 To chalmer went tha than in hy,  
 50 And James of Douglas prevely  
 Said to the bischop, 'Schir, yhe se  
 How Inglis men throu thar pouste  
 Disherisis me of my land,  
 And men hes gert yhou undirstand  
 55 Als that the erl of Carrik  
 Clamis to govern the kinrik,  
 And for yhon man that he has slane  
 All Inglis men ar him agane,  
 And wald disheris him blithly.  
 60 The quethir with him duell wald I.  
 Tharfor, Schir, gif it war yhour will,  
 I wald tak with him gud and ill.

Throu him I trow my land to win  
 Magre the Cliffurd and his kin.'  
 65 The bischop herd, and had pite,  
 And said, ' Suet son, sa God help me,  
 I wald blithly that thou war thar,  
 Bot that I nocht reprufit war.  
 On this maner wele wirk thou ma.  
 70 Thou sall tak Ferand my palfray,  
 And, for thar is na hors in this land  
 Sa swicht na yhet sa wele at hand,  
 Tak him as of thyn awn hed,  
 As I had gifin tharto na red.  
 75 And, gif his yhemar ocht gruchis,  
 Luk that thou tak him magre his,  
 Sa sall I wele assonyheit be.  
 Michty God for his pouste  
 Grant that he that thou passis to,  
 80 And thou in all tym sa wele to do,  
 That yhe yhou fra yhour fais defend.'  
 He taucht him silver to dispend,  
 And syn gaf him gud day,  
 And bad him pas furth on his way,  
 85 For he ne wald spek quhill he war gane.  
 The Douglas than his way has tane  
 Richt to the hors, as he him bad,  
 Bot he that him in yhemsal had  
 Than warnit him dispitwisly,  
 90 Bot he that wreth him enkirly  
 Fellit him with ane suerdis dint,  
 And syn forouten langar stint

For he servit ay lelely,  
 And the tothir full wilfully,  
 125 That was bath worthy, wicht, and wis,  
 Rewardit him wele his servia.

## XIII.

**T**he lord the Brus to Glaskow rad,  
 And send about him quhill he had  
 Of his frendis ane gret menyhe,  
 And syn to Scone in hy rad he,  
 5 And was mad king but langar let,  
 And in the kingis stole was set,  
 As in that tym was the maner.  
 Bot of thar nobleis gret affer,  
 Thar servis, na thar rialte,  
 10 Yhe sall her na thing now for me,  
 Outane that he of the barnage  
 That thiddir cum tuk homage,  
 And syn went our all the land  
 Frendis and frendschip purchasand,  
 15 To mantem that he had begunnin.  
 He wist, or all the land war wonnin,  
 He suld find full hard barganing  
 With him that was of Inghland king,  
 For thar was nane of lif sa fell,  
 20 Sa pantener, na sa cruell.

- And when to king Eduard was tald  
 How that the Brus that was sa bald  
 Had brocht the Cumyn till ending,  
 And how he syn had mad him king,  
 25 Out of his wit he went wele ner,  
 And callit till him Schir Amer  
 The Vallanch that was wis and wicht  
 And of his hand ane worthy knicht,  
 And bad him men of armis ta,  
 30 And in hy to Scotland ga,  
 And brin, and sla, and ras dragoun :  
 And hicht all Fif in warisoun  
 Till him that nicht outhir ta or sla  
 Robert the Brus that was his fa.  
 35 Schir Amer did as he him bad,  
 Gret chevelry with him he had,  
 With him was Philip the Mowbra,  
 And Ingeram the Umfravill perfay,  
 That was bath wis and averty,  
 40 And full of gret chevelry :  
 And of Scotland the mast party  
 Tha had intill thar cumpany,  
 For yhet than mekill of the land  
 Was intill Inglisemenis hand.  
 45 To Perth than went tha in ane rout  
 That than was wallit all about,  
 With fele touris richt he battalit  
 To defend gif it war assalit.  
 Tharin duellit Schir Amery  
 50 With all his gret chevelry.

- The King Robert wist he was thar,  
 And quhatkyn chiftanis with him war,  
 And assemblit all his menyhe.  
 He had fele of full gret bounte,  
 55 Bot thar fais war ma than tha  
 Be fiften hundreth, as I herd say.  
 The quhethir he had thar at that ned  
 Full fele that war douchty of ded,  
 And barounis that war bald as bar,  
 60 Twa erlis alsua with him war,  
 Of Levenax and Adell war tha,  
 Eduard the Brus was thar alsua,  
 Thomas Randol, and Hew de le Hay,  
 And Schir David the Berclay,  
 65 Fresale, Somervele, and Inchmertyn.  
 James of Douglas thar was syn,  
 That yhet than was bot litill of nicht,  
 And othir fele folk forsy in ficht,  
 Als was gud Cristol of Setoun,  
 70 And Robert Boyd of gret renoun,  
 And othir fele men of mekill nicht,  
 Bot I can nocht tell quhat tha hicht.  
 Thouch tha war quhene, tha war worthy  
 And full of gret chevelry,  
 75 And in battale in gud aray  
 Befor Sanct Johnistoun cum tha,  
 And bad Schir Amery isch to ficht,  
 And he, that in the mekill nicht  
 Trastit of tham that was him by,  
 80 Bad his men arm tham hastily.

- Bot Schir Ingeram the Umphravill  
 Thocht it war all to gret perill  
 In plane battale to tham to ga,  
 Or quhile tha war arait sa,  
 85 And to Schir Amer said he,  
 ' Schir, gif that yhe will trow to me,  
 Yhe sall nocht isch tham till assale  
 Quhile tha ar purvait in battale.  
 For thar ledar is wis and wicht,  
 90 And of his hand ane nobill knicht,  
 And he has in his cumpany  
 Mony ane gud man and worthy,  
 That sall be hard for till assay  
 Quhile tha ar in sa gud aray,  
 95 For it suld be full mekill nicht  
 That now suld put tham to the flicht,  
 For, quhen folk ar wele arait  
 And for the battale wele purvait,  
 Withthi that tha all gud men be,  
 100 Tha sall fer mar be advise  
 And wele mar for to dred than tha  
 War set sumdele out of aray.  
 Tharfor yhe may, Schir, say tham till,  
 That tha may this nicht, and tha will,  
 105 Gang herbery tham and slep and rest,  
 And that to morn but langar lest  
 Yhe sall isch furth to the battale,  
 And ficht with them bot gif tha fale.  
 Sa to thar herbery went sall tha,  
 110 And sum sall went to the foray,

And tha that duellis at the lugin,  
 Sen tha cum out of travaling,  
 Sall in schort tym unarmit be,  
 Than on our best maner may we  
 115 With all our far chevelry  
 Rid toward tham richt hardely,  
 And tha that wenis to rest all nicht,  
 Quhen tha se us arait to ficht  
 Cumand on tham sa sudanly,  
 120 Tha sall affrait be gretumly,  
 And, or tha cumin in battale be,  
 We sall sped us sagat that we  
 Sall be all redy till assemmill.  
 Sum man for erylles will trimmill,  
 125 Quhen he assait is sudanly,  
 That with avisment is douchty.'

## XIV.

As he avisit now haf tha done,  
 And to tham outouth send tha sone,  
 And bad tham herbery tham that nicht,  
 And on the morn cum to the ficht.  
 5 Quhen tha saw tha nicht na mar,  
 Toward Meffen than can tha far  
 And in the wod tham lugit tha,  
 The thrid part went to the foray,

- And the laf sone unarmit war,  
 10 And scalit to luge tham her and thar.  
 Schir Amer than but mar abad  
 With all the folk he with him had  
 Ischit enforſely to the ficht,  
 And rad intill ane randoun richt  
 15 The straucht way toward Meffen.  
 The king, that was unarmit then,  
 Saw tham cum sa enforſely,  
 Than till his men can hely cry,  
 'Till armis swith, and makis yhou yhar,  
 20 Her at our hand our fais ar.'  
 And tha did sa in full gret hy,  
 And on thar hors lap hastely.  
 The king displait his baner,  
 Quhen that his folk assemblit wer,  
 25 And said, 'Lordingis, now may yhe se  
 That yhon folk all throu sutelte  
 Schapis tham to do with slicht  
 That that tha dred to do with micht.  
 Now I persaf he that will trew  
 30 His fa, it sall him sum tym rew.  
 And nocht forthi, thouch tha be fele,  
 God may richt wele our werdis dele,  
 For multitud mais na victory,  
 As men has red in mony story,  
 35 That few folk has oft vencusit ma:  
 Trow we that we sall do richt sa:  
 Yhe ar ilkane wicht and worthy  
 And full of gret chevelry,



And wat richt wele quhat honour is:  
 40 Wirk yhe than apon sic wis  
 That yhour honour be savit ay;  
 And a thing will I to yhou say,  
 That he that deis for his cuntre  
 Sall herbryit intill hevin be.'  
 45 Quhen this was said, tha saw cumand  
 Thar fais ridand ner at the hand,  
 Arait richt avisely,  
 Wilfull to do chevelry.

## xv.

On athir sid thus war tha yhar,  
 And till assemble all redy war:  
 Tha straucht thar speris on athir sid,  
 And sa rudly can sammyn rid,  
 5 That speris all tofruschit war,  
 And fele men ded and woundit sar.  
 The blud out at thar birneis brast,  
 For the best and the worthyast,  
 That wilfull war to win honour,  
 10 Plungit in the stalward stour,  
 And routis rud about tham dang.  
 Men nicht haf sene into that thrang  
 Knichtis that wicht and hardy war  
 Undir hors fet defoulit thar,

- 15 Sum woundit, and sum all ded;  
The gyrs wox of the blud all red;  
And tha that held on hors in hy  
Swappit out suerdis sturdely,  
And sa fell strakis gaf and tuk  
20 That all the renk about tham quuk.  
The Brusis folk full hardely  
Schawit thar gret chevelry,  
And he himself atour the laf  
Sa hard and sa hevy dintis gaf  
25 That quhar he cum tha mad him way,  
His folk tham put in hard assay  
To stint thar fais mekill nicht  
That than sa far had of the ficht  
That tha wan feld ay mar and mar,  
30 The kingis small folk ner vencusit ar.  
And, quhen the king his folk has sene  
Begin to fale for proper tene,  
His ensenyhe can he cry,  
And in the stour sa hardely  
35 He ruschit that all the semble schuk,  
He all tillhewit that he ourtuk,  
And dang on tham quhile he nicht dre,  
And till his folk he cryit he,  
'On tham! On tham! tha feble fast,  
40 This bargane nevir ma langar last.'  
And with that word sa wilfully  
He dang on, and sa hardely,  
That quha had sene him in that ficht  
Suld hald him for ane douchty knight.

- 45 Bot, thouch he was stout and hardy,  
 And othir als of his cumpany,  
 Thar nicht na worschip thar avalyhe,  
 For thar small folk begouth to falyhe,  
 And fled all scalit her and thar;  
 50 Bot the gud that enchausit war  
 Of ire abad and held the stour  
 To conquer, tham endles honour.  
 And, quhen Schir Amer has sene  
 The small folk fle all bedene,  
 55 And saw few abid to ficht,  
 He relyit to him mony ane knicht,  
 And in the stour sa hardely  
 He ruschit with his chevelry,  
 That he ruschit his fais ilkane.  
 60 Schir Thomas Randol thar was tane  
 That than was ane young bacheler,  
 And Schir Alexander Fraser,  
 And Schir David the Berclay,  
 Inchmertyn, and Hew de le Hay,  
 65 And Somervele, and othir ma:  
 And the king himself alsua  
 Was set into full hard assay  
 Throu Schir Philip the Mowbra  
 That rad till him full hardely,  
 70 And hynt his renyhe, and syn can cry,  
 'Help, help, I haf the new mad king.'  
 With that cum girdand in ane ling  
 Cristol of Setoun, quhen he sa  
 Saw the king sesit with his fa,

- 75 And to Philip sic rout he raucht  
 That, thouch he was of mekill maucht,  
 He gert him galay desaly,  
 And had till erd gane fullely  
 Ne war he hynt him be his sted,  
 80 Than of his hand the bridill yhed,  
 And the king his ensenyhe can cry,  
 Relyit his men that war him by,  
 That war sa few that tha na nicht  
 Endur the fors mar of the ficht.  
 85 Tha prikit than out of the pres,  
 And the king, that angry wes  
 For he his men saw fle him fra,  
 Said than, 'Lordingis, sen it is sa  
 That ure rinnis agane us her,  
 90 Gud is we pas of thar danger  
 Till God us send eftsonis gras;  
 And yhet may fall, gif tha will chas,  
 Quit tham turn but sumdele we sall.'  
 To this word tha assentit all,  
 95 And fra tham walopit our mar.  
 Thar fais alsua wery war  
 That of tham all thar chasit nane,  
 Bot with presoneris that tha had tane  
 Richt to the toun tha held thar way  
 100 Richt glad and joyfull of thar pray.  
 That nicht tha lay all in the toun,  
 Thar was nane of sa gret renoun,  
 Na yhet sa hardy of tham all,  
 That durst herbery without the wall,

105 Sa dred tha sar the gane-cuming  
 Of Schir Robert the douchty king.  
 And to the king of Ingland sone  
 Tha wrat haly as tha had done,  
 And he wes blith of that tithing,  
 110 And for dispit bad draw and hing  
 All the presoneris, thouch tha war ma.  
 Bot Schir Amery did nocht sa:  
 To sum bath land and lif gaf he  
 To lef the Brusis fewte,  
 115 And serf the king of Ingland,  
 And of him for to hald the land,  
 And warray the Brus as thar fa.  
 Thomas Randol was ane of tha  
 That for his lif becum thar man.  
 120 Of othir that war takin than  
 Sum tha ransounit, sum tha slew,  
 And sum tha hangit, and sum tha drew.

## XVI.

On this maner rebutit was  
 The Brus, that mekill murning mais  
 For his men that war slane and tane,  
 And he was als sa will of wane  
 5 That he trowit in nane sekirly,  
 Outane tham of his cumpany

- That war sa few that tha nicht be  
 Fif hundroth ner of all menyhe.  
 His brothir alwais was him by,  
 10 Schir Eduard that was sa hardy :  
 And with him was ane bald baroun,  
 Schir Wilyham the Boroundoun :  
 The erl of Adell als was thar :  
 Bot ay sen tha discomfit war  
 15 The erl of Levenax was away,  
 And was put to full hard assay  
 Or he met with the king agane,  
 Bot alwais as ane man of mane  
 He mantemit him full manlely.  
 20 The king had in his cumpany  
 James alsua of Douglas  
 That wicht, wis, and averty was.  
 Schir Gilbert de le Hay alsua,  
 Schir Nele Cambell, and othir ma  
 25 That I thar namis can nocht say,  
 As outlawis went mony day,  
 Dreand in the month thar pyn,  
 Et flesch and drank watir syn.  
 He durst nocht to the planis ga,  
 30 For all the comounis went him fra,  
 That for thar lif war full fane  
 To pas to the Inglis pes agane.  
 Sa faris ay comounly :  
 In comounis may nane affy  
 35 Bot he that may thar warand be.  
 Sa fur tha than with him, for he

Tham fra thar fais nicht nocht warand,  
 Tha turnit to the tothir hand,  
 Bot thrildom that men gert tham fele  
 40 Gert tham ay yharn that he fur wele.

## XVII.

Thus in the hillis livit he  
 Quhill the mast part of his menyhe  
 Was rivin and rent: na schone tha had  
 Bot as tha tham of hidis mad:  
 5 Tharfor tha went till Abirdene,  
 Quhar Nele the Brus cum, and the quene,  
 And other ladyis far and farand,  
 Ilkane for luf of thar husband,  
 That for lele luf and lawte  
 10 Wald parteneris of thar panis be.  
 Tha chesit titar with tham to ta  
 Angir and pane na be tham fra,  
 For luf is of sa mekill nicht  
 That it all panis makis licht,  
 15 And mony tym mais tendir wichtis  
 Of sic strinthis and sic michtis  
 That tha may mekill panis endur,  
 And forsakis nane aventur  
 That evir may fall with thi that tha  
 20 Tharthrou succour thar lifis may.

Men redis, quhen Thebes was tane,  
 And king Adrastus men war slane  
 That assalit the cite,  
 That the wemen of his cuntre  
 25 Cum for to fech him ham agane  
 Quhen tha herd all his folk was slane:  
 Quhar the King Capaneus,  
 Throu the help of Menesteus  
 That cum percas ridand tharby  
 30 With thre hundreth in cumpany,  
 That throu the kingis prayer assalyheit,  
 Thai yhet to tak the toun had falyheit  
 Ne war the wifis thirland the wall  
 With pikkis, quhar the assalyheis all  
 35 Enterit and distroyit the toun,  
 And slew the pepill but ransoun.  
 Syn, quhen the duk his way was gane,  
 And all the kingis men war slane,  
 The wifis had him till his cuntre  
 40 Quhar was na man lifand bot he.  
 In wemen mekill confort lyis,  
 And gret solas on mony wis.  
 Sa fell it her, for thar cuming  
 Rejosit richt gretumly the king:  
 45 The quhethir ilk nicht him selvin wuk,  
 And his rest apon dais tuk.  
 Ane gud quhile thar he sojornit then,  
 And esit wondir wele his men,  
 Quhill that the Inglisemen herd say  
 50 That he thar with his menyhe lay



All at es and sekirly.  
 Assemblit tha thar host in hy,  
 And thar him trowit to suppris,  
 Bot he that in his ded was wis  
 55 Wist tha assemblit was, and quhar,  
 And wist that tha sa mony war  
 That he micht nocht agane tham ficht.  
 His men in hy he gert be dicht  
 And buskit of the toun to rid:  
 60 The ladyis rad richt by his sid:  
 Than to the hill tha rad thar way,  
 Quhar gret defalt of met had tha.  
 Bot worthy James of Douglas  
 Ay travaland and besy was  
 65 For to purchas the ladyis met,  
 And it on mony wis wald get:  
 For quhile he venesoun tham brocht,  
 And with his handis quhile he wrocht  
 Gynnis to tak geddis and salmounis,  
 70 Troutis, elis, and als menounis:  
 And quhile tha went to the foray:  
 And sa thar purchasing mad tha.  
 Ilk man travalit for to get  
 And purchas tham that tha micht et:  
 75 Bot of all that evir tha war  
 Thar was nocht ane emang tham thar  
 That to the ladyis profit was  
 Mar than James of Douglas,  
 And the king oft confort wes  
 80 Throu his wit and his besynes.

On this maner tham governit tha  
 Qahill tha cum to the hed of Tay.

## XVIII.

The lord of Lorne wonit tharby,  
 That was capitale ennemy  
 To the king for his emis sak  
 Johne Cumyn, and thocht for to tak  
 5 Vengeans apon cruell maner.  
 Quhen he the king wist was sa ner,  
 He assemblit his men in hy,  
 And had intill his cumpany  
 The barounis of Argile alsua:  
 10 Tha war ane thousand wele or ma,  
 And cum for to suppris the king  
 That wele was war of thar cuming:  
 Bot all to few with him he had,  
 The quethir he baldly tham abad,  
 15 And wele ost at thar first meting  
 War laid at erd but recovering.  
 The kingis folk full wele tham bar,  
 And slew, and fellit, and woundit sar:  
 Bot the folk of the tothir party  
 20 Faucht with axis sa fellely,  
 For tha on fut war evirilkane,  
 That tha fele of thar hors has slane,

## THE BRUS.

And to sum gaf tha woundis wid:  
 James of Douglas was hurt that tid,  
 25 And als Schir Gilbert de le Hay.  
 The king his men saw in affray,  
 And his ensenyhe can he cry,  
 And emang tham richt hardely  
 He rad, that he tham ruschit all,  
 30 And fele of tham thar gert he fall.  
 Bot, quhen he saw tha war sa fele,  
 And saw tham sa gret dintis dele,  
 He dred to tyn his folk: forthi  
 His men till him he can rely,  
 35 And said, 'Lordingis, foly it war  
 Till us for till assemill mar,  
 For tha fele of our hors has slane,  
 And, gif yhe ficht with tham agane,  
 We sall tyn of our small menyhe,  
 40 And ourself sall in perill be:  
 Tharfor me think mast avenand  
 To withdraw us us defendand  
 Quhill we cum out of thar danger,  
 For our strinth at our hand is ner.'  
 45 Than tha withdrew tham halely,  
 Bot that was nocht full cowardly,  
 For sammyn intill ane sop held tha,  
 And the king him abandonit ay  
 To defend behind his menyhe,  
 50 And throu his worschip sa wrocht he  
 That he reskewit all the flearis,  
 And stintit sa gat the chasaris,

That nane durst out of battale chas,  
 For alwais at thar hand he was.  
 55 Sa wele defendit he his men,  
 That quhasaevir had sene him then  
 Pruf sa worthely vassalage  
 And turn sa oftais the visage,  
 He suld say he aucht wele to be  
 60 Ane king of ane gret rialte.

## XIX.

Quhen that the lord of Lorne saw  
 His men stand of him ane sic aw  
 That tha durst nocht folow the chas,  
 Richt angry in his hart he was,  
 5 And for wondir that he suld sa  
 Stot tham him ane but ma  
 He said, 'Methink, Marthokis sone,  
 Richt as Golmakmorn was wone  
 To haf fra Fingal his menyhe,  
 10 Richt sa all his fra us has he.'  
 He set ensampill thus midlik,  
 The quethir he nicht mar manerlik  
 Liknit him to Gaudifer de Larys,  
 Quhen that the mighty duk Betys  
 15 Assalyheit in Gaderis the forayouris,  
 And, quhen the king tham mad rescours,

Duk Betye tuk on him the flicht  
 That wald na mar abid to ficht.  
 Bot gud Gaudifer the worthy  
 20 Abandonit him sa hardely  
 For to reskew all the flearis  
 And for to stonay the chasaris,  
 That Alexander to erd he bar,  
 And alsua did he Tholimar,  
 25 And gud Coneus alsua,  
 Dauklyne alsua, and othir ma:  
 Bot at the last thar slane he wes,  
 In that falyheit the liklynes,  
 For the king full chevelrously  
 30 Defendit all his cumpany,  
 And was set in full gret danger,  
 And yhet eschapit hale and fer.  
 For twa brethir war in that land  
 That war the hardyast of hand  
 35 That war intill all that cuntre,  
 And tha had sworn, gif tha micht se  
 The Brus quhar tha micht him ourta,  
 That tha suld de or than him sla.  
 Thar surnam was Makyndrosser,  
 40 That is all sa mekill to say her  
 As the Durwarth sonnis perfay:  
 Of thar covyn the thrid had tha  
 That was richt stout, ill, and feloun.  
 Quhen tha the King of gud renoun  
 45 Saw sa behind his menyhe rid,  
 And saw him turn sa mony tid,

Tha abad quhill that he was  
 Enterit in ane narow plas  
 Betuix ane lochside and ane bra  
 50 That was sa strat, I undirta,  
 That he nicht nocht wele turn his sted.  
 Than with ane will till him tha yhed,  
 And ane him be the bridill hynt,  
 Bot he raucht till him sic ane dint  
 55 That arm and schuldir flaw him fra.  
 With that ane othir can him ta  
 Be the leg, and his hand can schut  
 Betuix the sterap and his fut.  
 And, quhen the king feld thar his hand,  
 60 In his sterapis stithly can he stand,  
 And strak with spuris the sted in hy,  
 And he lansit furth deliverly,  
 Sa that the tothir falyheit fet,  
 And nocht forthi his hand was yhet  
 65 Undir the sterap magre his.  
 The thrid with full gret hy with this  
 Richt to the bra-sid he yhed,  
 And stert behind him on his sted.  
 The king was than in full gret pres :  
 70 The quhethir he thocht, as he that wes  
 In all his dedis avise,  
 To do ane outrageous bounte.  
 He hynt him that behind him was,  
 And magre his him can he ras  
 75 Fra behind him, thouch he had sworn,  
 And laid him evin him beforne,

Syn with the suerd sic dint him gaf  
 That he the hed to the harnis claf.  
 He ruschit doun of blud all red  
 80 As he that stound feld of ded,  
 And than the king in full gret hy  
 Strak at the tothir vigorously  
 That he eftir his sterap drew,  
 That at the first strak he him slew.  
 85 On this wis him deliverit he  
 Of all tha feloun fais thre.

## XX.

Quhen tha of Lorne has sene the king  
 Set in himself sa gret helping,  
 And defend him sa manlely,  
 Was nane emang tham sa hardy  
 5 That durst assalyhe him mar in ficht,  
 Sa dred tha for his mekill nicht.  
 Thar was ane baroun Maknaughtan,  
 That in his hart gret kep has tane  
 To the kingis chevelry,  
 10 And prisit him in hart gretly,  
 And to the lord of Lorne said he,  
 'Sekirly now may yhe se  
 Be tane the starkast pundelane  
 That evir yhour liftym yhe saw tane,

- 15 For yhon knicht throu his douchty ded  
 And throu his outrageous manhed  
 Has fellit into litill tid  
 Thre men of mekill micht and prid,  
 And stonait all our menyhe sa  
 20 That eftir him dar na man ga,  
 And turnis sa mony tym his sted  
 That semis of us he had na dred.  
 Than can the lord of Lorne say,  
 'It semis it likis the perfay  
 25 That he slais yhongat our menyhe.'  
 'Schir,' said he, 'sa our Lord me se,  
 To saf yhour presens it is nocht sa:  
 Bot, quhethir sa he be frend or fa  
 That winnis pris of chevelry,  
 30 Men suld spek tharof lelely.  
 And sekirly in all my tym  
 I herd nevir in sang na rym  
 Tell of ane man that sa smertly  
 Eschevit sa gret chevelry.'  
 35 Sic speking of the king tha mad,  
 And he eftir his menyhe rad,  
 And into savite tham led  
 Quhar he his fais nathing dred:  
 And tha of Lorne agane ar gane,  
 40 Menand the scath that tha haf tane.



## XXI.

The king that nicht his wachis set,  
 And gert ordane that tha nicht et,  
 And bad confort to tham tak,  
 And at thar nichtis mery mak.  
 5 'For disconfort,' as than said he,  
 'Is the werst thing that may be,  
 For throu mekill disconforting  
 Men fallis oft into disparing,  
 And fra ane man disparit be  
 10 Than trewly utrely vencusit is he,  
 And fra the hart be discumfit  
 The body is nocht worth ane myt.  
 Tharfor,' he said, 'atour all thing  
 Kepis yhou fra disparing,  
 15 And think, thouch we now harmis fele,  
 That God may yhet relef us wele.  
 Men redis of mony men that war  
 Fer hardar stad than we yhet ar,  
 And syn our Lord sic gras tham lent  
 20 That tha cum wele to thar entent.  
 For Rome quhilom sa hard was stad,  
 Quhen Hanibal tham vencusit had,  
 That of ringis with rich stane  
 That war of knichtis fingeris tane  
 25 He send thre bollis to Cartage,  
 And syn to Rome tuk his viage

- Thar to distroy the cite all.  
 And tha within bath gret and small  
 Had fled quhen tha saw his cuming,  
 30 Had nocht bene Scipio the yhing  
 That or tha fled wald tham haf slane,  
 And sagat turnit he tham agane :  
 Syn for to defend the cite  
 Bath servandis and threllis mad he fre,  
 35 And mad tham knichtis evirilkane,  
 And syn has of the templis tane  
 The armis that thar elderis bar,  
 In nam of victory offerit thar.  
 And, quhen tha armit war and dicht  
 40 That stalward carlis war and wicht,  
 And saw that tha war fre alsua,  
 Tham thocht that tha had levir ta  
 The ded na lat the toun be tane,  
 And with comoun assent as ane  
 45 Tha ischit of the toun to ficht,  
 Quhar Hanibal his mekill micht  
 Aganis tham arait was.  
 Bot throu micht of Goddis gras  
 It ranit sa hard and hevaly  
 50 That thar was nane sa hardy  
 That durst into that plas abid,  
 Bot sped tham intill hy to rid,  
 The ta part to thar palyheounis,  
 The tothir part went in the toun is.  
 55 The rane thus lettit the fichtyn,  
 Sa did it twis thareftir syn.

Quhen Hanibal saw this ferly,  
 With all his gret chevelry  
 He left the toun and held his way,  
 60 And syn was put to sic assay  
 Throw the power of that cite,  
 That his lif and his land tynt he.  
 Be thir quhene that sa worthely  
 Wan sic ane knicht and sa mighty  
 65 Yhe may wele be ensampill se  
 That na man suld disparit be,  
 Na lat his hart be vencusit all  
 For na mischef that evir may fall:  
 For nane wat in how litill spas  
 70 That God umquhile will send gras.  
 Had tha fled and thar wais gane,  
 Thar fais swith the toun had tane:  
 Tharfor men that warrayand war  
 Suld set thar etling evir mar  
 75 To stand agane thar fais micht  
 Umquhile with strinth, and quhile with slicht,  
 And ay think to cum to purpos:  
 And, gif that tham war set in chos  
 To de or to lif cowardly,  
 80 Tha suld erar de chevelrously.'

## XXII.

- Thus gat tham confortit the king,  
 And to confort tham can inbring  
 Ald storyis of men that wer  
 Set intill hard assais ser,  
 5 And that fortoun contraryit fast,  
 And cum to purpos at the last.  
 Tharfor he said, 'that tha that wald  
 Thar hartis undiscumfit hald  
 Suld ay think ententely to bring  
 10 All thar empris to gud ending,  
 As quhile did Cesar the worthy  
 That travalit ay sa besaly  
 With all his micht folowing to mak  
 To end the purpos that he wald tak,  
 15 That him thocht he had done richt nocht  
 Ay quhile to do him lefit ocht:  
 For thi gret thingis eschevit he,  
 As men may in his story se;  
 Men may se be his ithand will,  
 20 And it suld als accord to skill,  
 That quha tais purpos sekirly,  
 And folowis it syn ententely  
 Forout fantis or yhet fanding,  
 Withthi it be conabill thing,  
 25 Bot he the mar be unhappy,  
 He sall eschef it in party,

And, haf he lifdais, wele may fall  
 That he sall eschef it all.  
 Forthi suld nane haf disparing  
 30 For till eschef ane full gret thing,  
 For, gif it fall he tharof falyhe,  
 The falt may be in his travalyhe.'

## XXIII.

He prechit tham on this maner,  
 And fenyheit to mak bettir cher  
 Than he had matir to be fer,  
 For his caus yhed fra ill to wer.  
 5 Tha war ay in sa hard travale  
 Quhill the ladyis began to fale  
 That micht the travale dre na mar;  
 Sa did othir als that thar war;  
 The erl Johne was ane of tha  
 10 Of Adell, that quhen he saw sua  
 The king be discumfit twis,  
 And sa fele folk agane him ris,  
 And lif in sic travale and dout,  
 His hart began to fail all out,  
 15 And to the king apon ane day  
 He said, 'Gif I durst to yhou say,  
 We lif into sa mekill dred,  
 And hafis oft sis of met sic ned,

- And is ay in sic traving  
 20 With cald and hungir and waking,  
 That I am sad of my selvin sa  
 That I count nocht my lif ane stra.  
 Thir angris may I na mar dre,  
 For, thouch me tharfor worthit de,  
 25 I mon sojorn quharevir it be:  
 Lefis me tharfor per cherite.'  
 The king saw that he sa was falit,  
 And that he ek was fortravalit,  
 He said, 'Schir erl, we sall sone se  
 30 And ordane how it best may be.  
 Quharevir yhe be, our Lord yhou send  
 Gras fra yhour fais yhou to defend.'  
 With that in hy to him callit he  
 Tham that till him war mast preve:  
 35 Than emang tham tha thocht it best  
 And ordanit for the liklyest,  
 That the quene and the erl alsua  
 And the ladyis in hy suld ga  
 With Nele the Brus to Kildrummy,  
 40 For tham thocht tha micht sekirly  
 Duell thar quhile tha war vittalit wele,  
 For sa stalward was the castele  
 That it with strinth war hard to get  
 Quhile that tharin war men and met.  
 45 As tha ordanit tha did in hy:  
 The quene and all her cumpany  
 Lap on thar hors and furth tha far.  
 Men micht haf sene quha had bene thar

At lef-taking the ladyis gret  
 50 And mak thar fas with teris wet,  
 And knichtis for thar lufis sak  
 Bath sich and wep and murning mak :  
 Tha kissit thar lufis at thar parting.  
 The king umbethocht him of ane thing,  
 55 That he fra thine on fut wald ga  
 And tak on fut bath wele and wa,  
 And wald na horsmen with him haf :  
 Tharfor his hors all hale he gaf  
 To the ladyis that mistir had.  
 60 The quene furth on hir wais rad  
 And safly cum to the castele,  
 Quhar hir folk war resavit wele  
 And esit wele with met and drink :  
 Bot nicht nane es let hir to think  
 65 On the king that was sa sar stad  
 That bot twa hundreth with him had.  
 The quethir tham wele confort he ay :  
 God help him that all nichtis may.

## XXIV.

The quene duelt thus in Kildrumy,  
 And the king and his cumpany,  
 That war twa hundreth and na ma,  
 Fra tha had send thar hors tham fra

## THE BRUS.

61

- 5 Wanderit emang the he montanis,  
Quhar he and his oft tholit panis;  
For it was to the wintir ner,  
And sa fele fais about him wer  
That all the cuntre tham warrait:  
10 Sa hard anoy tham than assait  
Of hungir, cald, and schouris snell  
That nane that lifis can wele it tell.  
The king saw how his folk was stad,  
And quhat anoyis that tha had,  
15 And saw wintir was cumand ner,  
And that he nicht on na wis der  
In the hillis the cald lying,  
Na the lang nichtis waking.  
He thocht he to Kintyr wald ga,  
20 And sa lang sojorning thar ma  
Quhill wintir weddir war away,  
And than he thocht but mar delay  
Into the manland till arif  
And to the end his werdis drif:  
25 And, for Kintyr lysis in the se,  
Schir Nele Cambell befor send he  
For to get him navyn and met,  
And certane tym till him he set  
Quhen he suld met him at the se.  
30 Schir Nele Cambell with his menyhe  
Went his way but mar letting,  
And left his brothir with the king,  
And in tuelf dais sa travailit he  
That he gat schippyn gud plente



- 35 And vittalis in gret aboundans :  
 Sa mad he nobill chevisans,  
 For his sibmen wonnit tharby  
 That helpit him full wilfully.  
 The king, eftir that he was gane,  
 40 To Lochlomond the way has tane,  
 And cum thar on the thrid day,  
 Bot tharabout na bat fand tha  
 That micht tham our the watir ber.  
 Than war tha wa on gret maner,  
 45 For it was fer about to ga,  
 And tha war into dout alsua  
 To met thar fais that spred war wid,  
 Tharfor endlang the lochis sid  
 Sa besaly tha socht and fast  
 50 Quhill James of Douglas at the last  
 Fand ane litill sonkin bat  
 And to the land it drew fut hat :  
 Bot it sa litill was that it  
 Micht our the watir bot thresum flit.  
 55 Tha send tharof word to the king  
 That was joyfull of that finding,  
 And first into the bat is gane,  
 With him Douglas : the thrid was ane  
 That rowit tham our deliverly  
 60 And set tham on the land all dry,  
 And rowit sa oftsis to and fra,  
 Fechand ay our twa and twa,  
 That in a nicht and in a day  
 Cumin out our the loch ar tha :

- 65 For sum of tham couth swym full wele  
 And on his bak ber ane fardele:  
 Sa with swymming and with rowing  
 Tha brocht tham our and all thar thing.  
 The king the quhilkis meraly  
 70 Red to tham that war him by  
 Romanis of worthy Ferambras  
 That worthely ourcumin was  
 Throu the richt douchty Oliver:  
 And how the Dukperis wer  
 75 Assegit intill Egrymor,  
 Quhar king Lawyne lay tham befor  
 With ma thousandis then I can say,  
 And bot elevin within war tha  
 And a woman, and war sa stad  
 80 That tha na met thar within had  
 Bot as tha fra thar fais wan:  
 Yhet sa contenit tha tham than  
 That tha the toun held manlery  
 Quhill that Richard of Normundy  
 85 Magre his fais warnit the king  
 That was joyfull of this tithing,  
 For he wend tha had all been slane:  
 Tharfor he turnit in hy agane,  
 And wan Mantrybill, and passit Flagot,  
 90 And syn Lawyne and all his flot  
 Dispitwisly discumfit he,  
 And deliverit his men all fre,  
 And wan the nalis and the sper  
 And the croun that Jhesu couth ber,

95 And of the cros ane gret party  
 He wan throu his chevelry.  
 The gud king apon this maner  
 Confort tham that war him ner,  
 And mad tham gamyn and solas  
 100 Quhill that his folk all passit was.

## XXV.

Quhen tha war passit the watir brad,  
 Suppos tha fele of fais had,  
 Tha mad tham mery and war blith,  
 Nocht forthi full fele sith  
 5 Tha had full gret defalt of met,  
 And tharfor venesoun to get  
 In twa partyis ar tha gane;  
 The king himself was intill ane,  
 And Schir James of Douglas  
 10 Into the tothir party was.  
 Than to the hicht tha held thar way,  
 And huntit lang quhile of the day,  
 And socht schawis and setis set,  
 Bot tha gat litill for till et.  
 15 Than hapnit at that tym percas  
 That the erl of Levenax was  
 Emang the hillis ner tharby,  
 And, quhen he herd sa blaw and cry,

He had wondir quhat it micht be,  
 20 And on sic maner spyrit he  
 That he knew that it was the king,  
 And than forouten mar duelling  
 With all them of his cumpany  
 He went richt to the king in hy  
 25 Sa blith and sa joyfull that he  
 Micht on na maner blithar be;  
 For he the king wend had bene ded,  
 And he was alsua will of red  
 That he durst nocht rest into na plas,  
 30 Na, sen the king discumfit was  
 At Meffen, he herd nevir thing  
 That evir was certane of the king.  
 Tharfor into full gret dante  
 The king full humilly halsit he,  
 35 And he him welcumit richt blithly,  
 And askit him full tendirly,  
 And all the lordis that war thar  
 Richt joyfull of thar meting war,  
 And kissit him in gret dante.  
 40 It was gret pite for to se  
 How tha for joy and pite gret  
 Quhen that tha with thar falow met  
 That tha wend had bene ded, forthi  
 Tha welcumit him mar hartfully,  
 45 And he for pite gret agane  
 That nevir of meting was sa fane.  
 Thouch I say that tha gret, suthly  
 It was na greting propirly:

## THE BRUS.

For I trow trastly that greting  
 50 Cumis to men for misliking,  
 And that nane may but angir gret  
 Bot it be wemen that can wet  
 Thar chekis quhenevir tham list with teris,  
 The quhethir wele oft tham nathing deris.  
 55 Bot I wat wele but lesing,  
 Quhatevir men say of sic greting,  
 That mekill joy or yhet pite  
 May ger men sa amovit be  
 That watir fra the hart will ris  
 60 And wet the ene on sic awis  
 That is lik to be greting,  
 Thouch it be nocht sa in all thing:  
 For, quhen men gretis enkirly,  
 The hart is sorowfull or angry,  
 65 Bot for pite, I trow, greting  
 Be nathing bot ane opinning  
 Of hart that schawis the tendirnis  
 Of rewth that in it closit is.  
 The barounis apon this maner  
 70 Throu Goddis gras assemblit wer.  
 The erl had met, and that plente,  
 And with glad hart it tham gaf he,  
 And tha et it with full gud will  
 That socht nane othir sals thartill  
 75 Bot appetit that oft men takis,  
 For richt wele scourit war thar stomakis.  
 Tha et and drank sic as tha had,  
 And till our Lord syn lufing mad

And thankit him with full gud cher  
 80 That tha war met on that maner.  
 The king than at tham sperit yharn  
 How tha sen he tham sene had farn :  
 And tha full pitwisly can tell  
 Aventuris that tham befell  
 85 And gret anoyis and pouerte.  
 The king tharat had gret pite,  
 And tald tham pitwisly agane  
 The noy, the travale, and the pane  
 That he had tholit sen he tham saw.  
 90 Was nane emang tham he na law  
 That he ne had pite and plesans  
 Quhen that he herd mak remembrans  
 Of the perillis that passit war :  
 For, quhen men ocht at liking ar,  
 95 To tell of panis passit by  
 Plesis to hering pitwisly,  
 And to rehers thar ald dises  
 Dois tham oftsis confort and es,  
 Withthi tharto folow na blam,  
 100 Dishonour, wikkitnes, na scham.

## XXVI.

**E**ftir the met sone ras the king  
 Quhen he had levit his spering,

And buskit him with his menyhe,  
 And went in hy toward the se,  
 5 Quhar Schir Nele Cambell tham met  
 Bath with schippis and with met,  
 Salis, aris, and othir thing  
 That was spedfull to thar passing.  
 Than schippit tha forouten mar,  
 10 Sum went to ster and sum till ar,  
 And rowit by the Ile of But:  
 Men nicht se'mony frely fut  
 About the cost thar lukand,  
 As tha on aris ras rowand.  
 15 And nefis that stalward war and squar  
 That wont to span gret speris war  
 Sa spanit aris that men nicht se  
 Full oft the hid lef on the tre:  
 For all war doand, knicht and knaf,  
 20 Was nane that evir disport nicht haf  
 Fra stering and fra rowing  
 To furthir tham of thar fleting.  
 Bot in the samin tym that tha  
 War in schipping, as yhe herd me say,  
 25 The erl of the Levenax was,  
 I can nocht tell yhou throu quhat cas,  
 Levit behind with his galay  
 Quhill the king was fer on his way.  
 Quhen that tha of his cuntre  
 30 Wist that sa duelt behind was he,  
 Be se with schippis tha him socht,  
 And he that saw that he was nocht

- Of pith to ficht with tha tratouris,  
 And that he had na ner succouris  
 35 Then the kingis flot, forthi  
 He sped him eftir tham in hy.  
 Bot the tratouris him folowit sa  
 That tha wele ner him can ourta,  
 For all the micht that he micht do  
 40 Ay ner and ner tha cum him to:  
 And, quhen he saw tha war sa ner  
 That he micht wele thar manans her,  
 And saw tham ner and ner cum ay,  
 Than till his menyhe can he say,  
 45 'Bot gif we find sum sutelte,  
 Ourtane all sone sall we be:  
 Tharfor I red but mar letting  
 That outakin our arming  
 We kast our thing all in the se,  
 50 And fra our schip sa lichtit be  
 We sall sa row and sped us sa  
 That we sall wele eschap tham fra.  
 With that tha sall mak duelling  
 Apon the se to tak our thing,  
 55 And we sall row but resting ay  
 Quhill we eschapit be away.'  
 As he devisit tha haf done,  
 And thar schip tha lichtit sone,  
 And rowit syn with all thar micht,  
 60 And scho that sa was mad licht  
 Rakit slidand throu the se:  
 And, quhen thar fais can tham se



Forouth tham alwais mar and mar,  
 The thingis that thar fletand war  
 65 Tha tuk, and turnit syn agane,  
 And be that tha lesit all thar pane.

## XXVII.

Quhen that the erl on this maner  
 And his menyhe eschapit wer,  
 Eftir the king he can him hy  
 That than with all his cumpany  
 5 Into Kintyr arivit was.  
 The erl tald him all his cas,  
 How he was chasit on the se  
 With tham that suld his awn be,  
 And how he had bene tane but dout  
 10 Na war it that he warpit out  
 All that he had him licht to ma,  
 And sa eschapit tham fra.  
 'Schir erl,' said the king, 'perfay,  
 Sen thou eschapit is away,  
 15 Of the tynsale is na plenyheing.  
 Bot I will say the wole a thing,  
 That thar will fall the gret foly  
 To pas oft fra my cumpany,  
 For fele sis quhen thou art away  
 20 Thou art set intill hard assay:

Tharfor me think it best to the  
 To hald the alwais ner by me.'  
 'Schir,' said the erl, 'it sall be sa:  
 I sall na wis pas fer yhou fra  
 25 Quhill God gif gras we be of nicht  
 Agane our fais to hald our stycht.'  
 Angus of Ile that tym was syr  
 And lord and ledar of Kintyr.  
 The king richt wele resavit he,  
 30 And undirtuk his man to be,  
 And him and his on mony wis  
 He abandonit till his servis,  
 And for mar sekirnes gaf him syn  
 His castell of Donavardyne  
 35 To duell tharin at his liking.  
 Full gretumly thankit him the king,  
 And resavit his servis:  
 Nocht forthi on mony wis  
 He was dredand for tresoun ay,  
 40 And tharfor, as I herd men say,  
 He trastit in nane sekirly  
 Quhill that he knew him utrely.  
 Bot, quhat kyn dred that evir he had,  
 Far contenans to tham he mad,  
 45 And in Donavardyne dais thre  
 Forouten mar than duellit he,  
 Syn gert he his menyhe mak tham yhar  
 Toward Rachryn be se to far:  
 That is ane ile in the se,  
 50 And may wele in midwart be

- Betuix Kintyr and Irland,  
 Quhar als gret stremis ar rinnand,  
 And als peralous and mar  
 Till oursale tham into schipfar  
 55 As is the Ras of Bretanyhe  
 Or strat of Marrok into Spanyhe.  
 Thar schippis to the se tha set,  
 And mad redy but langar let  
 Ankeris, rapis, bath sale and ar,  
 60 And all that nedit to schipfar.  
 Quhen tha war boun, to sale tha went,  
 The wind was wele to thar talent:  
 Tha rasit sale and furth tha far,  
 And by the Mule tha passit yhar,  
 65 And enterit sone into the 'Ras,  
 Quhar that the stremis sa sturdy was  
 That wafis wid that brekand war  
 Welterit as hillis her and thar.  
 The schippis our the wafis slad,  
 70 For wind at poynt blawand tha had,  
 Bot nocht forthi quha had thar bene  
 Ane gret stertling he nicht haf sene  
 Of schippis, for quhilom sum wald be  
 Richt on the wafis summite,  
 75 And sum wald slid fra hicht to law  
 Richt as tha down till hell wald draw.  
 Syn on the waf stert sudanly,  
 And othir schippis that war tharby  
 Deliverly drew to the dep.  
 80 It was gret cunanes to kep

Thar takill into sic ane thrang  
 And with sic wafis, for ay emang  
 The wafis reft thar sicht of land  
 Quhen tha till it was richt ner hand:  
 85 And, quhen schippis war saland ner,  
 The se wald ris on sic maner  
 That of the wafis the weltrand hicht  
 Wald ref tham oft of thar sicht.  
 Bot in Rachryn nocht forthi  
 90 Tha arivit ilkane safly,  
 Blith and glad that tha war sa  
 Eschapit tha hidwis wafis fra.  
 In Rachryn tha arivit ar,  
 And to the land tha went but mar  
 95 Armit apon thar best maner.  
 Quhen the folk that thar wonnand wer  
 Saw men of armis in thar cuntre  
 Arif into sic quantite,  
 Tha fled in hy with thar catell  
 100 Toward ane richt stalward castell  
 That in the land was ner tharby.  
 Men micht her wemen hely cry  
 And fle with catell her and thar:  
 Bot the kingis folk that war  
 105 Deliver of fut tham can ourhy,  
 And tham arestit hastely,  
 And brocht tham to the king agane,  
 Sa that nane of tham all was slane.  
 Than with tham tretit sa the king  
 110 That tha to fulfill his yharning

Becum his men evirilkane,  
 And has him trewly undirtane  
 That tha and tharis loud and still  
 Suld be in all thing at his will,  
 115 And, quhile him likit thar to lend,  
 Evirilk day tha suld him send  
 Vittalis for thre hundreth men,  
 And tha as lord suld him ken,  
 Bot that thar possessioun suld be  
 120 For all his men thar awn fre.  
 The cunand on this wis was mad,  
 And on the morn but langar bad  
 Of all Rachryn bath man and page  
 Knelit and mad the king homage,  
 125 And tharwith swour him fewte  
 To serf him ay in lawte,  
 And held him richt wele cunand:  
 For, quhile he duelt into the land,  
 Tha fand met till his cumpany,  
 130 And servit him full humilly.

## XXVIII.

**I**n Rachryn lef we now the king  
 In rest forouten barganing,  
 And of his fais ane quhile spek we  
 That throu thar nicht and thar pouste

- 5 Mad sic ane persecucioun,  
 Sa hard, sa strat, and sa feloun,  
 On tham that till him lufand wer,  
 Or kin or frend on ony maner,  
 That it till her is gret pite:  
 10 For tha sparit of na degre  
 Tham that tha trowit his frend wer  
 Nouthir of the kirk na seculer.  
 For of Glaskow bischop Robert  
 And Makis of Man tha stithly spert  
 15 Bath in fetris and in presoun:  
 And worthy Cristol of Setoun  
 Into Lunden betrasit was  
 Throu ane discipill of Judas,  
 Maknab, ane fals tratour that ay  
 20 Was of his duelling nicht and day,  
 Quham to he mad gud cumpany.  
 It was fer wer then tratoury  
 For to betras sic ane persoun  
 Sa nobill and of sic renoun.  
 25 Bot tharof had he na pite:  
 In hell condampnit mot he be!  
 For, quhen he him betrasit had,  
 The Inglismen richt with him rad  
 In hy in Ingland to the king,  
 30 That gert draw him and hed and hing  
 Forouten pite or incersy.  
 It was gret sorow sekirly  
 That sa worthy persoun as he  
 Suld on sic maner hangit be.

- 35 Thus gat endit his worthynes:  
And of Crauford als Schir Ranald wes,  
And Schir Brys als the Blar,  
Hangit intill ane bern in Ar.  
The quene, and als dam Marjory
- 40 Hir dochtir that syn worthely  
Was coupillit into Goddis band  
With Walter Steward of Scotland,  
That wald on na wis langar ly  
In castell of Kildrummy
- 45 To bid ane sege, ar ridin rath  
With knichtis and squyaris bath  
Throu Ros richt to the girth of Tane:  
Bot that travale tha mad in vane,  
For tha of Ros that wald nocht ber
- 50 For tham na blam na yhet danger  
Out of the girth tham all has tane,  
And syn has send tham evirilkane  
Richt intill Ingland to the king,  
That gert draw all the men and hing,
- 55 And put the ladyis in presoun,  
Sum into castell, sum in dongeoun.  
It was gret pite for till her  
Folk to be tribulit on this maner.

## XXIX.

That tym was into Kildrumy  
 Men that wicht war and hardy,  
 Schir Nele the Brus, I wat wele,  
 And thar was the erl of Adell.  
 5 The castell wele vittalit tha  
 With met, and fuell can purvay,  
 And enforsit the castell sa  
 Tham thocht that na strinth micht it ta.  
 And, quhen that it the king was tald  
 10 Of Ingland how tha schup to hald  
 That castell, he was all angry,  
 And callit his sone till him in hy,  
 The eldast and aperand ar,  
 Ane young bachelor stark and far,  
 15 Schir Eduard callit of Carnavirne,  
 That was the starkast man of ane  
 That men find micht in ony cuntre,  
 Prins of Walis that tym was he.  
 And he gert als call erlis twa,  
 20 Glousister and Herfurd war tha,  
 And bad tham wend into Scotland,  
 And set ane sege with stalward hand  
 To the castell of Kildrumy,  
 And all the haldaris halely  
 25 He bad distroy without ransoun  
 Or bring tham till him in presoun.



Quhen tha the mandment all had tane,  
Tha assemblit ane host onane,  
And to the castell went in hy,  
30 And it assegit rigorously,  
And mony tym full hard assalit,  
Bot for to tak it yhet tham falit,  
For tha within war richt worthy  
And tham defendit douchtely,  
35 And ruschit thar fais oft agane,  
Sum was woundit and sum was slane,  
And mony tymis isch tha wald  
And bargane at the barras hald,  
And wound thar fais oft and sla,  
40 Suthly tha tham contenit sa  
That tha without disparit war  
And thocht in Ingland for to far,  
For tha sa stith saw the castele  
And wist that it was warnist wele,  
45 And saw the men defend tham sa  
That tha na hop had tham to ta.  
Nane had tha done all that sesoun  
Gif na had bene thar fals tresoun,  
For thar within was ane tratour,  
50 Ane fals lurdane, ane losengeour,  
Osborn to nam, mad the tresoun.  
I wat nocht for quhat enchesoun,  
Na quham with he mad the covyn,  
Bot, as tha said that war tharin,  
55 He tuk ane cultir hat glowand  
That yhet was in ane fyr brinnand

And went into the mekill hall  
That than with corn was fillit all,  
And hech apon ane mow it did.  
60 Bot it full lang was nocht thar hid,  
For men sais that fyr na prid  
But discovering may na man hid:  
The pomp of prid ay furth schawis  
Or ellis the gret bost that it blawis,  
65 And thar may na man fyr sa covir  
Than low or rek sall it discovir.  
Sa fell it her, for fyr all cler  
Sone throu the thak-burd can aper,  
First as ane stern, syn as ane mone,  
70 And wele bradar thareftir sone:  
The fyr out syn in blesis brast,  
And the rek ras richt wondir fast,  
The fyr our all the castell spred,  
Thar nicht na fors of men it red.  
75 Than tha within drew to the wall  
That at that tym was battalit all  
Within richt as it was without;  
That battaling withouten dout  
Savit thar lifis, for it brak  
80 Blesis that wald tham ourtak.  
And, quhen thar fais the mischef saw,  
Till armis went tha in ane thraw,  
And assalit the castell fast  
Quhar tha durst cum for fyris blast:  
85 Bot tha within that mistir had  
Sa gret defens and worthy mad

That tha full oft thar fais rusit,  
 For tha nakyn perill refusit,  
 Tha travalit for to saf thar lifis,  
 90 Bot werd, that to the end ay drifis  
 The warldis thingis, sa tham travalit  
 That tha on twa halfis war assalit,  
 Within with fyr that tham sa brulyheit,  
 Without with folk that tham sa tulyheit  
 95 That tha brint magre tharis the yhat,  
 Bot for the fyr that was sa hat  
 Tha durst nocht entir sa in hy,  
 Thar folk tharfor tha can rely  
 And went to rest, for it was nicht,  
 100 Quhill on the morn that day was licht.

xxx.

At sic mischef as yhe herd say  
 War tha within: the quethir tha  
 Evir tham defendit worthely  
 And tham contenit sa manfully  
 5 That tha or day throu mekill pane  
 Had murit up the yhat agane.  
 Bot on the morn, quhen day was licht  
 And sone was risin schynand bricht,  
 Tha without in hale battale  
 10 Cum purvait redy till assale.

- Bot tha within, that sa war stad  
 That na vittale na fuell had  
 Quharwith tha nicht the castell hald,  
 Tretit first, and syn tham yhald  
 15 To be into the kingis will  
 That than to Scottis was full ill,  
 And that sone eftir was wele knawin,  
 For tha war hangit all and drawin.  
 Quhen this cunand thus tretit wes  
 20 And affermit with sekirnes,  
 Tha tuk tham of the castell sone,  
 And in schort tym sa has done  
 That all ane quartir of Snawdoun  
 Richt to the erd tha tummillit doun,  
 25 Syn toward Ingland went thar way.  
 Bot, quhen the king Eduard herd say  
 How Nele the Brus held Kildrummy  
 Agane his sone sa stalwardly,  
 He gaderit ane gret chevelry  
 30 And toward Scotland went in hy.  
 And, as into Northumbirland  
 He was with his gret rout ridand,  
 Ane seknes tuk him in the way  
 And put him in sa hard assay  
 35 That he nicht nouthir gang na rid,  
 Him worthit magre his abid  
 Intill ane hamilet ner tharby,  
 Ane litill toun and unworthy.  
 With gret pane thiddir tha him brocht,  
 40 He was sa stad that he na mocht

- His aynd bot with gret panis draw,  
 Na spek bot gif it war wele law.  
 The quhethir he bad tha suld him say  
 Quhat toun was that that he in lay.  
 45 'Schir,' tha said, 'Burch in the Sand  
 Men callis this toun intill this land.'  
 'Call tha it Burch? Alas,' said he,  
 'My hop is now fordone to me,  
 For I wend nevir to thole the pane  
 50 Of ded quhill I throu mekill mane  
 The Burch of Jerusalem had tane,  
 My lif wend I thar suld be gane,  
 In Burch I wist wele I suld de,  
 Bot I was nouthir wis na sle  
 55 Till othir Burchis kep to ta,  
 Now may I na wis forthir ga.'  
 Thus plenyheit he of his foly,  
 As he had matir sekirly  
 Quhen he wend to wit certante  
 60 Of that that nane may certane be.  
 The quhethir men said enclosit he had  
 Ane spirit that him ansuer mad  
 Of thingis that he wald inquer:  
 Bot he was fulit forouten wer  
 65 That gaf treuth till that creatur,  
 For fendis ar of sic natur  
 That tha to mankind has invy,  
 For tha wat wele and witterly  
 That tha that wele ar lifand her  
 70 Sall win the segis quharof tha wer

- Tumlit doun throu thar mekill prid.  
 Quharfor oft tymis will betid  
 That, quhen fendis distrenyheit ar  
 For till aper and mak ansuar  
 75 Throu fors of conjuracioun,  
 That tha sa fals ar and feloun  
 That tha mak ay thar ansuering  
 Into doubill undirstanding  
 To dissaf tham that will tham trow.  
 80 Ensampill will I set her now  
 Of ane wer, as I herd tell,  
 Betuix Frans and the Flemingis fell.  
 The erl Ferandis modir was  
 Ane nigramansour, and Sathanas  
 85 Scho rasit, and him askit syn  
 Quhat suld worth of the fichtyn  
 Betuix the Franch king and hir sone,  
 And he, as he all tym was wone,  
 Into dissat mad his ansuer,  
 90 And said till hir thir versis her:  
 REX RUET IN BELLO TUMULIQUE CAREBIT HONORE,  
 FERANDUS, COMITISSA, TUUS, MEA CARA MINERVA,  
 PARISIUS VENIET MAGNA COMITANTE CATERVA.  
 This was the spek he mad perfay,  
 95 And is in Inglis for to say,  
 'The king sall fall in the fichting  
 And sall fale honour of erding:  
 And thy Ferand, Minerf my der,  
 Sall richt to Paris went but wer,

- 100 Folowand him gret cumpany  
 Of nobill men and of worthy.  
 This is the sentens of the saw  
 That the Latyn can hir schaw.  
 He callit hir his der Minerf  
 105 For Minerf ay was wont to serf  
 Him fullely at all devis,  
 And for scho mad him the sam servis  
 His Minerf hir callit he,  
 And als throu his gret sutelte  
 110 He callit hir der hir to dissaf,  
 That scho the titar suld consaf  
 Of his spek the undirstanding  
 That plesit mast till hir liking.  
 His doubill spek hir sa dissavit  
 115 That throu hir fele the ded resavit,  
 For she was of his ansuer blith,  
 And till hir sone scho tald it swith,  
 And bad him to the battale sped  
 For he suld victor haf but dred:  
 120 And he that herd hir sermoning  
 Sped him in hy to the fichting,  
 Quhar he discumfit was and schent,  
 And takin and to Paris sent.  
 Bot in the fichting nocht forthi  
 125 The king throu his gret chevelry  
 Was laid at erd and lamit bath,  
 Bot his men horsit him wele rath.  
 And, quhen Ferandis modir herd  
 How hir sone in the battale ferd,

- 130 And that he sa was discumfit,  
 Scho rasit the evill spirit als tit,  
 And askit quhy he gabit had  
 Of the ansuer that he hir mad :  
 And he said that he suth said all.  
 135 'I said the that the king suld fall  
 In the battale, and sa did he,  
 And falis erding, as men may se,  
 And I said that thy sone suld ga  
 To Paris, and he did richt sa,  
 140 Folowand him sic ane menyhe  
 That nevir in his lifym he  
 Had sic ane menyhe at his leding :  
 Now seis thou I mad na gabing.'  
 The wif confusit was perfay,  
 145 And durst no mar ontill him say.  
 Thusgat throu doubill undirstanding  
 That bargane cum to sic ending  
 That the ta-part dissavit was :  
 Richt sagat fell it in this cas.  
 150 At Jerusalem thus throwit he  
 Gravin in the Burch to be :  
 The quhether at Burch into the Sand  
 He suelt richt in his awn land.  
 And, quhen he to the ded was ner,  
 155 The folk that at Kildrumy wer  
 Cum with the presoneris that thai had tane,  
 And syn to the king ar gane,  
 And for to confort him tha tald  
 How tha the castell to tham yald,



- 160 And how tha till his will war brocht  
 To do of tham quhatevir he thocht,  
 And askit quhat tha suld of tham do.  
 Than lukit he awfully tham to,  
 And said girnand, ' Hangis and drawis.'  
 165 It was gret wondir of sic sawis,  
 That he that to the ded was ner  
 Suld ansuer apon sic maner  
 Forouten mening of mersy.  
 How micht he trastly on him cry  
 170 That suthfastly demis all thing  
 To haf mersy for his crying  
 Of him that throu his felony  
 Into sic poynt had na mersy?  
 His men his mandment has all done,  
 175 And he deit thareftir sone,  
 And syn was brocht to berynes;  
 His sone syn eftir king he wes.

XXXI.

- To king Robert agane ga we,  
 That in Rachryn with his menyhe  
 Lay quhill the winter ner was gane,  
 And of that ile his met has tane.  
 5 James of Douglas was angry  
 That tha sa lang suld idill ly,

- And to Schir Robert Boyd said he,  
 'The pouer folk of this cuntre  
 Ar chargit apon gret maner  
 10 Of us that idill lyis her :  
 And I her say that in Arane  
 Intill ane stith castell of stane  
 Ar Inglismen that with strang hand  
 Haldis the lordschip of the land :  
 15 Ga we thiddir, and wele may fall  
 Anoy tham in sumthing we sall.'  
 Schir Robert said, 'I grant thartill :  
 To ly her mar war litill skill,  
 Tharfor till Arane pas will we,  
 20 For I knaw richt wele that cuntre,  
 And the castell alsua knaw I :  
 We sall cum thar sa prevely  
 That tha sall haf na persaving  
 Na yhet witting of our cuming,  
 25 And we sall ner enbuschit be  
 Quhar we thar outcuming may se :  
 Sa sall it on na maner fall  
 Than scath tham on sum wis we sall.'  
 With that tha buskit tham onane,  
 30 And at the king thar lef has tane,  
 And went furth syn apon thar way,  
 Into Kintyr sone cumin ar tha,  
 Syn rowit alwais by the land  
 Quhill that the nicht was ner at hand,  
 35 Than till Arane tha went thar way,  
 And saffy thar arivit tha,

## THE BRUS.

And undir ane bra thar galay dreuch,  
 And syn it helit wele eneuch.  
 Thar takill, aris, and thar ster  
 40 Tha hid all on the sam maner,  
 And held thar way richt in the nicht,  
 Sa that or day was dawin licht  
 Tha war enbuschit the castell ner  
 Arait on thar best maner:  
 45 And, thouch tha wat war and wery  
 And for lang fasting all hungry,  
 Tha thocht to hald tham all preve  
 Quhill that tha wele thar poynt nicht se.

## XXXII.

Schir Johne the Hastingis at that tid,  
 With knichtis of full mekill prid  
 And squyaris and gud yhemanry  
 That war ane wele gret cumpany,  
 5 Was in the castell of Brathwik,  
 And oftsis, quhen it wald him lik,  
 He went to hunt with his menyhe,  
 And sa the land abandonit he  
 That nane durst warn him do his will.  
 10 He was into the castell still  
 The tym that James of Douglas,  
 As I haf tald, enbuschit was.

Sa hapnit at that tym throu chaus  
That with vittalis and purvians  
15 And with clething and with arming  
The day befor in the evinning  
The undir-wardane arivit was  
With thre batis wele ner the plas  
Quhar that the folk I spak of ar  
20 Prevely enbuschit war.  
Sone fra the batis saw tha ga  
Of Inglismen thretty and ma,  
Chargit all with sindry thing,  
Sum bar wyn and sum arming,  
25 The remanand all chargit wer  
With thingis on sindry maner,  
And othir sindry yhed tham by  
As tha war masteris idilly.  
Tha that enbuschit war tham saw,  
30 And forouten dred or aw  
Thar buschement apon tham brak,  
And slew all that tha micht ourtak.  
The cry ras hidwisly and he,  
For tha that dredand war to de  
35 Richt as bestis can rar and cry,  
And tha slew fast without mersy,  
Sa that into the samin sted  
Wele ner to fourty thar war ded.  
Quhen tha that in the castell war  
40 Herd the folk sa cry and rar,  
Tha ischit furth to the fichting:  
Bot, quhen Douglas saw thar cuming,

His men till him he can rely,  
And went to met tham hastely.  
45 And, quhen tha of the castell saw  
Him cum on tham forouten aw,  
Tha fled forouten mar debat,  
And tha tham folowit to the yhat,  
And slew of tham as tha in past;  
50 Bot tha thar yhat barrit sa fast  
That tha nicht do at tham na mar,  
Tharfor tha left tham ilkane thar,  
And turnit to the se agane  
Quhar that the men war forow slane.  
55 And, quhen tha that war in the batis  
Saw thar cuming, and wist howgatis  
Tha had discumfit thar menyhe,  
In hy tha put tham to the se  
And rowit fast with all thar mane,  
60 Bot the wind was tham agane  
That sa he gert the land-brist ris  
That tha nicht weld the se na wis,  
Na tha durst nocht cum to the land,  
Bot held tham thar sa lang hobland  
65 That of thre batis drounit twa.  
And, quhen Douglas saw it was sa,  
He tuk the arming and clething,  
Vittalis, wyn, and othir thing  
That tha fand thar, and held thar way  
70 Richt glad and joyfull of thar pray.

XXXIII.

- On this wis James of Douglas  
 And his menyhe throu Goddis gras  
 War wele releyit with arming,  
 With vittale als and with clething,  
 5 Syn till ane strat tha held thar way,  
 And tham full manly governit ay  
 Quhill on the tend day that the king  
 With all that war in his leding  
 Arivit into that cuntre.  
 10 With thretty small galais and thre  
 The king arivit in Arane,  
 And syn to the land is gane,  
 And in ane toun tuk his herbry,  
 And sperit syn full specialy  
 15 Gif ony man couth tell tithand  
 Of ony strange men in that land.  
 'Yha,' said ane woman, 'schir, perfay,  
 Of strange men I can yhou say  
 That ar cumin in this cuntre,  
 20 And schort quhile sen throu thar bounte  
 Tha haf discumfit our wardane  
 And mony of his folk has slane,  
 And till ane stalward plas herby  
 Reparis all thar cumpany.'  
 25 'Dam,' said the king, 'wald thou me wis  
 To that plas quhar thar repar is,

I wald reward the but lesing,  
 For tha ar all of my duelling,  
 And I richt blithly wald tham se,  
 30 And richt sa trow I tha wald me.'  
 'Yha,' said scho, 'schir, I will blithly  
 Ga with yhou and yhour cumpany  
 Quhill that I schaw yhou thar repar.'  
 'That is eneuch, my sistir far:  
 35 Now ga we furthwardis,' said the king.  
 Than went tha furth but mar letting  
 Folowand her as scho tham led  
 Quhill at the last scho schawit ane sted  
 To the king in ane woddy glen,  
 40 And said, 'Schir, her I saw the men  
 That yhe sper eftir mak luging,  
 Her trow I be thar reparing.'  
 The king than blew his horn in hy,  
 And gert the men that war him by  
 45 Hald tham all still and all preve,  
 And syn agane his horn blew he.  
 James of Douglas herd him blaw,  
 And he the blast all sone can knaw,  
 And said, 'Suthly yhon is the king,  
 50 I knaw lang quhile sen his blawing.'  
 The thrid tym tharwithall he blew,  
 And syn Schir Robert Boyd it knew,  
 And said, 'Yhon is the king but dred,  
 Ga we furth till him bettir sped.'  
 55 Than went tha to the king in hy,  
 And him salusit full curtasly,

And blithly welcumit tham the king  
 That joyfull was of thar meting,  
 And kissit tham, and sperit syn  
 80 How tha had farn in thar huntyn :  
 And tha him tald all but lesing,  
 Syn lufit tha God of thar meting,  
 Syn with the king till his herbry  
 Tha went bath joyfull and joly.

## XXXIV.

The king apon the tothir day  
 Can till his preve menyhe say,  
 'Yhe knaw all wele and wele may se  
 How we ar out of our cuntre  
 5 Banist throu Inglisemenis nicht,  
 And it that ouris suld be of richt  
 Throu thar mastris tha occupy,  
 And wald alsua without mersy,  
 Gif tha had nicht, distroy us all.  
 10 Bot God forbed that it suld fall  
 Till us as tha mak manasing,  
 For than war thar na recovering.  
 And manhed biddis us that we  
 To procur vengeans besy be,  
 15 And yhe may se we haf thre thingis  
 That makis us amonestingis



For to be worthy, wis, and wicht,  
 And till anoy tham at our micht.  
 Ane is our lifis savite  
 20 That suld on na wis savit be  
 Gif tha had us at thar liking.  
 The tothir that makis us egging  
 Is that tha our possessioun  
 Haldis with strinth agane resoun.  
 25 The thrid is the joy we abid  
 Gif that it hapin, as wele may tid,  
 That we haf victor and mastery  
 Till ourcum thar felony.  
 Tharfor we suld our hartis ras  
 30 Sa that na mischef us abas,  
 And schap alwais to that ending  
 That beris mensk and ek lufing:  
 And tharfor, lordingis, gif yhe se  
 Emang yhou that it spedfull be,  
 35 I will send ane man in Carrik  
 To spy and sper how the kinrik  
 Is led, or quha is frend or fa:  
 And, gif he seis we land may ta,  
 On Turnberyis nuk he may  
 40 Mak ane fyr on ane certane day,  
 And mak takning' till us that we  
 May thar arif in savite,  
 And, gif he seis we may nocht sa,  
 Luk on na wis the fyr he ma:  
 45 Sa may we tharthrou haf witting  
 Of our passage or our duelling.'

To this spek all assentit ar,  
 And than the king withouten mar  
 Callit till him ane that was preve  
 50 And born of Carrik his cuntre,  
 And chargit him in les and mar  
 As yhe herd me devis it ar,  
 And set him certane day to ma  
 The fyr, gif he saw it war sa  
 55 That tha had possibilite  
 To mantem wer in that cuntre.  
 And he that was richt wele in will  
 His lordis yharning to fulfill,  
 As he that worthy was and lele  
 60 And couth secretis richt wele concele,  
 Said he was boun intill all thing  
 For to fulfill his comanding,  
 And said he suld do sa wisly  
 That na repruf suld eftir ly:  
 65 Syn at the king his lef has tane  
 And furth apon his way is gane.

XXXV.

**N**ow gais the messinger his way  
 That hat Cuthbert, as I herd say.  
 In Carrik sone arivit he  
 And passit throu all the cuntre:

- 5 Bot he fand few tharin, perfay,  
That gud wald of his mastir say,  
For fele of tham durst nocht for dred,  
And othir sum richt into ded  
War fais to the nobill king
- 10 That rewit syn thar barganing.  
Bath he and law the land was then  
All occupyit with Inglismen  
That dispitit atour all thing  
Robert the Brus the douchty king.
- 15 Carrik was gifin than halely  
To Schir Henry the lord Persy  
That in Turnberyis castell then  
Was with wele ner thre hundreth men,  
And dantit sagat all the land
- 20 That all was till him obesand.  
This Cuthbert saw thar felony,  
And saw the folk sa halely  
Be worthin Inglis, rich and pouer,  
That he to nane durst him discouer,
- 25 But thocht to lef the fyr unmad,  
Syn till his mastir to wend but bad,  
And all thar covyn till him tell  
That was sa angry and sa fell.

## XXXVI.

- The king that intill Arane lay,  
 Quhen that cumin was the day  
 That he set till his messinger,  
 As I devisit yhou lang er,  
 5 Eftir the fyr he lukit fast,  
 And als sone as the none was past  
 Him thocht wele that he saw ane fyr  
 By Turnbery brinnand wele schyr,  
 And till his menyhe can it shaw.  
 10 Ilk man thocht wele that he it saw,  
 Than with blith hart the folk can cry,  
 'Gud king, sped yhou deliverly,  
 Sa that we sone in the evinning  
 Arif withouten persaving.'  
 15 'I grant,' said he, 'now mak yhou yhar:  
 God furthir us intill our far.'  
 Than in short tym men nicht tham se  
 Schut all thar galais to the se,  
 And ber to se bath ar and ster  
 20 And other thingis that mistir wer.  
 And, as the king apon the land  
 Was gangand up and doun bidand  
 Quhill that his menyhe redy war,  
 His hostes cum richt till him thar,  
 25 And, quhen that scho him halsit had,  
 Ane preve spek till him scho mad,

- And said, 'Ta gud tent to my saw,  
 For or yhe pas I sall yhou schaw  
 Of your fortoun ane gret party,  
 30 And atour all thing specialy  
 Ane witting her I sall yhou ma  
 Quhat end that sall your purpos ta:  
 For in this warld is nane trewly  
 Wat thingis to cum sa wele as I.  
 35 Yhe pas now furth with yhour wagis  
 To venge the harm and the outragis  
 That Inglismen has to yhou done,  
 Bot yhe wat nocht quhat kyn fortoun  
 Yhe mon dre in yhour warraying.  
 40 Bot wit yhe wele without lesing,  
 That fra yhe now haf takin land  
 Thar sall na micht na strinth of hand  
 Ger yhou furth pas of this cuntre  
 Quhill all to yhou abandonit be.  
 45 Within schort tym yhe sall be king  
 And haf the land at yhour liking  
 And ourcum yhour fais all,  
 Bot fele anoyis thole yhe sall  
 Or that yhour purpos end haf tane,  
 50 Bot yhe sall tham ourdrif ilkane.  
 And, that yhe trow this sekirly,  
 My twa sonnys with yhou sall I  
 Send to tak with yhou travale,  
 For I wat wele tha sall nocht fale  
 55 To be rewardit wele at richt  
 Quhen yhe ar heit onto yhour hicht.'

- The king that herd all hir carping  
 Than thankit hir in mekill thing  
 For scho him confortit sumdele.  
 60 The quhethir he trowit nocht full wele  
 Hir spek, for he had gret ferly  
 How scho suld wit it sekirly :  
 As it was wondirfull perfay  
 How ony man throu sciens may  
 65 Knaw the thingis that ar to cum  
 Determinabilly all or sum,  
 Bot gif that he inspyrit war  
 Of him that all thing evirmar  
 Seis in his presciens  
 70 As it war ay in his presens,  
 As David was, and Jeremy,  
 Samuell, Joell, and Ysay,  
 That throu his haly gras can tell  
 Fele thingis that eftirward befell.  
 75 Bot tha prophetis sa thin ar sawin  
 That thar in erd now nane is knawin,  
 Bot fele folk are sa curious  
 And to wit thingis sa covatous  
 That tha throu thar gret clergy  
 80 Or ellis throu thar devilry  
 Of thir twyn maneris makis fanding  
 Of thingis to cum to haf knawing.  
 Ane of tham is astrology,  
 Quharthrou clerkis that ar witty  
 85 May knaw conjunctioun of planetis.  
 And quhethir that thar cours tham setis

In soft segis or in angry,  
And of the hevin all halely  
How that the disposicioun  
90 Suld apon thingis wirk her doun  
On regiounis or on elimentis  
That wirkis nocht ay quhar ane gat is,  
Bot sum ar les, sum othir mar,  
Eftir as thar bemis strekit ar  
95 Outhir all evin or on wry.  
Bot me think it war gret mastry  
Till ony astrológ to say  
This sall fall her and on this day:  
For, thouch ane man his lif haly  
100 Studyit in astrology  
That on the sternis his hed he brak,  
Wis men sais he suld nocht mak  
His lifym certane dais thre,  
And yhet suld he ay dout quhill he  
105 Saw how it cum till ending:  
Than is thar na certane deming.  
Or, gif tha men that will study  
In the craft of astrology  
Knew all menis nacioun  
110 And als the constellacioun  
That kindly maneris gifis tham till  
For till inelyn to gud or ill,  
How that tha throu craft of clergy  
Or throu slicht of astrology  
115 Couth tell quhat kyn perill aperis  
To tham that haldis kindly maneris,



I trow that tha suld fale to say  
 The thingis that tham hapin may.  
 For, quethir sa man inclynit be  
 120 To vertu or to mavite,  
 He may richt wele refrenyhe his will  
 Outhir throu nurtur or throu skill,  
 And to the contrar turn him all:  
 And men has mony tymis sene fall  
 125 That men kindly till evill gifin  
 Throu thar gret wit away has drifin  
 Thar evill, and worthin of gret renoun  
 Magre the constellacioun:  
 As Arestotill: gif, as men redis,  
 130 He had folowit his kindly dedis,  
 He had bene fals and covatous,  
 Bot his wit mad him vertuuous.  
 And sen men may on this kyn wis  
 Wirk agane that cours that is  
 135 Principall caus of thar deming,  
 Methink thar dom na certane thing.  
 Nigromansy the tothir is,  
 That kennis men on sindry wis  
 Throu stalward conjuraciounis  
 140 And throu exorcizaciounis  
 To ger spiritis to tham aper  
 And gif ansuer on ser maner:  
 As quhilom did the Phitones  
 That, quhen Saull abasit wes  
 145 Of the Philistianis nicht,  
 Rasit throu hir mekill nicht



Samuellis spirit als tit,  
 Or in his sted the evill spirit  
 That gaf richt grath ansuer hir to,  
 150 Bot of himself richt nocht wist scho.  
 And man is into dreding ay  
 Of thingis that he has herd say,  
 And namly of thingis to cum, quhill he  
 Haf of the end the certante.  
 155 And, sen tha ar in sic wening  
 Forouten certante of witting,  
 Methink quha sais he knawis thingis  
 To cum, he makis gret gabingis.  
 Bot, quhethir scho that tald the king  
 160 How his purpos suld tak ending  
 Wenit or wist it witterly,  
 It fell eftir all halely  
 As scho said, for syn king was he  
 And of full mekill renoune.

## XXXVII.

This was in ver, quhen wintir tid  
 With his blastis hidwis to bid  
 Was our-drifin, and birdis smale,  
 As thristill and the nichtingale,  
 5 Begouth richt meraly to sing,  
 And for to mak in thar singing

- Sindry notis and soundis ser  
 And melody plesand to her:  
 And the treis begouth to ma  
 10 Burgeonis and bricht blumis alsua  
 To win the heling of thar hed  
 That wikkit wintir had tham reved,  
 And all grevis begouth to spring.  
 Into that time the nobill king  
 15 With his flot and ane few menyhe,  
 Thre hundreth I trow tha nicht wele be,  
 Is to the se furth of Arane  
 Ane litill forow the evin gane.  
 Tha rowit fast with all thar nicht  
 20 Quhill that apon tham fell the nicht,  
 That vox mirk apon gret maner  
 Sa that tha wist nocht quhar tha wer,  
 For tha na nedill had na stane,  
 Bot rowit alwais intill ane,  
 25 Sterand alwais apon the fyr  
 That tha saw brinnand licht and schyr.  
 It was bot aventur that tham led,  
 And tha in schort tym sa tham sped  
 That at the fyr arivit tha  
 30 And went to land but mar delay.  
 And Cuthbert that has sene the fyr  
 Was full of angir and of ire,  
 For he durst nocht do it away,  
 And he was also doutand ay  
 35 That his lord suld pas the se;  
 Tharfor thar cuming watit he

And met tham at thar ariving.  
He was wele sone brocht to the king  
That sperit at him how he had done,  
40 And he with sar hart tald him sone  
How that he fand nane wele willand,  
Bot all wer fais that ever he fand,  
And that the lord the Persy  
With ner three hundreth in cumpany  
45 Was in the castell thar besid  
Fulfillit of dispit and prid,  
Bot mar than twa-part of his rout  
War herbryit in the toun without,  
'And dispisis yhou mar, Schir king,  
50 Then men may dispis ony thing.'  
Than said the king in full gret ire,  
'Tratour, quhy mad thou on the fyr?'  
'A schir,' he said, 'sa God me se,  
That fyr was nevir mad on for me,  
35 Na or this nicht I wist it nocht,  
Bot fra I wist it wele I thocht  
That yhe and haly yhour menyhe  
In hy suld put yhou to the se,  
Forthi I cum to met yhou her  
60 To tell peralis that may aper.'  
The king was of his spek angry,  
And askit his preve men in hy  
Quhat that tham thocht was best to do.  
Schir Eduard ansuerit first tharto,  
65 His brothir that was sa hardy,  
And said, 'I say yhou sekirly

- Thar sall na peralis that may be  
 Drif me eftsonis to the se,  
 Myn aventur her tak will I,  
 70 Quhethir it be esfull or angry.  
 'Brothir,' he said, 'sen thou will sa,  
 It is gud that we sammyn ta  
 Dises or es, or pyn or play,  
 Eftir as God will us purvay.  
 75 And, sen men sais that the Persy  
 Myn heritage will occupy,  
 And his menyhe sa ner us lyis  
 That us dispisis mony wis,  
 Ga we venge sum of the dispit,  
 80 And that we may haf done als tit,  
 For tha ly trastly but dreding  
 Of us or of our her cuming:  
 And, thouch we slepand slew tham all,  
 Repruf us tharof na man sall,  
 85 For warrayour na fors suld ma  
 Quhethir he nicht ourcum his fa  
 Throu strinth or throu subtilite,  
 Bot that gud fath ay haldin be.'  
 Quhen this was said, tha went thar way,  
 90 And to the toun sone cumin ar tha  
 Sa prevely but noys making  
 That nane persavit thar cuming.  
 Tha scalit throu the toun in hy,  
 And brak up duris sturdely,  
 95 And slew all that tha nicht ourtak;  
 And tha that na defens nicht mak

Full pitwisly couth rar and cry;  
 And tha slew tham dispitwisly  
 As tha that war in full gud will  
 100 To venge the angir and the ill  
 That tha and tharis had tham wrocht;  
 Tha with sa feloun will tham socht  
 That tha slew tham evirilkane,  
 Outtak Makdowall him alane  
 105 That eschapit throu gret slicht  
 And throu the mirknes of the nicht.  
 In the castell the lord Persy  
 Herd wele the noys and the cry,  
 Sa did the men that within wer,  
 110 And full effraitly gat thar ger,  
 Bot of tham was nane sa hardy,  
 That evir ischit furth to the cry.  
 In sic effray tha bad that nicht  
 Quhill on the morn that day was licht,  
 115 And than cesit into party  
 The noys, the slauchtir, and the cry.  
 The king gert be departit then  
 All hale the ref emang the men,  
 And duellit all still thar dais thre.  
 120 Sic hansell to that folk gaf he  
 Richt in the first beginning  
 Newly at his ariving.

## XXXVIII.

Quhen that the king and his folk war  
 Arivit, as I tald yhou ar,  
 Ane quhile in Carrik lendit he  
 To se quha frend or fa wald be.  
 5 Bot he fand litill tendirnes;  
 And nocht forthi the pepill wes  
 Inclynit till him in party,  
 Bot Inglisemen sa angirly  
 Led tham with danger and with aw  
 10 That tha na frendschip durst him schaw.  
 Bot ane lady of that cuntre  
 That was till him in ner degre  
 Of cosynage, was wondir blith  
 Of his arrivale, and als swith  
 15 Sped hir till him in full gret hy  
 With fyften men in cumpany,  
 And betacht tham all to the king  
 Till help him in his warraying.  
 And he resavit tham in dante,  
 20 And hir full gretly thankit he,  
 And sperit tithandis of the quene  
 And of his frendis all bedene  
 That he had left in that cuntre  
 Quhen that he put him to the se.  
 25 And scho him tald, sichand full sar  
 How that his brothir takin war

In the castell of Kildrummy,  
 And syn distroyit velanisly,  
 And the earl of Adell alsua,  
 30 And how the quene and othir ma  
 That till his party war heldand  
 War tane and led intill Ingland,  
 And put into feloun presoun,  
 And how that Cristol of Setoun  
 35 Was slane. Gretand scho tald the king  
 That sorowfull was of that tithing,  
 And said, quhen he had thocht ane thraw,  
 Thir wordis that I sall yhou schaw.  
 'Alas,' he said, 'for luf of me  
 40 And for thar mekill gud lawte  
 Tha nobill men and tha worthy  
 Ar distroyit sa velanisly:  
 Bot, and I lif in lege pouste,  
 Thar ded sall richt wele vengit be.  
 45 The king the quhethir of Ingland  
 Thocht that the kinrik of Scotland  
 Was to litill till him and me,  
 Tharfor I will it all myn be.  
 Bot of gud Cristol of Setoun  
 50 That was of sa nobill renoun  
 That he suld de war gret pite  
 Bot quhar worschip nicht prufit be '

## XXXIX.

The king thus sichand mad his mane,  
 And the lady hir lef has tane  
 And went ham till hir wonning,  
 And fele sis confort scho the king  
 5 Bath with silver and with met  
 As scho into the land nicht get.  
 And he oft ryotit the land  
 And mad all his that evir he fand,  
 And syn he drew him till the hicht  
 10 To stint bettir his fais nicht.  
 In all that tym was the Persy  
 With ane full simpill cumpany  
 In Turnberyis castell lyand,  
 For the king Robert sa dredand  
 15 That he durst nocht isch furth to far  
 Fra thine to the castell of Ar  
 That than was full of Inglismen,  
 Bot lay lurkand as in ane den  
 Quhill the men of Northumbirland  
 20 Suld cum armit and with strang hand  
 To convoy him till his cuntre:  
 For his saynd to tham send he,  
 And tha in hy assemblit then  
 Passand, I trow, ane thousand men,  
 25 And askit avisment tham emang  
 Quhethir that he suld duell or gang.



Bot tha war schonand wöndir sar  
 Sa fer in Scotland for to far,  
 For ane knicht, Schir Gawter the Lile,  
 30 Said it was all to gret perile  
 Sa ner thir schavalduris to ga.  
 His spek discomfort tham all sa  
 That tha had left hale that viage,  
 Na war ane knicht of gret curage  
 35 That Schir Roger of Sanct Johne bicht,  
 That tham confort with all his micht  
 And sic wordis can till tham say  
 That tha all sammyn held thar way  
 To Turnbery, quhar the Persy  
 40 Lap on and went with tham in hy  
 Intill Ingland his castell till  
 Without distroubiling or ony ill.

## XL.

N<sup>ow</sup> in Ingland is the Persy,  
 Quhar he, I trow, ane quhile sall ly  
 Or that he schap him for to far  
 To warray Carrik ony mar:  
 5 For he wist that he had na richt,  
 And als he dred the kingis micht  
 That in Carrik was travaland  
 Quhar the mast strinth was of the land:

- Quhar James of Douglas on a day  
 10 Cum to the king and can him say,  
 'Schir, with yhour lef I wald ga se  
 How that tha do in my cuntre,  
 And how my men demanit ar,  
 For it anoyis me wondir sar  
 15 That the Cliffurd sa pesabilly  
 Brukis and haldis the senyhory  
 That suld be myn with alkyn richt:  
 Bot, quhile I lif and may haf micht  
 To led ane yheman or ane swane,  
 20 He sall nocht bruk it but bargane.'  
 The king said, 'Certis I can nocht se  
 How that thou yhet may sekir be  
 Into that cuntre for to far  
 Quhar Inglismen sa mighty ar,  
 25 And thou wat nocht quha is thy frend.'  
 He said, 'Schir, nedwais I will wend  
 And tak aventur that God will gif,  
 Quhethir sa it be to de or lif.'  
 The king said, 'Sen that it is sa  
 30 That thou sic yharning has to ga,  
 Thou sall pas furth with my blissing,  
 And, gif the hapis ony thing  
 That anoyus or scathfull be,  
 I pray the sped the sone to me,  
 35 And tak we sammyn quhatevir may fall.'  
 'I grant,' he said, and tharwithall  
 He loutit and his lef has tane,  
 And is toward his cuntre gane.'

## XLI.

Now takis James his viage  
 Toward Douglas his heritage  
 With twa yhemmen forouten ma.  
 That was ane simpill stuff to ta  
 5 Ane land or castell for to win:  
 The quhethir he yharnit to begin  
 To bring his purpos till ending,  
 For gud help is in gud beginning,  
 For gud beginning and hardy,  
 10 And it be folowit wittely,  
 May ger oftsis unlikly thing  
 Cum to full conabill ending.  
 Sa did it her: bot he was wis,  
 And saw he nicht on nakyn wis  
 15 Warray his fais with evin nicht,  
 Tharfor he thocht to wirk with slicht.  
 In Douglasdale his awn cuntre  
 Apon ane evinning enterit he:  
 And than ane man wonnit tharby  
 20 That was of frendis richt mighty,  
 And rich of mubill and catell,  
 And had bene till his fadir lele,  
 And till himself in his youthed  
 He had done mony ane thankfull ded:  
 25 Thom Dikson was his nam perfay,  
 Till him he send, and can him pray

That he wald cum allanerly  
 For to spek with him prevely.  
 And he but danger till him gais:  
 30 Bot fra he tald him quhat he was  
 He gret for joy and for pite,  
 And him richt till his hous had he,  
 Quhar in ane chalmer prevely  
 He held him and his cumpany  
 35 That nane of him had persaving:  
 Of met and drink and othir thing  
 That nicht tham es tha had plente.  
 Sa wrocht he than throu sutelte  
 That all the lele men of the land  
 40 That with his fadir war duelland  
 This gud man gert cum ane and ane  
 And mak him manrent evirilkane,  
 And he himself first homage mad.  
 Douglas in hart gret blithnes had  
 45 That the gud men of his cuntre  
 Wald sagat bundin till him be.  
 He sperit the covyn of the land,  
 And quha the castell had in hand,  
 And tha him tald all halely,  
 50 And syn emang tham prevely  
 Tha ordanit that he suld be  
 In hiddillis and in prevate  
 Quhill Palm-Sonday that was ner hand,  
 The thrid day eftir folowand;  
 55 For than the folk of the cuntre  
 Assemblit at the kirk wald be,

And tha that in the castell wer  
 Wald als be thar thar palmis to ber  
 As folk that had na dred of ill,  
 60 For tha thocht all was at thar will.  
 Than suld he cum with his twa men,  
 Bot, for that men suld nocht him ken,  
 He suld ane mantill haf, and ber  
 Ane flaill as he ane taskar wer:  
 65 Undir the mantill nocht forthi  
 He suld be armit prevely.  
 And, quhen the men of his cuntre  
 That suld all boun befor him be  
 His ensenyhe micht her him cry,  
 70 Than suld tha richt enforsely  
 Richt in middis the kirk assale  
 The Inglisemen with hard battale  
 Sa that nane micht eschap tham fra:  
 For tharthrou trowit tha to ta  
 75 The castell that besid was ner.  
 And, quhen this that I tell yhou her  
 Was devisit and undirtane,  
 Ilkane till his hous ham is gane,  
 And held the spek in prevate  
 80 Quhill the day of thar assemble.

## XLII.

The folk apon the Sononday  
 Held to Sanct Brydis kirk thar way,  
 And tha that in the castell war  
 Ischit out bath les and mar  
 5 And went thar palmis for to ber,  
 Outane ane cuk and ane porter.  
 James of Douglas of thar cuming  
 And quhat tha war had wittering,  
 And sped him till the kirk in hy,  
 10 Bot, or he cum, to hastely  
 Ane of his cryit, ' Douglas, Douglas.'  
 Thomas Dikson, that nerast was  
 To tham that war of the castell  
 That war all innouth the chansell,  
 15 Quhen he ' Douglas ' sa herd cry,  
 Drew out his suerd and folely  
 Ruschit emang tham to and fra  
 And ane othir forouten ma,  
 Bot tha in hy war left lyand.  
 20 With that Douglas cum richt at hand  
 That than enforsit on tham the cry,  
 Bot thar chansell full sturdely  
 Tha held, and tham defendit wele  
 Quhill of thar men war slane sumdele.  
 25 Bot the Douglas sa wele him bar  
 That all the men that with him war

- Had confort of his wele-doing,  
And he him sparit nakyn thing,  
Bot prufit sa his fors in ficht  
30 That throu his worschip and his micht  
His men sa kenly helpit he than  
That tha the chansell on tham wan.  
Than dang tha on sa hardely  
That in schort tym men micht se ly  
35 The twa-part ded or than deand;  
The laf war sesit sone in hand  
Sa that of thretty lefit nane  
Na tha war slane ilkane or tane.  
James of Douglas, quhen this was done,  
40 The presoneris has tane alsone,  
And with tham of his cumpany  
Toward the castell went in hy  
Or ony noys or cry suld ris,  
And, for he wald tham sone suppris  
45 That lefit in the castell war  
That war bot twa forouten mar,  
Fif men or sex befor send he,  
That fand all opin the entre,  
And enterit, and the portar tuk  
50 Richt at the yhat, and syn the cuk.  
With that Douglas cum to the yhat  
And enterit in forouten debat,  
And fand the met all redy grathit  
With burdis set and clathis layit.  
55 The yhatis than he gert tham sper,  
And sat and et at all laser,

Syn all the gudis tursit tha  
 Tha thocht that tha nicht haf away,  
 And namly wapnis and arming,  
 60 Silver tresour and ek clething.  
 Vittalis that nicht nocht tursit be  
 On this maner distroyit he:  
 All the vittale, outakin salt,  
 As quhet and flour and mele and malt,  
 65 In the wyn sellar gert he bring  
 And sammyn on the flur all fling,  
 And the presoneris that he had tane  
 Richt tharin gert he hed ilkane,  
 Syn of the tunnis the hedis outstrak:  
 70 Ane foul melle thar can he mak,  
 For mele and malt and blud and wyn  
 Ran all togidder in a mellyn  
 That was unsemly for to se:  
 Tharfor the men of that cuntre,  
 75 For sic thingis thar mellit wer,  
 Callit it 'the Douglas lardener.'  
 Syn tuk he salt, as I herd tell,  
 And ded hors, and fordid the well,  
 And syn brint all outakin stane,  
 80 And is furth with his menyhe gane  
 Till his reset, for him thocht wele,  
 Gif he had haldin the castele,  
 It suld haf bene assegit rath,  
 And that him thocht to mekill wath:  
 85 For he na hop had of reskewing,  
 And it is to peralous thing



In castell till assegit be  
 Quhar that ane wantis of thir thre,  
 Vittale, or men with thar arming,  
 90 Or than gud hop of reskewing:  
 And, for he dred thir thingis suld fale,  
 He chesit furthward to travale  
 Quhar he nicht at his larges be,  
 And sa drif furth his destane.

## XLIII.

On this wis was the castell tane,  
 And slane that war tharin ilkane.  
 The Douglas syn all his menyhe  
 Gert in ser plasis departit be:  
 5 For men suld les wit quhar tha war  
 That yhed departit her and thar.  
 Tham that war woundit gert he ly  
 Intill hiddillis all prevely,  
 And gert gud lechis till tham bring  
 10 Quhill that tha war intill heling:  
 And himself with ane few menyhe,  
 Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhile thre,  
 And umquhile all him alane,  
 In hiddillis throu the land is gane.  
 15 Sa dred he Inglismentis nicht  
 That he durst nocht wele cum in sicht,

For tha that tym war all weldand  
 As mast lordis our all the land.  
 Bot tithandis that war scalit sone  
 20 Of the ded that Douglas had done  
 Cum to the Cliffurdis er in hy,  
 That for his tynsale was sary,  
 And menit his men that he had slane,  
 And syn has till his purpos tane  
 25 To big the castell up agane :  
 Tharfor as man of mekill mane  
 He assemblit gret cumpany,  
 And to Douglas he went in hy,  
 And biggit up the castell swith,  
 30 And mad it richt stalward and stith,  
 And put tharin vittalis and men :  
 Ane of the Thrillwallis then  
 He left behind him capitane,  
 And syn in Ingland went agane.

## XLIV.

Into Carrik yhet was the king  
 With ane full simpill gadering :  
 He passit nocht twa hundreth men,  
 Bot Schir Edward his brothir then  
 5 Was in Galloway wele ner tharby,  
 With him ane othir cumpany.

Tha held the strinthis of the land,  
 For tha durst nocht yhet tak on hand  
 Till ourrid the land planly,  
 10 For of Vallanch Schir Amery  
 Was intill Edinburgh lyand,  
 That yhet was wardane of the land  
 Undirneith the Inglis king.  
 And, quhen he herd of the cuming  
 15 Of King Robert and his menyhe  
 Into Carrik, and how that he  
 Had slane of the Persyis men,  
 His consale he assemblit then,  
 And with assent of his consale  
 20 He send till Ar him till assale  
 Schir Ingeram Bell that was hardy,  
 And with him ane gret cumpany.  
 And, quhen Schir Ingeram cumin was thar,  
 Him thocht nocht spedfull for to far  
 25 Till assale him intill the hicht,  
 Tharfor he thocht to wirk with slicht,  
 And lay still in the castell than  
 Quhill he gat spering that ane man  
 Of Carrik, that was sle and wicht  
 30 And als ane man of mekill micht  
 As ony man of that cuntre,  
 Was to King Robert mast preve  
 As he that was his sibman ner,  
 And quhen he wald forout danger  
 35 Micht to the kingis presens ga.  
 The quethir he and his sonnis twa

War wonand still in the cuntre  
 For tha wald nocht persavit be  
 That tha war speciall to the king.  
 40 Tha mad him mony tym warning  
 Quhen that tha his tynsale nicht se,  
 Forthi in tham affyit he.  
 His nam I can nocht tell perfay,  
 Bot I herd sinder men oft say  
 45 Forsuth that his anc e was out,  
 Bot he sa sturdy was and stout  
 That he was the mast worthy man  
 That in Carrik livit than.  
 And, quhen Schir Ingeram gat witting  
 50 Forsuth that this was na gabing,  
 Eftir him in hy he sent,  
 And he cum at his comandment.  
 Schir Ingeram that was sle and wis  
 Tretit with him than on sic wis  
 55 That he mad sekir undirtaking  
 In tresoun for to sla the king,  
 And he suld haf for his servis,  
 Gif he fulfillit thar devis,  
 Wele fourty pundis worth of land  
 60 Till him and till his aris lestand.

## XLV.

The tresoun thus is undirtane,  
 And he ham till his hous is gane,  
 And watit oportunitie  
 For to fulfill his mavite.  
 5 In gret perill than was the king  
 That of his tresoun wist nathing,  
 For he that he trowit mast of ane  
 His ded falsly has undirtane,  
 And nane may tresoun do titar than he  
 10 That man introwis lawte.  
 The king in him trastit, forthi  
 He had fulfillit his felony,  
 Na war the king throu Goddis gras  
 Gat hale witting of his purchas,  
 15 And how and for how mekill land  
 He tuk his slauchtir apon hand.  
 I wat nocht quha the warning mad,  
 Bot on all tym sic hap he had  
 That, quhen men schup him to betras,  
 20 He gat witting tharof alwais,  
 And mony tym, as I herd say,  
 Throu wemen that he wald with play,  
 That wald tell all that tha micht her:  
 And sa micht hapin that it fell her.  
 25 Bot how that evir it fell, perde,  
 I trow he sall the warrar be.

Nocht forthi this tratour ay  
 Had in his thocht bath nicht and day  
 How he micht best bring till ending  
 30 His tresonabill undirtaking,  
 Quhill he umbethocht him at the last  
 And in his hart can umbecast  
 That the king had in custum ay  
 For to ris arly evirilk day  
 35 And pas wele fer fra his menyhe  
 Quhen he wald pas to the preve,  
 And sek ane covert him alane,  
 Or at the mast haf with him ane.  
 Thar thocht he with his sonnis twa  
 40 For to suppris the king and sla  
 And syn wend to the wod away:  
 Bot yhet of purpos falit tha.  
 And nocht forthi tha cum all thre  
 In ane covert that was preve  
 45 Quhar the king oft was wont to ga  
 His preve nedis for to ma.  
 Thar hid tha tham quhill his cuming,  
 And the king into the morning  
 Ras quhen that his liking was  
 50 And richt toward that covert gais  
 Quhar lyand war the tratouris thre  
 For to do thar his prevate.  
 To tresoun tuk he than na hed,  
 Bot he was wont quharevir he yhed  
 55 His suerd about his hals to ber,  
 And that avalit him gretly ther,

For, had nocht God all thing weldand  
 Set help intill his awn hand,  
 He had bene ded withouten dred.  
 60 Ane chalmer page thar with him yhed,  
 And sa forouten falowis ma  
 Toward the covert can he ga.  
 Now, bot God help the nobill king,  
 He is nerhand till his ending,  
 65 For that covert that he yhed till  
 Was on the tothir sid of ane hill  
 That nane of his men micht it se.  
 Thiddirward went this page and he,  
 And, quhen he cumin was in the schaw,  
 70 He saw tha thre cum all on raw  
 Aganis him full sturdely.  
 Than till his boy he said in hy,  
 'Yhon men will sla us and tha may,  
 Quhat wapin has thou?' 'A! syr, perfay.  
 75 I haf ane bow bot and ane wyr.'  
 'Gif me tham smertly bath.' 'A! syr,  
 How gat will yhe than that I do?'  
 'Stand on fer and behald us to.  
 Gif thou seis me abovin be,  
 80 Thou sall haf wapnis in gret plente,  
 And, gif I de, withdraw the sone.'  
 With tha wordis forouten hone  
 He tit the bow out of his hand,  
 For the tratouris war ner cumand.  
 85 The fadir had ane suerd but mar,  
 The tothir bath suerd and hand-ax bar,

- The thrid ane suerd had and ane sper.  
 The king persavit be thar effer  
 That all was suth men had him tald.  
 90 'Tratour,' he said, 'thou has me sald,  
 Cum na forthir, bot hald the thar,  
 I will thou cum na forthirmar.'  
 'A! syr, umbethink yhou,' said he,  
 'How ner to yhou that I suld be,  
 95 Quha suld cum ner yhou bot I?'  
 The king said, 'I will sekirly  
 That thou at this tym cum nocht ner,  
 Thou may say quhat thou will on fer.'  
 Bot he with fals wordis flechand  
 100 Was with his sonnis ay cumand.  
 Quhen the king saw he wald nocht let,  
 Bot ay cum on fenyheand falset,  
 He tasit the wyr and let it fle  
 And hit the fadir in the e  
 105 Quhill it richt in the harnis ran,  
 And he bakward fell doun richt than.  
 The brothir that the hand-ax bar  
 That saw his fadir lyand thar  
 Ane gird richt to the king can mak  
 110 And with the ax he him ourstrak.  
 Bot he that had his suerd on hicht  
 Raucht him sic rout in randoun richt  
 That he the ned till harnis claf  
 And him doun ded to the erd draf.  
 115 The tothir brothir that bar the sper  
 Saw his brothir sa fallin ther,



And with his sper as angry man  
 In ane ras till the king he ran,  
 Bot the king that him dred sumthing  
 120 Watit the sper in the cuming  
 And with ane wisk the hed ofstrak,  
 And, or the tothir had tym to tak  
 His suerd, the king sic strak him gaf  
 That he the hed till harnis claf.  
 125 He ruschit doun of blud all red,  
 And, quhen the king saw tha war ded  
 All thre lyand, he wipit his brand.  
 With that his boy cum fast rinand  
 And said, 'Our Lord mot lufit be  
 130 That grantit yhou nicht and pouste  
 To fell the felony and prid  
 Of thir thre in sa litill tid.'  
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,  
 Tha had bene worthy men all thre  
 135 Had tha nocht bene full of tresoun,  
 Bot that mad thar confusioun.'

## XLVI.

**T**he king is went till his luging,  
 And of his ded sone cum tithing  
 To Schir Ingeram the Umphravill,  
 That thocht his sutelte and gile

- 5 Had all falyheit into that plas.  
Tharfor anoyit sa he was  
That he agane to Lowdiane  
To Schir Amer his gat has tane,  
And till him tald all hale the cas,  
10 That tharof all forwonderit was  
How ony man sa sudanly  
Micht do sa gret ane chevelry  
As did the king that him alane  
Vengeans of thre tratouris has tane.  
15 He said, 'Certis I may wele se  
That it is all gret certante  
That ure helpis ay hardy men,  
As be this ded we may wele ken.  
War he nocht outrageous hardy  
20 He had nocht unabasitly  
Sa smertly sene his advantage.  
I dred that his gret vassalage  
And his travale will bring till end  
It that men quhile full litill wend.'  
25 Sic speking mad he of the king  
That ay forouten sojorning  
Travalit in Carrik her and thar.  
His men fra him sa scalit war  
To purchas tham necessite  
30 And als the cuntre for to se  
That thar left nocht with him sexty.  
And, quhen the Gallowais wist suthly  
That he was with sa few menyhe,  
Tha mad ane preve assemble

- 35 Of wele twa hundreth men and ma,  
 And sleuth hundis with tham can tha ta,  
 For tha thocht him for to suppris,  
 And, gif he fled on ony wis,  
 To folow him with the hundis sa  
 40 That he suld nocht eschap tham fra.  
 Tha schup tham in ane evinning  
 Sudanly to suppris the king,  
 And till him held tha straucht thar way :  
 Bot he, that had his wachis ay  
 45 On ilk sid, of thar cuming  
 Lang or tha cum had wittering,  
 Quhat and how fele that tha nicht be :  
 Tharfor he thocht with his menyhe  
 To withdraw him out of the plas  
 50 For the nicht wele fallin was,  
 And for nicht was he thocht that tha  
 Suld nocht haf sicht to hald the way  
 Quhill he war passit with his menyhe.  
 And as he thocht richt sa did he,  
 55 And went him doun till ane marras  
 Our ane watir that rinand was,  
 And in the bog he fand ane plas  
 Wele strat, that wele twa bowdraucht was  
 Fra tha the watir passit had.  
 60 He said, ' Her may yhe mak abad  
 And rest yhou all ane quhile and ly.  
 I will ga wach all prevely  
 Gif I her ocht of thar cuming,  
 And, gif I may her ony thing,

65 I sall ger warn yhou sa that we  
Sall ay at our avantage be.'

## XLVII.

The king now takis his gat to ga,  
And with him tuk he servandis twa,  
And Schir Gilbert de le Hay left he  
Thar for to rest with his menyhe.  
5 To the watir he cum in hy  
And lisnit full entently  
Gif he ocht herd of thar cuming,  
Bot yhet than nicht he her nathing.  
Endlang the watir than yhed he  
10 On athir sid gret quantite,  
And saw the brais he standand,  
The watir holl throu slik rinand,  
And fand na furd that men nicht pas  
Bot quhar himself passit was.  
15 And sa strat was the upcuming  
That twa men nicht nocht sammyn thring  
Na on na maner pres tham sa  
That tha sammyn the land nicht ta.  
His twa men bad he than in hy  
20 Ga to thar feris to rest and ly,  
For he wald wach thar cum to se.  
'Schir,' said tha, 'quha sall with yhou be?'

- 'God,' he said, 'forouten ma ;  
 Pas on, for I will it be sa.'  
 25 Tha did as he tham biddin had,  
 And he thar all alane abad.  
 Quhen he ane quhile had biddin thar  
 And herbryit, he herd as it war  
 Ane hundis quhistling apon fer  
 30 That ay cum till him ner and ner.  
 He stud still for till herkin mar,  
 And ay the langar quhile he was thar  
 He herd it ner and ner cumand :  
 Bot he thar still thocht he wald stand  
 35 Quhill that he herd mar takinning,  
 For for ane hundis quhistling  
 He wald nocht wakin his menyhe,  
 Tharfor he wald abid and se  
 Quhat folk tha war, and quethir tha  
 40 Held toward him the richt way  
 Or passit ane othir way fer by.  
 The mone was schynand richt clerly,  
 And sa lang stud he thar herknand  
 Quhill that he saw cum at his hand  
 45 The hale rout into full gret hy.  
 Than he umbethocht him hastely,  
 Gif he yhed to fech his menyhe,  
 That or he micht reparit be  
 Tha suld be passit the furd ilkane,  
 50 And than behufit him ches ane  
 Of thir twa, outhir to fle or de,  
 Bot his hart that was stout and he

- Consalit him alane to bid  
 And kep them at the furdie sid  
 55 And defend wele the upcuming,  
 Sen he was warnist of arming  
 That he thar arowis suld nocht dred,  
 For gif he war of gret manhed,  
 He nicht stonay tham evirilkane  
 60 Sen tha nicht cum bot ane and ane.  
 He did richt as his hart him bad :  
 Stark outrageous curage he had  
 Quhen he sa stoutly him alane  
 For litill strinth of erd has tane  
 65 To ficht with twa hundreth and ma  
 Tharwith he to the furd can ga,  
 And tha apon the tothir party  
 That saw him stand thar anerly  
 Thringand intill the watir rad,  
 70 For of him litill dout tha had,  
 And rad till him in full gret hy.  
 He smat the first sa rigorously  
 With his sper that richt scharply schar  
 Quhill he down till the erd him bar.  
 75 The laf cum than in ane randoun,  
 Bot his hors that was born down  
 Cumerit tham the upgang to ta,  
 And, quhen the king saw it was sa,  
 He stekit the hors, and he can fling,  
 80 And syn fell at the upcuming.  
 The laf with that cum with ane schout,  
 And he that stalward was and stout

Met tham richt stoutly at the bra,  
 And sa gud payment can tham ma  
 85 That fifsum in the furd he slew,  
 The laf than sumdele tham withdrew  
 That dred his strakis wondir sar,  
 For he in nathing tham forbar.  
 Than ane said, 'Certis we ar to blam,  
 90 Quhat sall we say quhen we cum ham  
 Quhen a man fichtis aganis us all?  
 Quha wist evir men sa fouly fall  
 As us gif that we thusgat lef?'  
 With that all hale ane schout tha gef  
 95 And cryit, 'On him! he may nocht last.'  
 With that tha pressit him sa fast  
 That, had he nocht the bettir bene,  
 He had bene ded forouten wene,  
 Bot he sa gret defens can mak  
 100 That quhar he hit with evin strak  
 Thar nicht nathing agane it stand.  
 In litill space he left lyand  
 Sa fele that the upcum was then  
 Dittit with slane hors and men  
 105 Sa that his fais for that stopping  
 Micht nocht cum to the upcuming.  
 A! der God, quha had bene by  
 And sene how he sa hardely  
 Adressit him agane tham all,  
 110 I wat wele that tha suld him call  
 The best that livit intill his day,  
 And, gif I the suth sall say,

I herd nevir in na tym gane  
 Ane stint sa mony him alane.

## XLVIII.

Suth is, quhen till Ethiocles  
 Fra his brother Polynices  
 Was send Tedeus into message  
 To ask haly the heritage  
 5 Of Thebes till hald for a yher,  
 For tha cumin of a birth wer,  
 Tha straf, for athir king wald be:  
 Bot the barnage of thar cuntre  
 Gert tham assent on this maner,  
 10 That the tane suld be king a yher,  
 And than the tothir na his menyhe  
 Suld nocht be fundin in the cuntre  
 Quhile the first brothir ringand wer,  
 Syn suld the tothir ring a yher,  
 15 And than the first suld lef the land  
 Quhile that the tothir war ringand:  
 Thus ay a yher suld ring the tane,  
 The tothir a yher fra that war gane.  
 To ask halding of this assent  
 20 Tedeus was to Thebes sent,  
 And sa spak for Polynices  
 That of Thebes Ethiocles



Bad his constabill with him ta  
 Men wele armit and furth ga  
 25 To met Tedeus in the way  
 And sla him but langar delay.  
 The constabill his way is gane,  
 And nyn and fourty with him has tane  
 Sa that he with tham mad fifty.  
 30 Intill the evinning prevely  
 Tha set enbuschement in the way  
 Quhar Tedeus behufit away  
 Betuix ane he crag and the se,  
 And he that of thar mavite  
 35 Wist nathing, he his way has tane,  
 And toward Grece agane is gane.  
 And, as he rad intill the nicht,  
 Sa saw he with the monis licht  
 Schyning of scheldis gret plente,  
 40 And had wondir quhat it might be.  
 With that all hale tha gaf ane cry,  
 And he, that herd sa sudanly  
 Sic noys, sumdele affrait was,  
 Bot in schort tym he till him tais  
 45 His spiritis full hardely,  
 For his gentill hart and worthy  
 Assurit him intill that ned,  
 Than with the spuris he strak his sted,  
 And ruschit in emang tham all,  
 50 The first he met he gert him fall,  
 And syn his suerd he swappit out,  
 And raucht about him mony ane rout,

- And slew sexsum wele sone and ma,  
 Than undir him his hors tha sla,  
 55 And he fell, bot he smertly ras,  
 And strikand roun about him mais,  
 And slew of tham ane quantite,  
 Bot woundit wondir sar was he.  
 With that ane litill rod he fand  
 60 Up toward the crag strekand :  
 Thiddir went he in full gret hy,  
 Defendand him full douchtely  
 Quhill in the crag he clam sumdele  
 And fand ane plas enclosit wele  
 65 Quhar nane bot ane micht him assale :  
 Thar stud he and gaf tham battale,  
 And tha assalit evirilkane,  
 And oft fell quhen that he slew ane,  
 As he down to the erd wald drif,  
 70 He wald ber down wele four or fif.  
 Thar stud he and defendit sa  
 Quhill he had slane tham half and ma.  
 Ane gret stane than by him saw he  
 That throu the gret anciente  
 75 Was lousit redy for to fall,  
 And, quhen he saw tham cumand all,  
 He tumlit down on tham the stane,  
 And aucht men tharwith has he slane,  
 And sa stonait the remanand  
 80 That tha war wele ner recreand.  
 Than wald he presoun hald na mar,  
 Bot on tham ran with suerd all bar,

- And hewit and slew with all his mane  
Quhill he had nyn and fourty slane.
- 85 The constabill syn can he ta,  
And gert him swer that he suld ga  
To king Ethiocles and tell  
The aventur that tham befell.  
Tedeus bar him douchtely
- 90 That him alane ourcum fifty.  
Yhe that this redis, jugis yhe  
Quhethir that mar suld prisit be  
The king that with avisment  
Undirtuk sic hardyment
- 95 As for to stint him ane but fer  
Tha folk that wele twa hundreth wer,  
Or Tedeus that sudanly  
Fra tha had rasit on him the cry  
Throu hardyment that he had tane
- 100 Wan fifty men all him alane.  
Tha did thar ded bath in the nicht,  
And faucht bath with the monis licht,  
Bot the king discumfit ma,  
And Tedeus ma can sla.
- 105 Now demis quhethir mar lufing  
Suld Tedeus haf or the king.

## XLIX.

On this maner that I haf tald  
 The king, that stout was, stark, and bald,  
 Was fichtand on the furd is sid,  
 Gifand and takand routis roid,  
 5 Quhill he sic martyrdom thar mad  
 That he the furd all stoppit had  
 That nane of tham nicht till him rid.  
 Than thocht tham foly for to bid,  
 And halely the flicht can ta  
 10 And went hamward quhar tha com fra,  
 For the kingis men with that cry  
 Waknit, and full affraitly  
 Com for to sek thar lord the king,  
 The Gallowaymen herd thar cuming,  
 15 And fled and durst abid na mar.  
 The kingis men that dredand war  
 For thar lord full spedaly  
 Com to the furd, and sone in hy  
 Tha fand the king sitand alane  
 20 That of his basnet than had tane  
 Till awent him, for he was hat.  
 Than sperit tha at him of his stat,  
 And he tald tham all hale the cas  
 Howgat that he assalyheit was,  
 25 And how that God him helpit sa  
 That he eschapit hale tham fra.

Than lukit tha how fele war ded,  
 And tha fand lyand in that sted  
 Fourten that slane war with his hand.  
 30 Than lowit tha God fast all weldand  
 That tha thar lord fand hale and fer,  
 And said tha byrd on na maner  
 Dred thar fais, sen thar chiftane  
 Was of sic hart and of sic mane  
 35 That he for tham had undirtane  
 With sa fele for to ficht him ane.

L.

Sic wordis spak tha of the king,  
 And for his he undirtaking  
 Ferlyit and yharnit him for to se  
 That with him ay was wont to be.  
 5 A! quhat worschip is prisit thing!  
 For it mais men to haf lowing,  
 Gif it be folowit ithandly.  
 Bot pris of worschip nocht forthi  
 Is hard to win but gret travale.  
 10 Oft to defend, and oft assale,  
 And to be in thar dedis wis,  
 Gerris men of worschip win the pris.  
 Thar may na man haf worthyhed  
 Bot he haf wit to ster his ded

- 15 And se quhat is to lef or ta.  
 Worschip extremitis has twa :  
 Fulehardyment the formast is,  
 And the tothir is cowardis,  
 And tha ar bath for to forsak.  
 20 Fulehardyment all will undirtak  
 Als wele thingis to lef as ta,  
 Bot cowardis dois nathing sa,  
 Bot utrely forsakis all :  
 Bot that war wondir for to fall,  
 25 Na war falt of discrecioun.  
 Forthi has worschip sic renoun  
 That it is mene betuix tha twa,  
 And takis that is till undirta,  
 And lefis that is to lef, for it  
 30 Has sa gret warnising of wit  
 That it all peralis wele can se  
 And all avantagis that may be.  
 It wald till hardyment held haly  
 Withthi away war the foly,  
 35 For hardyment with foly is vis,  
 Bot hardyment that mellit is  
 With wit is worschip ay perde,  
 For but wit worschip may nocht be.  
 This nobill king that we of red  
 40 Mellit all tym with wit manhed.  
 That men may be this melle se :  
 His wit him schawit the strat entre  
 Of the furd, and the isch alsua  
 That, as him thocht, war hard to ta

45 Apon a man that war worthy,  
 Tharfor his hardyment hastely  
 Thocht wele it micht be undirtane  
 Sen at anis micht assale bot ane.  
 Thus hardyment governit with wit,  
 50 That he all tym wald sammyn knit,  
 Gert him of worschip haf the pris  
 And oft ourcum his ennemyis.

L.I.

The king in Carrik duelt all still,  
 His men assemblit fast him till  
 That in the land war travaland,  
 Quhen tha of this ded herd titland,  
 5 For tha thar ure with him wald ta  
 Gif he war oft assalyheit sa.  
 Bot yhet than James of Douglas  
 In Douglasdale travaland was,  
 Or ellis wele nerhand tharby  
 10 In hiddillis sumdele prevely,  
 For he wald se his governing  
 That had the castell in keping,  
 And gert mak mony ane juperdy  
 To se quethir he wald isch blithly.  
 15 Quhen he persavit wele that he  
 Wald blithly isch with his menyhe,

He mad ane gadering prevely  
Of tham that war of his party,  
That war sa fele that tha durst ficht  
20 With Thrillwall and all the micht  
Of tham that in the castell war.  
He schup him in the nicht to far  
To Sandylandis, and ner tharby  
He him enbuschit prevely,  
25 And send ane few ane trane to ma  
That sone in the morning can ta  
Catell that was the castell by,  
And syn withdrew tham hastely  
Toward tham that enbuschit war.  
30 Than Thrillwall forouten mar  
Gert arm his men forouten bad,  
And ischit with all the men he had,  
And folowit fast eftir the ky :  
He was armit at poynt clenly  
35 Outakin that his hed was bar.  
Than with the men that with him war  
The catell folowit he gud sped  
Richt as ane man that had na dred  
Quhill that he of tham gat ane sicht,  
40 Than prikit tha with all thar micht  
Folowand tham out of aray,  
And tha sped tham fleand quhill tha  
Fer by thar buschement all war past :  
And Thrillwall evir chasit on fast,  
45 And than tha that enbuschit war  
Ischit till him bath les and mar



And rasit sudanly the cry,  
 And tha that saw sa sudanly  
 That folk sa egirly cum prikand  
 50 Richt betuix tham and thar warand,  
 Tha war into full gret affray,  
 And, for tha war out of aray,  
 Sum of tham fled, and sum abad:  
 And Douglas that thar with him had  
 55 Ane gret menyhe full egirly  
 Assalit and scalit tham hastely,  
 And in schort tym cummerit tham sa  
 That thar wele nane eschapit tham fra.  
 Thrillwall that was thar capitane  
 60 Was thar into the bargane slane,  
 And of his men the mast party,  
 The laf fled full affraitly.  
 Douglas his menyhe fast can chas,  
 And the flearis thar wais tais  
 65 To the castell in full gret hy:  
 The formast enterit spedaly,  
 Bot the chasaris sped tham sa fast  
 That tha ourtuk sum of the last  
 And tham forout mersy can sla.  
 70 And, quhen tha of the castell sa  
 Saw tham sla of thar men tham by,  
 Tha sparit the yhatis hastely  
 And in hy to the wallis ran:  
 James of Douglas his menyhe than  
 75 Sesit wele hastely in hand  
 That tha about the castell fand,

To thar reset syn went thar way.  
Thus ischit Thrillwall that day.

## LII.

Quhen Thrillwall on this maner  
 Had ischit, as I tell yhou her,  
 James of Douglas and his men  
 Buskit tham all sammyn then  
 5 And went thar way toward the king  
 In gret hy, for tha herd tithing  
 That of Vallanch Schir Amery,  
 With ane full gret chevelry  
 Bath of Inglis and Scottis men,  
 10 With gret felony war redy then  
 Assemblit for to sek the king,  
 That was that tym with his gadring  
 In Cumnok quhar it stratast was.  
 Thiddir went James of Douglas  
 15 That was richt welcum to the king,  
 And, quhen he tald had that tithing  
 How that Schir Amer was cumand  
 For till hunt him out of the land  
 With hund and horn, richt as he wer  
 20 Ane wolf, ane thef, or thefis fer,  
 Than said the king, 'It may wele fall,  
 Though he cum and his power all,

- We sall abid in this cuntre,  
 And, gif he cumis, we sall him se.'
- 25 The king spak apon this maner,  
 And of Vallanch Schir Amer  
 Assemblit ane gret cumpany  
 Of nobill men and of worthy  
 Of Ingland and of Lowdiane,
- 30 And he has alsua with him tane  
 Johne of Lorne and all his micht  
 That had of worthy men and wicht  
 With him aucht hundreth men and ma.  
 Ane sleuth-hund had he thar alsua
- 35 Sa gud that change wald for nathing,  
 And sum men sais yhet that the king  
 As ane streccour him nurist had,  
 And ay sa mekill of him mad  
 That with his hand he wald him fed :
- 40 He folowit him quharevir he yhed,  
 Sa that the hund him lufit sa  
 That he wald part na wis him fra.  
 Bot how that Johne of Lorne him had  
 I herd nevir mencioune be mad,
- 45 Bot men sais it was certane thing  
 That he had him in his sesing  
 And throu him thocht the king to ta,  
 For he wist he him lufit sa  
 That fra that he micht anis fele
- 50 The kingis sent he wist richt wele  
 That he wald change it for nathing.  
 This Johne of Lorne hatit the king

For Schir Johne Cumyn his emis sak :  
 Micht he him outhir sla or tak,  
 55 He wald nocht pris his lif ane stra  
 Withthi he vengeans on him micht ta.  
 The wardane than Schir Amery,  
 With Johne of Lorne in cumpany  
 And othir of gud renoun alsua,  
 60 Thomas Randol was ane of tha,  
 Com in Cumnok to sek the king  
 That was wele war of thar cuming,  
 And was up in the strinthis then  
 And with him wele thre hundreth men :  
 65 His brothir that tym with him was  
 And alsua James of Douglas.  
 Schir Ameryis rout he saw  
 That held the plane ay and the law  
 And in hale battale alwais rad.  
 70 The king, that na supposing had  
 That tha war ma then he saw thar,  
 To tham and nouthir ellis quhar  
 Had e, and wrocht unwittandly :  
 For Johne of Lorne full sutelly  
 75 Behind thocht to suppris the king,  
 Tharfor with all his gadering  
 About ane hill he held his way,  
 And held him into covert ay  
 Quhill he sa ner com to the king  
 80 Or he persavit his cuming  
 That he was cumin on him wele ner.  
 The tothir host and Schir Amer

Pressit on the tothir party.  
 The king was in gret juperdy  
 85 That was on athir sid umbeset  
 With fais that to sla him thret,  
 And the lest party of tham twa  
 Was starkar far na he and ma.  
 And, quhen he saw tham pres him to,  
 90 He thocht in hy quhat was to do,  
 And said, 'Lordis, we haf na micht  
 At this tym for to stand and ficht,  
 Tharfor departis us in thre,  
 All sall nocht sa assalyheit be,  
 95 And in thre partis hald our way.'  
 Syn till his consale can he say  
 Betuix tham into prevate  
 In quhat sted thar repar suld be.  
 With that thar gat all ar tha gane  
 100 And in thre partis thar way has tane.  
 Than Johne of Lorne com to the plas  
 Quharfra the king departit was,  
 And in his tras the hund he set  
 That than forouten langar let  
 105 Held evin the way eftir the king  
 Richt as he had of him knawing,  
 And left the tothir partis twa  
 As he na kep to tham wald ta.  
 And, quhen the king saw his cuming  
 110 Eftir his rout intill ane ling,  
 He thocht he knew that it was he:  
 Tharfor he bad till his menyhe

Yhet than in thre depart tham sone,  
 And tha did sa forouten hone  
 115 And held thar way in thre partis.  
 The hund did than sa gret mastris  
 That he held ay forout changing  
 Eftir the rout quhar was the king:  
 And, quhen the king has sene tham sa  
 120 All in ane rout eftir him ga  
 The way, and folow nocht his men,  
 He had ane gret persaving then  
 That tha knew him: forthi in hy  
 He bad his men richt hastely  
 125 Scale and ilkane hald his way  
 All be himself, and sa did tha:  
 Ilk man ane sinder gat is gane,  
 And the king has with him tane  
 His fostir brothir forouten ma,  
 130 And sammyn held thar gat tha twa.  
 The hund alwais folowit the king  
 And changit for na departing,  
 Bot ay folowit the kingis tras  
 But wavering as he passit was.  
 135 And, quhen that Johne of Lorne saw  
 The hund sa hard eftir him draw  
 And folow straucht eftir tha twa,  
 He knew the king was ane of tha,  
 And bad fif of his cumpany  
 140 That war richt wicht men and hardy,  
 And als of fut spedyast war  
 Of all that in that rout war thar,

- 'Rin eftir him and him ourta,  
 And lat him na wis pas yhou fra.'  
 145 And fra tha had herd the bidding  
 Tha held the way eftir the king,  
 And folowit him sa spedaly  
 That tha him wele sone can ourhy.  
 The king than saw tham cumand ner  
 150 And was anoyit on gret maner,  
 For he thocht, gif tha war worthy,  
 Tha nicht him travale and tary,  
 And hald him sagat taryand  
 Quhill the remanand suld cum at hand.  
 155 Bot, had he dred bot anerly  
 Tham fif, I trow all sekirly  
 He suld nocht haf full mekill dred.  
 And till his falow as he yhed  
 He said, 'Yhon fif ar fast cumand,  
 160 Tha ar wele ner now at our hand,  
 Sa is thar ony help with the,  
 For we sall sone assalit be?'  
 'Yha, schir,' he said, 'all that I may.'  
 'Thou sais wele,' said the king, 'perfay,  
 165 I se tham cumand till us ner,  
 I will na forthir, bot richt her  
 I will bid quhill I am in aynd,  
 And se quhat fors that tha can fand.'  
 The king than stud full sturdely,  
 170 And the fifsum in full gret hy  
 Com with gret schor and manasing,  
 Thre of tham went ontill the king,

- And till his man the tothir twa  
 With suerd in hand can stoutly ga.  
 175 The king met tham that till him socht,  
 And to the first sic rout he rocht  
 That er and chek doun in the hals  
 He schar of, and the schuldir als.  
 He duschit doun all desaly :  
 180 The twa, that saw sa sudanly  
 Thar falow fall, affrait war  
 And stert ane litill ovirmar.  
 The king with that blenkit him by  
 And saw the twa full sturdely  
 185 Agane his man gret melle ma :  
 With that he left his awn twa,  
 And till tham that faucht with his man  
 Ane loup richt lichtly mad he than  
 And smat the hed of of the tane :  
 190 To met his awn syn is he gane  
 That com on him richt hardely :  
 He met the first sa egirly  
 That with his suerd that scharply schar  
 The arm he fra the body bar.  
 195 Quhat strakis tha gaf I can nocht tell,  
 Bot to the king sa far befell  
 That, thouch he travale had and pane,  
 He of his famen four has slane.  
 His fostir brothir eftir sone  
 200 The fift has out of dawis done.  
 And, quhen the king saw that all fif  
 War on that wis brocht out of lif,



Till his falow than can he say,  
 'Thou has helpit richt wele perfay.'  
 205 'It likis yhou to say sa,' said he,  
 'Bot to gret part to yhou tuk yhe  
 That slew four or I slew ane.'  
 The king said, 'As the glew is gane,  
 Bettir than thou I micht it do  
 210 For I had mar laser tharto:  
 The twa falowis that delt with the,  
 Quhen tha saw me assalyheit with thre,  
 Of me richt nakyn dout tha had  
 For tha wend I was stratly stad,  
 215 And, forthi that tha dred me nocht,  
 Noy tham fer out the mar I mocht.'  
 With that the king lukit him by,  
 And saw of Lorne the cumpany  
 Ner with thar sleuth hund fast cumand,  
 220 Than till ane wod that was ner hand  
 He went with his falow in hy.  
 God saf tham for his gret mersy!

## LIII.

**T**he king toward the wod is gane  
 Wery for swat and will of wane.  
 Intill the wod sone enterit he  
 And held doun toward ane vale

- 5 Quhar throu the wod ane watir ran :  
 Thiddir in gret hy went he than,  
 And begouth for to rest him thar  
 And said he nicht na forthirmar.  
 His man said, 'Schir, that may nocht be :  
 10 Abid yhe her, yhe sall sone se  
 Fif hundreth yharnand yhou to sla,  
 And tha ar fele aganis twa :  
 And, sen we may nocht dele with nicht,  
 Help us all that we may with slicht.'  
 15 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sa,  
 Ga furth, and I sall with the ga.  
 Bot I haf herd oftymis say  
 That quha endlang ane watir ay  
 Wald wad ane bow draucht, he suld ger  
 20 Bath the sleuth-hund and the leder  
 Tyn the sleuth men gert him ta :  
 Pruf we gif it will now do sa,  
 For, war yhon devillis hund away,  
 I roucht nocht of the laf perfay.'  
 25 As he devisit tha haf done,  
 And enterit in the watir sone,  
 And held on endlang it thar way,  
 And syn to the land yhed tha  
 And held thar way as tha did er.  
 30 And Johne of Lorne with gret affer  
 Com with his rout richt to the plas  
 Quhar that his fif men slane was :  
 He menit tham quhen he tham saw,  
 And said eftir ane litill thraw,

- 35 That he suld venge in hy ~~thar~~ blud :  
 Bot othirwais the gamyn yhud.  
 Thar wald he mak na mar duelling,  
 Bot furth in hy folowit the king. .  
 Richt to the burn tha passit ar,  
 40 Bot the sleuth-hund mad stinting thar  
 And waverit lang tym to and fra  
 That he na certane gat couth ga,  
 Quhill at the last than Johne of Lorne  
 Persavit the hund the sleuth had lorn,  
 45 And said, ' We haf tynt this travale,  
 To pas forthir may nocht avale,  
 For the wod is bath brad and wid,  
 And he is wele fer by this tid,  
 Tharfor I red we turn agane  
 50 And wast na mar travale in vane.'  
 With that relyit he his menyhe  
 And his way to the host tuk he.

## LIV.

- Thus eschapit the nobill king :  
 Bot sum men sais this eschaping  
 Apon ane othir maner fell  
 Than throw the wading: for tha tell  
 5 That the king ane gud archar had,  
 And, quhen he saw his lord sa stad

That he was left sa anerly,  
 He ran on sid alwais him by  
 Quhill he intill the wod was gane,  
 10 Than said he till himself alane  
 That he arest richt thar wald ma  
 And luk gif he the hund nicht sla,  
 For, gif the hund nicht lest on lif,  
 He wist full wele that tha wald drif  
 15 The kingis tras quhill tha him ta,  
 Than wist he wele tha wald him sla:  
 And, for he wald his lord succour,  
 He put his lif in aventur  
 And stud intill ane busk lurkand  
 20 Quhill that the hund com at his hand,  
 And with ane arow sone him slew,  
 And throu the wod syn him withdrew.  
 Bot, quethir thus his eschaping fell  
 As I tald first, or now I tell,  
 25 I wat it wele without lesing  
 At that burn eschapit the king.

LV.

The king has furth his wais tane,  
 And Johne of Lorne agane is gane  
 To Schir Amer that fra the chas  
 With his men than reparit was,

- 5 That litill sped in thar chasing,  
 For, how that tha mad folowing  
 Full egirly, tha wan bot small,  
 Thar fais ner eschapit all.  
 Men sais Schir Thomas Randol than  
 10 Chasand the kingis baner wan,  
 Quharthrou in Ingland with the king  
 He had richt gret pris and lowing.  
 Quhen the chasaris relyit war,  
 And Johne of Lorne had met tham thar,  
 15 He tald Schir Amer all the cas  
 How that the king eschapit was,  
 And how that he his fif men slew  
 And syn to the wod him drew.  
 Quhen Schir Amer herd this, in hy  
 20 He sanit him for the ferly,  
 And said, 'He is gretly to pris,  
 For I knaw nane that lifand is  
 That at mischef can help him sa,  
 I trow he suld be hard to sla  
 25 And he war bodin all evinly.'  
 On this wis spak Schir Amery,  
 And the gud king held furth his way  
 He and his man ay quhill that tha  
 Passit out throu the forest war,  
 30 Syn in the mur tha enterit ar  
 That was bath he and lang and brad,  
 And, or tha half it passit had,  
 Tha saw on sid thre men cumand  
 Lik to licht men and waverand:

35 Suerdis tha had and axis als,  
 And ane of tham apon his hals  
 Ane mekill bundin weddir bar.  
 Tha met the king and halsit him thar,  
 And the king tham thar halsing yhald  
 40 And askit tham quhethir tha wald.  
 Tha said Robert the Brus tha socht,  
 For, met with him gif that tha mocht,  
 Thar duelling with him wald tha ma.  
 The king said 'Gif that yhe will sa,  
 45 Haldis furth yhour way with me,  
 And I sall ger yhou sone him se.'  
 Tha persavit be his speking  
 And his effer he was the king.  
 Tha changit contenans, and lat,  
 50 And held nocht in the first stat,  
 For tha war fais to the king,  
 And thocht to cum into sculking  
 And duell with him quhill that tha saw  
 Thar tym, and bring him than of daw.  
 55 Tha grantit till his spek forthi,  
 Bot the king that was witty  
 Persavit wele be thar having  
 That tha lufit him in nathing,  
 And said, 'Fallowis, yhe mon all thre,  
 60 Forthir aquent quhill that we be,  
 All be yhourselvin forouth ga,  
 And on the samin wis we twa  
 Sall folow yhou behind wele ner.'  
 Quod tha, 'Schir, it is na myster

- 65 To trow intill us ony ill.  
'Nane do I,' said he, 'bot I will  
That yhe ga forow us quhill we  
Bettir with othir knawin be.'  
'We grant,' tha said, 'sen yhe will sa,'  
70 And furth apon thar gat can ga.  
Thus yhed tha quhill the nicht was ner,  
And than the formast cumin wer  
Till ane wast husbandis hous, and thar  
Tha slew the weddir that tha bar,  
75 And slew fyr for to rost thar met,  
And askit the king gif he wald et  
And rest him quhill the met war dicht.  
The king, that hungry was I hicht,  
Assentit till thar spek in hy,  
80 Bot he said he wald ancerly  
Betuix him and his falow be  
At a fyr, and tha all thre  
In the end of the hous suld ma  
Ane othir fyr, and tha did sa.  
85 Tha drew tham in the hous end  
And half the weddir till him send,  
And tha rostit in hy thar met  
And fell richt frakly for till et.  
The king wele lang he fastin had  
90 And had richt mekill travale mad,  
Tharfor he et full egirly,  
And, quhen he etin had, hastely  
He had to slep sa mekill will  
That he nicht set na let thartill,

- 95 For, quhen the vanis fillit ar,  
 The body worthis hevy evirmar,  
 And to slep drawis hevyns.  
 The king that all fortravalit wes  
 Saw that him worthit slep nedwais :  
 100 Till his fostir brothir he sais,  
 'May I trast in the me to wak  
 Quhill I ane litill sleping tak ?'  
 'Yha, schir,' he said, 'quhile I may dre.'  
 The king than winkit ane litill we  
 105 And slepit nocht full enkirly,  
 Bot gluffnit oft up sudanly,  
 For he had dred of tha thre men  
 That at the tothir fyr war then :  
 That tha his fais war he wist,  
 110 Tharfor he slepit as foul on twist.  
 The king slepit bot litill than,  
 Quhen sic ane slep fell on his man  
 That he micht nocht hald up his e,  
 Bot fell on slep and routit he.  
 115 Now is the king in gret perile,  
 For, slep he sa ane litill quhile,  
 He sall be ded forouten dred,  
 For the thre tratouris tuk gud hed  
 That he on slep was and his man.  
 120 In full gret hy tha ras up than,  
 And drew thar suerdis hastely,  
 And went toward the king in hy,  
 Quhen that tha saw he slepit sa,  
 And slepand thocht tha wald him sla.



- 125 Till him tha yhed ane full gret pas,  
 Bot in that tym throu Goddis gras  
 The king up blenkit sudanly  
 And saw his man slepand him by,  
 And saw cumand the tratouris thre.
- 130 Deliverly on fut gat he,  
 And drew his suerd out and tham met,  
 And, as he yhed, his fut he set  
 Apon his man wele hevaly :  
 He waknit and ras all desaly,
- 135 For the slep masterit him sa  
 That or he gat up ane of tha  
 That com for to sla the king  
 Gaf him ane strak in his rising  
 Sa that he nicht help him na mar.
- 140 The king sa stratly stad was thar  
 That he was nevir yhet sa stad :  
 Na war the arming that he had,  
 He had bene ded forouten wer,  
 Bot nocht forthi on sic maner
- 145 He helpit him in that bargane  
 That tha thre tratouris he has slane  
 Throu Goddis gras and his manhed.  
 His fostir brothir thar was ded :  
 Than was he wondir will of wane
- 150 Quhen he saw he was left alane :  
 His fostir brothir menit he,  
 And waryit all the tothir thre,  
 And syn his way tuk him alane  
 And richt toward his tryst is gane.

## LVI.

The king went furth wa and angry,  
 Menand his man full tendirly,  
 And held his way all him alane,  
 And richt toward the hous is gane  
 5 Quhar he set tryst to met his men :  
 It was wele lat of nicht be then :  
 He com sone in the hous, and fand  
 The gudwif on the bink sitand.  
 Scho askit him sone quhat he was,  
 10 And quhine he com, and quhar he gais.  
 'Ane travaland man, dam,' said he,  
 'That travalis her throu the cuntre.'  
 Scho said, 'All that travaland er  
 For sak of ane ar welcum her.'  
 15 The king said, 'Gud dam, quhat is he  
 That gerris yhou haf sic specialte  
 To men that travalis?' 'Schir, perfay,'  
 Quod the gudwif, 'I sal yhou say :  
 Gud King Robert the Brus is he  
 20 That is richt lord of this cuntre :  
 His fais him haldis now in thrang,  
 Bot I think to se or ocht lang  
 Him lord and king our all the land  
 That na fais sall him withstand.'  
 25 'Dam, lufis thou him sa wele?' said he.  
 'Yha, schir,' scho said, 'sa God me se.'

'Dam,' said he, 'lo him her the by,  
 For I am he.' 'Say yhe suthly?'  
 'Yha certis, dam.' 'And quhar ar gane  
 30 Yhour men, quhen yhe ar thus alane?'  
 'At this tym, dam, I haf na ma.'  
 Scho said, 'It may na wis be sa.  
 I haf twa sonnis wicht and hardy,  
 Tha sall becum yhour men in hy.'  
 35 As scho devisit tha haf done,  
 His sworn men becom tha sone,  
 The wif syn gert him sit and et,  
 Bot he had schort quhile at the met  
 Sittin quhen he herd gret stamping  
 40 About the hous: than but letting  
 Tha stert up the hous to defend,  
 Bot sone eftir the king has kend  
 James of Douglas: than was he blith,  
 And bad opin the duris swith,  
 45 And tha com in all that thar war.  
 Schir Eduard the Brus was thar,  
 And James alsua of Douglas  
 That was eschapit fra the chas  
 And with the kingis brothir met,  
 50 Syn to the tryst that tham was set  
 Tha sped tham with thar cumpany  
 That war ane hundreth and fifty.  
 And, quhen that tha haf sene the king,  
 Tha war joyfull of thar meting,  
 55 And askit how he eschapit was,  
 And he tham tald all hale the cas.

- How the fif men him pressit fast,  
 And how he throu the watir past,  
 And how he met the thefis thre,  
 60 And how he slepand slane suld be  
 Quhen he waknit throu Goddis gras,  
 And how his fostir brothir was  
 Slane, he tald tham all halely.  
 Than lowit tha God comonly  
 65 That thar lord was eschapit sa,  
 Than spak tha wordis to and fra,  
 Quhill at the last the king can say,  
 'Fortoun has travalit thus this day  
 That scalit us sa sudanly.  
 70 Our fais this nicht sall trastly ly,  
 For tha trow we sa scalit ar  
 And fled sa waverand her and thar  
 That we sall nocht thir dais thre  
 All togidder assemblit be,  
 75 Tharfor this nicht tha sall trastly  
 But wachis tak thar es and ly :  
 Quharfor quha knew thar herbery  
 And wald cum on tham sudanly  
 With few menyhe micht sone tham scath  
 80 And yhet eschap withouten wath.'  
 'Perfay,' quod James of Douglas,  
 'As I com hiddirward, per cas  
 I com sa ner thar herbery  
 That I can bring yhou quhar tha ly,  
 85 And, wald yhe sped yhou, yhet or day  
 It may sa hapin that we may

Do tham ane gretar scath wele sone  
 Than tha us all the day has done,  
 For tha ly scalit as tham lest.'  
 90 Than thocht tha all it was the best  
 To sped tham to tham hastely,  
 And tha did sa in full gret hy,  
 And com on tham in the dawning  
 Richt as the day begouth to spring.  
 95 Sa fell it that ane cumpany  
 Had in ane toun tane thar herbry  
 Wele fra the host ane mile or mar,  
 Men said that tha twa hundreth war.  
 Thar assemblit the nobill king,  
 100 And sone eftir thar assembling  
 Tha that slepand assalit war  
 Richt hidwisly can cry and rar,  
 And othir sum that herd the cry  
 Ran furth richt sa affraitly  
 105 That sum of tham all nakit war  
 Fleand to-waverand her and thar,  
 And sum thar armis till tham drew,  
 And tha without mersy tham slew,  
 And sa cruell vengeans can ta  
 110 That the twa-part of tham and ma  
 War slane richt in that ilk sted:  
 To thar host the remanand fled.  
 The host that herd the noys and cry,  
 And saw thar men sa wrechitly  
 115 Sum nakit fleand her and thar,  
 Sum all hale, and sum woundit sar,

Into full gret affray tha ras,  
 And ilk man till his baner gais,  
 Sa that the host was all on ster.  
 120 The king and tha that with him wer,  
 Quhen tha on ster the host saw sa,  
 Toward thar warand can tha ga,  
 And tharin swith cumin ar tha.  
 And, quhen Schir Amery herd say  
 125 How that the king thar men had slane,  
 And how tha turnit war agane,  
 He said, ' Now may we clerly se  
 That nobill hart, quharevir it be,  
 Is hard till ourcum throu mastery,  
 130 For, quhar ane hart is richt worthy,  
 Agane stoutnes it is ay stout,  
 And, as I trow, thar may na dout  
 Ger it all out discumfit be  
 Quhile body lifand is and fre,  
 135 As be this melle may be sene.  
 We wend Robert the Brus had bene  
 Sa discumfit that be gud skill  
 He suld nouthir haf hart na will  
 Sic juperdy to undirta,  
 140 For he was put at undir sa  
 That he was left all him alane,  
 And all his folk war fra him gane,  
 And he was sagat fortravalit  
 To put of tham that him assalit  
 145 That he suld haf yharnit resting  
 Mar than fichting or traveling.

Bot his hart fillit is of bounte  
 Sa that it vencust may nocht be.'

## LVII.

On this wis spak Schir Amery,  
 And, quhen tha of his cumpany  
 Saw how tha travaalit had in vane,  
 And how the king thar men had slane,  
 5 That at his larges was all fre,  
 Tham thocht it was ane nysete  
 For to mak thar langar duelling,  
 Sen tha micht nocht anoy the king,  
 And said that to Schir Amery,  
 10 That umbethocht him hastely  
 That he to Carlele than wald ga  
 And ane quhile tharin sojorn ma,  
 And haf his spyis on the king  
 To knaw alwais his contening:  
 15 And, when that he his poynt micht se,  
 He thocht that with ane gret menyhe  
 He suld schut on him sudanly.  
 Tharfor with all his cumpany  
 Till Ingland he the way has tane,  
 20 And ilk man till his hous is gane.  
 In hy to Carlele went is he,  
 And tharin thinkis for to be

Quhill he his poynt saw of the king  
That than with all his gadering  
25 Was in Carrik, quhar umbestount  
He wald wend with his men to hunt.  
Sa hapnit it that on ane day  
He went till hunt for till assay  
Quhat gamyn was in that cuntre,  
30 And sa hapnit that day that he  
By ane wodsid to sett is gane  
With his twa hundis him alane :  
Bot he his suerd ay with him bar.  
He had bot schort quhile sittin thar  
35 Quhen he saw fra the wod cumand  
Thre men with bowis in thar hand,  
That toward him com spedaly,  
And he that persavit in hy  
Be thar effer and thar having  
40 That tha lufit him nakyn thing,  
He ras and his lesch till him drew he  
And let his hundis gang all fre.  
God help the king now for his micht,  
For, bot he now be wis and wicht,  
45 He sall be set in mekill pres,  
For tha thre men withoutea les  
War his fais all utrely,  
And had wachit sa besaly  
To se quhen tha vengeans micht tak  
50 Of the king for Johne Cumynis sak  
That tha thocht than tha laser had,  
And, sen he him alane was stad,



- In hy tha thocht tha suld him sla,  
 And, gif that tha micht chevis sa  
 55 Fra that tha the king had slane  
 That tha micht win the wod agane,  
 His men tha thocht tha suld nocht dred.  
 In hy toward the king tha yhed,  
 And bend thar bowis quhen tha war ner.  
 60 And he that dred on gret maner  
 Thar arowis, for he nakit was,  
 In hy ane speking till tham mais,  
 And said, 'Yhe aucht to scham, perde.  
 Sen I am ane, and yhe ar thre,  
 65 For to schut at me apon fer,  
 Bot, haf yhe hardyment to cum ner  
 And with your suerdis till assay,  
 Win me on sic wis gif yhe may,  
 Yhe sall wele mar all prisit be.'  
 70 'Perfay,' quod ane than of the thre,  
 'Sall na man say we dred the sa  
 That we with arowis sall the sla.'  
 With that thar bowis away tha kest,  
 And com on than but langar lest.  
 75 The king tham met full hardely  
 And smat the first sa rigorously  
 That he fell ded down on the grene.  
 And, quhen the kingis hund has sene  
 Tha men assale his mastir sa,  
 80 He lap till ane and can him ta  
 Richt be the nek full felonly  
 Quhill top our tale he gert him ly.

And the king that his suerd out had,  
 Saw he sa far succour him mad,  
 85 Or he that fallin was nicht ris  
 Had him assalyheit on sic wis  
 That he the bak strak evin in twa.  
 The thrid, that saw his falowis sa  
 Forouten recovering be slane  
 90 Tuk till the wod his way agane.  
 Bot the king folowit spedaly,  
 And als the hund that was him by,  
 Quhen he the man saw fle him fra,  
 Schot till him sone, and can him ta  
 95 Richt be the nek and till him dreuch;  
 And the king that was ner eneuch  
 In his rising sic rout him gaf  
 That stane ded till the erd he draf.  
 The kingis menyhe that war ner,  
 100 Quhen that tha saw on sic maner  
 The king assalit sa sudanly,  
 Tha sped tham toward him in hy,  
 And askit how that cas befell:  
 And he all haly can tham tell  
 105 How tha assalyheit him all thre.  
 'Perfay,' quod tha, 'we may wele se  
 That it is hard till undirtak  
 Sic melling with yhou for to mak  
 That sa smertly has slane thir thre  
 110 Forouten hurt.' 'Perfay,' said he,  
 'I slew bot ane forouten ma,  
 God and my hund has slane the twa,

Thar tresoun cumrit tham perfay,  
 For richt wicht men all thre war tha.'

## LVIII.

Quhen that the king throu Goddis gras  
 On this maner eschapit was,  
 He blew his horn, and than in hy  
 His gud men till him can rely,  
 5 Than hamwardis buskit he to far,  
 For that day wald he hunt na mar.  
 In Glentruell all ane quhile he lay,  
 And went wele oft to hunt and play  
 For to purchas tham venesoun,  
 10 For than der war in sesoun.  
 In all that tyme Schir Amery  
 With nobill men in cumpany  
 In Carlele lay his poynt to se,  
 And, quhen he herd the certante  
 15 That in Glentruell was the king  
 And went till hunt and till playing,  
 He thocht than with his chevelry  
 To cum apon him sudanly,  
 Fra Carlele all on nichtis rid  
 20 And in covert on dais bid,  
 And sagat with sic tranonting  
 He thocht he suld suppris the king.

Than he assemblit ane gret menyhe  
 Of folk of full gud renoun  
 25 Bath of Scottis and Inglis men :  
 Thar way all sammyn held tha then,  
 And rad on nichtis sa prevely  
 Quhill tha com in ane wod ner by  
 Glentruell, quhar lugit was the king  
 30 That wist richt nocht of thar cuming.  
 Into gret perill now is he,  
 For, bot God throu his gret pouste  
 Saf him, he sall be tane or slane,  
 For tha war sex quhar he was ane.

## LIX.

Quhen Schir Amer, as I haf tald,  
 With his men that war stout and bald  
 Was cum sa ner the king that tha  
 War bot a mile fra him away,  
 5 He tuk avisement with his men  
 On quhat maner tha suld do then,  
 For he said tham that the king was  
 Lugit into sa strat ane plas  
 That horsmen nicht him nocht assale,  
 10 And, gif futmen gaf him battale,  
 He suld be hard to win gif he  
 Of thar cuming nicht warnit be :

- 'Tharfor I red all prevely  
 We send ane woman him to spy  
 15 That pouerly arait be:  
 Scho may ask met per cherite,  
 And se thar covyn halely  
 And on quhat maner that tha ly,  
 The quhilis we and our menyhe  
 20 Cumand throuout the wod may be  
 On fut arait as we ar:  
 May we do sa that we cum thar  
 On tham or tha wit our cuming,  
 We sall find in tham na stinting.'  
 25 This consale thocht tham was the best,  
 Than send tha furth but langar frest  
 The woman that suld be thar spy,  
 And scho hir way can hald in hy  
 Richt to the lugis quhar the king  
 30 That had na dred of supprising  
 Yhed unarmit, mery and blith.  
 The woman has he sene alswith:  
 He saw hir uncouth, and forthi  
 He beheld her mar enkirly,  
 35 And be hir contenans him thocht  
 That for gud cumin was scho nocht.  
 Than gert he men in hy hir ta,  
 And scho that dred men suld hir sla  
 Tald tham how that Schir Amery  
 40 With the Cliffurd in cumpany  
 With the flour of Northumbirland  
 War cumand on tham at thar hand.

Quhen that the king herd that tithing,  
He armit him but mar duelling,  
45 Sa did tha all that evir was thar,  
Syn in ane sop assemblit ar.  
I trow tha war thre hundreth ner,  
And, quhen tha all assemblit wer,  
The king his baner gert display  
50 And set his men in gud aray.  
Tha had nocht standin bot ane thraw,  
Richt at thar hand quhen that tha saw  
Thar fais throu the wod cumand  
Armit on fut with sper in hand  
55 That sped tham full enforseley.  
The noys begouth sone and the cry,  
For the gud king that formast was  
Stoutly toward his fais gais,  
And hynt out of ane manis hand  
60 That ner besid him was gangand  
Ane bow and ane brad arow als,  
And hit the formast in the hals  
Till thropill and wesand yhed in twa  
And he down till the erd can ga.  
65 The laf with that mad ane stopping,  
Than but mar bad the nobill king  
Hynt fra his baneour the banar,  
And said, 'Apon tham! for tha ar  
Discumfit all:' and with that word  
70 He swappit swiftly out his suord,  
And on tham ran sa hardely  
That all tha of his cumpany

Tuk hardyment of his gud ded,  
 For sum that first thar wais yhed  
 75 Agane com to the ficht in hy,  
 And met thar fais rigorously  
 That all the formast ruschit war,  
 And, quhen tha that war hendirmar  
 Saw that the formast left the sted,  
 80 Tha turnit sone the bak and fled,  
 And of the wod tha tham withdrew.  
 The king ane few men of tham slew,  
 For tha richt sone thar gat can ga.  
 It discomfortit tham all sa,  
 85 That the king with his menyhe was  
 All armit to defend that plas  
 That tha wend throu thar tranonting  
 Till haf wonnin forout fichting,  
 That tha affrait war sudanly :  
 90 And he tham socht sa angirly  
 That tha in full gret hy agane  
 Out of the wod ran to the plane,  
 For tha falyheit of thar entent.  
 Tha war that tym sa fouly schent  
 95 That fiften hundreth men and ma  
 With fewar war rebutit sa  
 That tha withdrew tham schamfully.  
 Tharfor emang tham sudanly  
 Thar ras debat and gret distans,  
 100 Ilkane wytt othir of thar mischans :  
 Cliffurd and Waus mad ane melle,  
 Quhar Cliffurd raucht him ane cole,

And athir syn drew till partis,  
 Bot Schir Amer that was wis  
 105 Departit tham with mekill pane  
 And went in Inland ham agane.  
 He wist fra strif ras tham emang  
 He suld tham nocht hald sammyn lang  
 Forouten debat or melle,  
 110 Tharfor till Inland turnit he  
 With mar scham than he com of toun,  
 Quhen sa mony of sic renoun  
 Saw sa few men bid tham battale  
 Quhar tha ne war hardy till assale.

L.X.

The king fra Schir Amer was gane  
 Gaderit his menyhe evirilkane,  
 And left bath woddis and montanis  
 And held his way straucht till the planis,  
 5 For he wald fane that end war mad  
 Of that that he begunnin had,  
 And he wist wele he nicht nocht bring  
 It to gud end but traving.  
 To Kyle first went he, and that land  
 10 He mad till him all obesand :  
 The men mast fors com till his pes :  
 Syn eftirward, or he wald ces,



- Of Cunyngame the mast party  
He gert held till his senyhiory.
- 15 In Bothwell than Schir Amer was  
That in his hart gret angir has  
For tha of Cunyngame and Kyle,  
That war obesand till him quhile,  
Left the Inglismentis fewte.
- 20 Tharof fane vengit wald he be,  
And send Schir Philip the Mowbra  
With ane thousand, as I herd say,  
Of men that war in his leding  
To Kyle for to warray the king.
- 25 Bot James of Douglas, that all tid  
Had spyis out on ilka sid,  
Wist of thar cuming, and that tha  
Wald hald doun Machyrynokis way.  
He tuk with him all prevely
- 30 Tham that war of his cumpany  
That war sixty withouten ma :  
Syn till ane strat plas can he ga  
That is in Machyrynokis way,  
The Edryfurd it hat perfay,
- 35 It lyis betuix marrasis twa  
Quhar that na hors on lif may ga.  
On the south half quhar James was  
Is ane upgang, ane narow plas,  
And on the north half is the way
- 40 Sa ill as it aperis today.  
Douglas with tham he with him had  
Enbuschit him and tham abad :

He might wele fer se thar cuming,  
 Bot tha nicht se of him nathing.  
 45 Tha mad enbuschement all the nicht,  
 And, quhen the sone was schynand bricht,  
 Tha saw in battale cum arait  
 The vaward with baner displait,  
 And syn sone the remanand  
 50 Tha saw wele ner behind cumand.  
 Than held tha tham still and preve  
 Quhill the formast of that menyhe  
 War enterit in the furd tham by,  
 Than schot tha on tham with ane cry,  
 55 And with wapnis that scharply schar  
 Sum in the furd tha bakward bar,  
 And sum with arowis barblit brad  
 Sa gret martyrdom on tham mad  
 That tha can draw to voyd the plas.  
 60 Bot behind tham sa stoppit was  
 The way, that tha fast nicht nocht fle,  
 And that gert of them mony de,  
 For tha on na sid nicht away  
 Bot as tha com, bot gif that tha  
 65 Wald throu thar fais hald thar gat,  
 Bot that way thocht tham all to hat.  
 Thar fais met tham sa sturdely,  
 And contenit the ficht sa hardely,  
 That tha sa dredand war that tha  
 70 Quha first nicht fle first fled away,  
 And, quhen the rerward saw tham sa  
 Discumfit and thar wais ga,

Tha fled on fer and held thar way.  
 Bot Schir Philip the Mowbra  
 75 That with the formast ridand was  
 That enterit war into the plas,  
 Quhen that he saw how he was stad,  
 Throu the gret worschip that he had  
 With spuris he strak the sted of pris,  
 80 And magre all his ennemyis  
 Throu the thikkast of tham he rad,  
 And but chalans eschapit had  
 Na war ane hynt him be the brand,  
 Bot the gud sted that wald nocht stand  
 85 He lansit furth deliverly,  
 Bot the tothir sa stalwardly  
 Held that the belt brast of the brand  
 And suerd and belt left in his hand,  
 And he but suerd his wais rad  
 90 Wele outouth tham, and thar abad  
 Behaldand how that his menyhe fled  
 And how his fais clengit the sted  
 That war betuix him and his men.  
 Tharfor furth the wais tuk he then  
 95 To Kilmarnok, and Kilwynnyn,  
 And till Ardrossan eftir syn,  
 Syn throu the Largis him alane  
 Till Ennirkyp the way has tané  
 Richt till the castell that was then  
 100 Stuffit all with Inglismen,  
 That him resavit in gret dante,  
 And, fra tha wist how gat that he

## THE BRUS.

177

Sa fer had ridin him alane  
 Throu tham that war his fais ilkane,  
 105 Tha prisit him full gretumly  
 And lowit fast his chevelry.

### LXI.

Schir Philip thus eschapit was,  
 And Douglas yhet was in the plas  
 Quhar he sexty has slane and ma:  
 The laf fouly thar gat can ga  
 5 And fled to Bothwell ham agane,  
 Quhar Schir Amer was nathing fane  
 Quhen he herd tell on quhat maner  
 That his menyhe discumfit wer.  
 Bot, quhen to king Robert was tald  
 10 How the gud Douglas that was bald  
 Vencust sa fele with few menyhe,  
 Richt joyfull in his hart was he,  
 And all his men confortit war,  
 For tham thocht wele bath les and mar  
 15 That tha suld les thar fais dred  
 Sen thar purpos sa with tham yhed.  
 The king lay into Gawlistoun  
 That is richt evin anent Lowdown,  
 And till his pes tuk the cuntre.  
 20 Quhen Schir Amer and his menyhe

Herd how he ryotit the land,  
 And how that nane durst him withstand,  
 He was intill his hart angry,  
 And with ane of his cumpany  
 25 He send him word, and said, 'Gif he  
 Durst him intill the planis se,  
 He suld on the tent day of May  
 Cum undir Lowdoun hill away:  
 And, gif that he wald met him thar,'  
 30 He said, 'his worschip suld be mar,  
 And mar be turnit in nobillay  
 To win him in the plane away  
 With hard dintis in evin fichting  
 Than to do fer mar in sculking.'  
 35 The king that herd his messinger  
 Had dispit apon gret maner  
 That Schir Amer spak sa hely,  
 Tharfor he ansuerit irusly,  
 And till the messinger said he,  
 40 'Say to thy lord that, gif I be  
 In lif, he sall me se that day  
 Wele ner, gif he dar hald the way  
 That he has said, for sekirly  
 By Lowdoun hill met him sall I.'  
 45 The messinger but mar abad  
 Till his mastir his wais rad  
 And his ansuer him tald alswith:  
 Than was na ned to mak him blith,  
 For he thocht throu his mekill nicht,  
 50 Gif the king durst aper to ficht,

- That throu the gret chevelry  
 That suld be in his cumpany  
 He suld sa ourcum the king  
 That thar suld be na recovering.  
 55 And the king on the tothir party,  
 That was ay wis and averty,  
 Rad for to se and ches the plas,  
 And saw the he gat lyand was  
 Apon ane far feld evin and dry,  
 60 Bot apon athir sid tharby  
 Was ane gret mos mekill and brad,  
 That fra the way was quhar men rad  
 Ane bowdraucht ner on athir sid,  
 And that plas thocht him all to wid  
 65 Till abid men that horsit war:  
 Tharfor thre dikis ourthwort he schar  
 Fra bath the mossis till the way,  
 That war sa fer fra othir that tha  
 War in twyn ane bowdraucht and mar.  
 70 Sa holl and he the dikis war  
 That men nicht nocht but mekill pane  
 Pas tham thouch nane war tham agane:  
 Bot sloppis in the way left he  
 Sa large and of sic quantite  
 75 That fif hundreth nicht sammyn rid  
 In at the sloppis sid for sid.  
 Thar thocht he battale for to bed  
 And bargane tham, for he na dred  
 Had that tha suld on sid assale  
 80 Na yhet behind gif him battale,

## THE BRUS.

And befor him thocht wele that he  
 Suld fra thar nicht defendit be.  
 Thre dep dikis he gert thar ma,  
 For, gif he nicht nocht wele ourta  
 85 To met tham at the first, that he  
 Suld haf the tothir at his pouste,  
 Or than the thrid, gif it was sa  
 That tha had passit the tothir twa.  
 On this wis him ordanit he,  
 90 And syn assemblit his menyhe  
 That war sex hundreth fichtand men  
 But rangale that was with him then  
 That war als fele as tha or ma.  
 With all that menyhe can he ga  
 95 The evin befor the battale suld be  
 To litill Lowdown, quhar that he  
 Wald abid to se thar cuming  
 Evin with the men of his leding.  
 He thocht to sped him sa that he  
 100 Suld at the dik befor tham be.

## LXII.

Schir Amer on the tothir party  
 Gaderit sa gret chevelry  
 That he nicht be thre thousand ner  
 Armit and dicht on gud maner,

- 5 And than as man of gret noblay  
 He held toward the tryst his way.  
 Quhen the set day cumin was,  
 He sped him fast toward the plas  
 That he had nemmit for to ficht :  
 10 The sone was risin schynand bricht  
 That blenknit on the scheldis brad.  
 In twa eschelis ordanit he had  
 The folk that he had in leding :  
 The king wele sone in the morning  
 15 Saw first cumand thar first eschele  
 Arait sarraly and wele,  
 And at thar bak sumdele ner hand  
 He saw the tothir folowand.  
 Thar basnetis burnisit all bricht  
 20 Agane the sone glemit of licht :  
 Thar speris, pennounis, and thar scheldis  
 Of licht enlumynit all the feldis :  
 Thar best and browdyn bricht baneris,  
 And hors hewit on ser maneris,  
 25 And cot-armouris of ser colour,  
 And hawbrekis that war quhit as flour,  
 Mad tham gletirand as tha war lik  
 Till angelis he of hevinis rik.  
 The king said, 'Lordingis, now yhe se  
 30 How yhon men throu thar gret pouste  
 Wald, and tha micht fulfill thar will,  
 Sla us, and makis sembland thartill :  
 And, sen we know thar felony,  
 Ga we and met tham sa hardely



- 35 That the stoutast of thar menyhe  
 Of our meting abasit be,  
 For, gif the formast egirly  
 Be met, yhe sall se sudanly  
 The henmast sall abasit be :  
 40 And, thouch that tha be ma than we,  
 That suld abas us litill thing,  
 For, quhen we cum to the fichting,  
 Thar may met us na ma than we.  
 Tharfor, lordingis, ilkane suld be  
 45 Of worschip and of gret valour  
 For till mantem her our honour.  
 Thinkis quhat gladschip us abidis  
 Gif that we may, as us betidis,  
 Haf victor of our fais her,  
 50 For thar is nane her, fer na ner,  
 In all this land that us thar dout.'  
 Than said tha all that stud about,  
 'Schir, gif God will, we sall sa do  
 That na repruf sall ly tharto.'  
 55 'Than ga we furth now,' said the king,  
 'And he that mad of nocht all thing  
 Led us and saf us for his micht  
 And help us for till hald our richt.'  
 With that tha held thar way in hy  
 60 Wele sex hundreth in cumpany,  
 Stalward and stout, worthy and wicht :  
 Bot tha war all to few I hicht  
 Agane sa fele to stand in stour,  
 Ne war thar outrageous valour.

## LXIII.

Now gais the nobill king his way  
 Richt stoutly and in gud aray,  
 And to the formast dik is gane,  
 And in the slop the feld has tane.  
 5 The cariage-men and the pouerale  
 That was nocht worth in the battale,  
 Behind levit he tham all still  
 Standand all sammyn on the hill.  
 Schir Amer the king has sene  
 10 With his men that stout war and kene  
 Cum to the plane down fra the hill,  
 As him thocht into full gud will  
 For to defend or till assale,  
 Gif ony wald bid him battale.  
 15 Tharfor his men confortit he,  
 And bad tham wicht and worthy be,  
 For, gif that tha micht win the king  
 And victor haf of the fichting,  
 Tha suld richt wele rewardit be  
 20 And gretly ek thar renoune.  
 With that tha war wele ner the king,  
 And he left his amonisting  
 And gert trump till the assemble,  
 And the formast of his menyhe,  
 25 Enbrasit with the scheldis brad,  
 And richt sarray togidder raid,

With hedis stoupand and speris straucht  
 Richt to the king thar way tha raucht,  
 That met tham with sa gret vigour  
 30 That the best and of mast valour  
 War laid at erd at thar meting :  
 Quhar men micht her sic ane breking  
 Of speris that to-fruschit war,  
 And of woundit sa cry and rar  
 35 That it anoyus was to her,  
 For tha that first assemblit wer  
 Funyheit and faucht full sturdely :  
 The noys begouth than and the cry.  
 A ! mighty God, quha thar had bene  
 40 And had the kingis worschip sene,  
 And his brothir that was him by,  
 That contenit tham sa hardely  
 That thar gud ded and thar bounte  
 Confort monyfald thar menyhe,  
 45 And how Douglas sa manfully  
 Confortit tham that war him by,  
 He suld wele say that tha had will  
 To win honour and cum thartill.  
 The kingis men that worthy war,  
 50 With thar speris that scharply schar  
 Tha stekit men and stedis bath  
 Quhill red blud ran of woundis rath.  
 The hors that woundit war can fling  
 And ruschit the folk in thar flinging,  
 55 Sa that tha that than formast war  
 War scalit in soppis her and thar.

The king that saw tham ruschit sa,  
 And saw tham reland to and fra,  
 Ran apon tham sa egirly  
 60 And dang on tham sa hardely  
 He gert fele of his fais fall:  
 The feld was wele ner coverit all  
 Bath with slane hors and with men,  
 For the gud king tham folowit then  
 65 With wele fif hundreth that wapnis bar  
 That wald thar fais nathing spar.  
 Tha dang on tham sa hardely  
 That in schort tym men nicht se ly  
 At erd ane hundreth wele and mar:  
 70 The remanand sa fleyit war  
 That tha begouth tham to withdraw,  
 And, quhen tha of the rerward saw  
 Thar avaward be discumfit,  
 Tha fled withouten mar respit.  
 75 And, quhen Schir Amer has sene  
 His men fleand haly beden,  
 Wit yhe wele he was full wa,  
 Bot he nicht nocht amonist sa  
 That ony for him wald turn agane:  
 80 And, quhen he saw he tynt his pane,  
 He turnit his bridill and to ga,  
 For the gud king tham pressit sa  
 That sum war ded, and sum war tane,  
 The remanand thar gat ar gane.

## LXIV.

The folk fled apon this maner  
 Forout arest, and Schir Amer  
 Agane to Bothwell he is gane,  
 Menand the scath that he had tane,  
 5 Sa schamfull that he vencust was  
 That till Ingland in hy he gais  
 Richt to the king, and schamfully  
 He gaf up thar his wardanry,  
 Na nevir syn for nakyn thing,  
 10 Bot gif he com richt with the king,  
 Com he to warray Scotland,  
 Sa hevaly he tuk on hand  
 That the king in set battalyhe  
 With ane quhene lik poueralyhe  
 15 Vencust him with ane gret menyhe  
 That war renounit of gret bounte.  
 Sic anoy had Schir Amery.  
 And King Robert that was hardy  
 Abad all still into the plas  
 20 Quhill that his men had left the chas:  
 Syn with presoneris that tha had tane  
 Tha ar toward thar innis gane  
 Fast lowand God of thar welefar.  
 Men nicht haf sene quha had bene thar  
 25 Ane folk that mery war and glad  
 For thar victour, and als tha had

Ane lord sa swet and deboner,  
 Sa curtas and of far effer,  
 Sa blith als and sa wele bourdand,  
 30 And in battale sa stith to stand,  
 Sa wis and richt sa avise,  
 That tha had gret caus blith to be.  
 Sa war tha blith forouten dout,  
 For fele that wonnit tham about,  
 35 For tha the king saw help him sa,  
 Till him thar homage can tha ma.  
 Than vox his power mar and mar,  
 And he thocht wele that he wald far  
 Out our the Month with his menyhe  
 40 To luk quha that his frend wald be.  
 Into Schir Alexander the Fraser  
 He trastit, for tha frendis wer,  
 And in his brothir Symon, tha twa:  
 He had mister wele of ma,  
 45 For he had fais mony ane.  
 Schir Johne Cumyn erl of Bouchane,  
 And Schir Johne the Mowbra syn,  
 And gud Schir David of Brechyn,  
 With all the folk of thar leding,  
 50 War fais to the nobill king:  
 And, for he wist tha war his fais,  
 His wais than northwardis he tais,  
 For he wald se quhatkyn ending  
 Tha wald mak of thar manasing.

## LXV.

- The king buskit and mad him yhar  
 Northwardis with his men to far.  
 His brothir can he with him ta  
 And Gilbert de le Hay alsua :  
 5 The erl of Levenax als was thar  
 That with the king was our all quhar,  
 Schir Robert Boyd, and othir ma.  
 The king can furth his wais ta,  
 And left James of Douglas  
 10 With all the folk that with him was  
 Behind him for to luk gif he  
 Micht recovir his cuntre.  
 He left him into gret perile,  
 Bot eftir in ane litill quhile  
 15 Throu his gret worschip sa he wrocht  
 That to the kingis pes he brocht  
 The Forest of Selcryk all hale,  
 And alsua did he Douglasdale  
 And Jedworthis Forest alsua.  
 20 And quhasa wele on hand couth ta  
 To tell his worschippis ane and ane,  
 He suld find of tham mony ane,  
 For in his tym, as men said me,  
 Thretten tymis vencusit was he,  
 25 And victory wan sevin and fifty.  
 He semit nocht lang idill to ly

Be his travale, he had na will:  
Methink men suld him lowe of skill.  
This James, quhen the king was gane,  
30 All prevely his men has tane,  
And went to Douglasdale agane,  
And mad all prevely ane trane  
To tham that in the castell war.  
Ane buschement slely mad he thar,  
35 And of his men fourten and ma  
He gert as tha war sekkis ta  
Fillit with gyrs, and syn tham lay  
Apon thar hors, and hald thar way  
Richt as tha wald to Lanrik far  
40 Outouth quhar the embuschement war.  
And, quhen tha of the castell saw  
Sa fele ladis gang on raw,  
Of that sicht tha war wondir fane,  
And tald it to thar capitane  
45 That hicht Schir Johne of Webetoun:  
He was bath yyoung, stout, and feloun:  
Richt joly als and volageous,  
And, for that he was amorous,  
He wald isch fer the blithlyer;  
50 And gert his men all tak thar ger,  
And ischit to get that vittale,  
For thar vittale can fast tham fale.  
Tha ischit all abandounly  
And prikit furth sa wilfully  
55 To win the ladis that tha saw pas,  
Quhill that Douglas with his men was



All betuix tham and the castele.  
 The lad-men that persavit wele,  
 Tha kest thar ladis down in hy,  
 60 And thar gounis deliverly  
 That helit tham tha kest away,  
 And in gret hy thar hors hynt tha,  
 And stert apon tham sturdely,  
 And met thar fais with ane cry,  
 65 That had gret wondir quhen tha saw  
 Tham that war er lurkand full law  
 Cum apon tham sa hardely :  
 Tha vox abasit sudanly  
 And at the castell wald haf bene.  
 70 Quhen tha on the othir half has sene  
 Douglas brek his enbuschement  
 That agane tham richt stoutly went,  
 Tha wist nocht quhat to do na say :  
 Thar fais on athir sid saw tha  
 75 That strak on tham forout sparing,  
 And tha micht help thamselb nathing,  
 Bot fled to warand quhar tha mocht,  
 And tha sa angirly tham socht  
 That of tham all eschapid nane.  
 80 Schir Johne Webetoun thar was slane,  
 And, quhen he ded was, as yhe her,  
 Tha fand intill his awmener  
 Ane lettir that him send ane lady  
 That he lufit per drouery,  
 85 That said, quhen he had yhemit ane yher  
 In wer as ane gud bachelor

The adventurous castell of Douglas  
 That to kep sa peralous was,  
 Than micht he wele ask ane lady  
 90 Hir amouris and hir drouery.  
 The lettir spak on this maner :  
 And, quhen tha slane on this wis wer,  
 Douglas richt to the castell rad,  
 And thar sa gret debat he mad  
 95 That in the castell enterit he.  
 I wat nocht all the certante  
 Quhethir it was throu strinth or slicht,  
 Bot he wrocht sa throu his gret micht  
 That the constabill and all the laf  
 100 That war tharin bath man and knaf  
 He tuk, and gaf tham dispending,  
 And send tham ham but mar greving  
 To the Cliffurd in thar cuntre,  
 And syn sa besaly wrocht he  
 105 That he all tumlit doun the wall  
 And distroyit the housis all,  
 Syn till the Forest held his way,  
 Quhar he had mony hard assay,  
 And mony far poynt of wer befell.  
 110 Quha couth tham all rehers and tell,  
 He suld say that his nam suld be  
 Lestand in full gret renoune.

## LXVI.

Now lef we into the Forest  
 Douglas, that sall haf litill rest  
 Quhill the cuntre deliverit be  
 Of Inglismen and thar pouste :  
 5 And turn we till the nobill king  
 That with the folk of his leding  
 Toward the Month has tane the way  
 Richt stoutly and into gud aray,  
 Quhar Alexander Fraser him met,  
 10 And als his brothir Symon hat,  
 With all the folk tha with tham had :  
 The king gud contenans tham mad  
 That was richt blith of thar cumyn.  
 Tha tald the king all the covyn  
 15 Of Johne Cumyn the erl of Bouchane,  
 That till help him had with him tane  
 Schir Johne Mowbra and othir ma,  
 Schir David the Brechyn alsua,  
 With all the folk of thar leding,  
 20 'And yharnis mar then ony thing  
 Vengeans on yhou, schir king, to tak  
 For Schir Johne the Cumynis sak  
 That quhilom in Drumfres was slane.'  
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me sane,  
 25 I had gret caus him for to sla,  
 And, sen that tha on hand will ta

- Becaus of him to warray me,  
 I sall thole all ane quhile, and se  
 On quhat wis that tha pruf thar nicht:  
 30 And, gif it fall that tha will ficht,  
 Gif tha assalyhe, we mon defend,  
 Syn fall quhatevir that God will send.  
 Eftir this spek the king in hy  
 Held straucht the way till Innerrowry,  
 35 And thar him tuk sic ane seknes  
 That put him to full hard distres;  
 He forbar bath drink and met,  
 His men na medicine couth get  
 That evir nicht to the king avale,  
 40 His strinth sa haly can him fale  
 That he nicht nouthir rid na ga.  
 Than wit yhe wele his men war wa,  
 For nane was in that cumpany  
 That wald haf bene half sa sary  
 45 For till haf sene his brothir ded  
 Lyand befor him in that sted  
 As tha war for his seknes,  
 For all thar confort in him wes.  
 Bot gud Schir Eduard the worthy,  
 50 His brothir that was sa hardy  
 And wis and wicht, set mekill pane  
 To confort tham with all his mane.  
 And, quhen the lordis that thar war  
 Saw that the evill ay mar and mar  
 55 Travalit the king, tha thoct in hy  
 It war nocht spedfull thar to ly,

For thar all plane was the cuntre,  
 And tha war bot ane few menyhe  
 To ly but strinth intill the plane.  
 60 Forthi, quhill that thar capitane  
 War couerit of his mekill ill,  
 Tha thocht to wend sum strinth sone till,  
 For folk forouten capitane,  
 Bot tha the bettir be apane,  
 65 Sall nocht be all sa gud in ded  
 As tha ane lord had tham to led  
 That dar put him in aventur  
 But abasing to tak the ure  
 That God will send: for, quhen that he  
 70 Is of sic will and sic bounte  
 That he dar put him till assay,  
 His folk sall tak ensampill ay  
 Of his gud ded and his bounte,  
 And ane of tham sall be worth thre  
 75 Of tham that wikkit chiftane has.  
 His wrechitnes sa in tham gais  
 That tha thar manlynes sall tyn  
 Throu wrechitnes of his covyn:  
 For, quhen the lord that suld tham led  
 80 May do nocht bot as he war ded,  
 Or fra his folk haldis his way  
 Fleand, trow yhe nocht than that tha  
 Sall vencust in thar hartis be?  
 Yhis sall tha, as I trow perde,  
 85 Bot gif thar hartis be sa he  
 Tha will nocht for thar worschip fle:

And, thouch sum be of sic bounte,  
 Quhen tha the lord and his menyhe  
 Seis fle, yhet sall tha fle apane,  
 90 For all men fleis the ded richt fane.  
 Se quhat he dois that sa fouly  
 Fleis thus for his cowardy:  
 Bath him and his vencusis he,  
 And gerris his fais abovin be.  
 95 Bot he that throu his gret noblay  
 To peralis him abandonis ay  
 For to reconfort his menyhe  
 Gerris tham be of sa gret bounte  
 That mony tym unlikly thing  
 100 Tha bring richt wele to gud ending.  
 Sa did this king that I of red,  
 And for his outrageous manhed  
 Confortit his on sic maner  
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer.  
 105 Tha wald nocht ficht quhile that he wes  
 Lyand intill sic seknes:  
 Tharfor in littar tha him lay  
 And till the Slevach held thar way,  
 And thocht thar in that strinth to ly  
 110 Quhill passit war his malady.

## LXVII.

Bot, fra the erl of Bouchane  
 Wist that tha war thiddir gane,  
 And wist sa that sek was the king  
 That men doutit of his couering,  
 5 He send eftir his men in hy  
 And assemblit gret cumpany,  
 For all his awn men war thar,  
 And all his frendis with him war,  
 That was Schir Johne the Mowbra,  
 10 And his brothir as I herd say,  
 And als Schir David of Brechyn,  
 With fele folk in thar ledyn.  
 And, quhen tha all assemblit war,  
 In hy tha tuk thar way to far  
 15 To the Slevach with all thar men  
 For till assale the king that then  
 Was lyand intill his seknes.  
 This was eftir the Martymes  
 Quhen snaw had helit all the land:  
 20 To the Slevach tha com nerhand  
 Arait on thar best maner:  
 And than the kingis men, that wer  
 War of thar com tham apparalit  
 To defend gif tha tham assalit:  
 25 And nocht forthi thar fais war  
 Ay twa for ane that tha war thar.

The erlis men ner cumand war  
 Trumpand and makand mekill far,  
 And mad knichtis quhen tha war ner :  
 30 And tha that in the wodsid wer  
 Stud in aray richt sarraly,  
 And thocht to bid thar hardely  
 The cuming of thar ennemyis,  
 Bot tha wald apon nakyn wis  
 35 Isch till assale tham in fichting  
 Quhill couerit war the nobill king,  
 Bot, and othir wald tham assalyhe,  
 Tha wald defend avalyhe quod valyhe.  
 And, quhen the erlis cumpany  
 40 Saw that tha wrocht sa wisly  
 That tha thar strinth schup to defend,  
 Thar archaris furth to tham tha send  
 To bikkir tham as men of mane,  
 And tha send archaris tham agane  
 45 That bikkirrit tham sa sturdely  
 Quhill tha of the erlis party  
 Intill thar battale withdrawin war.  
 Thre dais on this wis lay tha thar  
 And bikkirrit tham evirilk day,  
 50 Bot thar bowmen the wer had ay.  
 And, quhen the kingis cumpany  
 Saw thar fais befor tham ly  
 That ilka day wox ma and ma,  
 And tha war quhene, and stad war sa  
 55 That tha had nathing for till et  
 Bot gif tha travalit it to get,



Tharfor tha tuk consale in hy  
 That tha wald thar na langar ly,  
 Bot hald thar way quhar tha nicht get  
 60 To tham and tharis vittale and met.  
 In ane littar the king tha lay,  
 And redyt tham, and held thar way .  
 That all thar fais nicht tham se:  
 Ilk man buskit him in his degre  
 65 To ficht gif tha assalyheit war:  
 In middis tham the king tha bar,  
 And yhed about him sarraly,  
 And nocht full gretly can tham hy.  
 The erl and tha that with him war  
 70 Saw that tha buskit tham to far,  
 And saw how with sa litill affray  
 Tha held furth with the king thar way  
 Redy to ficht quha wald assale:  
 Thar hartis all begouth to fale,  
 75 And in pes let tham pas thar way,  
 And till thar housis ham went tha.

## LXVIII.

**T**he erl his way tuk to Bouchane,  
 And Schir Eduard the Brus is gane  
 Richt to Strabogy with the king,  
 And sa lang thar mad sojorning

- 5    Quhill he begouth to couer and ga,  
      And syn thar wais can tha ta  
      Till Innerrowry straucht agane,  
      For tha wald ly intill the plane  
      The wintir sesoun, for vittale  
 10   Intill the plane micht nocht tham fale.  
      The erl wist that tha war thar,  
      And gaderit ane menyhe her and thar:  
      Brechyn, and Mowbra, and thar men  
      All till the erl assemblit then,  
 15   And war ane full gret cumpany  
      Of men arait jolely.  
      Till Ald Meldrom tha held the way,  
      And thar with thar men lugit tha  
      Befor Yhule evin ane nicht but mar:  
 20   Ane thousand, trow I, wele tha war.  
      Tha lugit tham all thar that nicht,  
      And on the morn, quhen day was licht,  
      The lord of Brechyn Schir Davy  
      Is went toward Innerrowry  
 25   To luk gif he on ony wis  
      Micht do scath till his ennemyis,  
      And till the end of Innerrowry  
      He com ridand sa sudanly  
      That of the kingis men he slew  
 30   Ane part, and othir sum tham withdrew,  
      And fled thar way toward the king  
      That with the mast of his gadring  
      On yhond half doun was than lyand.  
      And, quhen men tald him the tithand

- 35 How Schir David had slane his men,  
 His hors in hy he askit then  
 And bad his men all mak tham yhar  
 Into gret hy, for he wald far  
 To bargane with his ennemyis:
- 40 With that he buskit for to ris,  
 That was nocht all wele couerit then.  
 Than said sum of his preve men,  
 'Quhat think yhe, schir, thusgat to far  
 To ficht, and yhet nocht couerit ar?'
- 45 'Yhis,' said the king, 'forouten wer  
 Thar bost has mad me hale and fer,  
 For suld na medicine sa sone  
 Haf couerit me as tha haf done:  
 Tharfor, sa God himself me se,
- 50 I sall outhir haf tham, or tha me.'  
 And, quhen his men has herd the king  
 Set him sa hale for the fichting,  
 Of his couering all blith tha war,  
 And mad tham for the battale yhar.

## LXIX.

**T**he nobill king and his menyhe,  
 That nicht wele ner sevin hundreth be,  
 Toward Ald Meldrom tuk the way  
 Quhar the erl and his menyhe lay.

- 5 The discourouris saw tham cumand  
 With baneris to the wind wafand,  
 And tald it to thar lord in hy,  
 That gert arm his men hastely  
 And tham arait for battale :  
 10 Behind tham set tha thar merdale,  
 And mad gud sembland for the ficht.  
 The king com on with mekill nicht,  
 And tha abad makand gret far  
 Quhill tha ner at assemble war,  
 15 Bot, quhen tha saw the nobill king  
 Cum stoutly on without stinting,  
 Ane litill on bridill tha tham withdrew,  
 And the king, that tham wele knew  
 That tha war all discumfit ner,  
 20 Pressit on tham with his baner,  
 And tha withdrew tham mar and már.  
 And, quhen the small folk tha had thar  
 Saw thar lordis withdraw tham sa,  
 Tha turnit thar bak all and to ga,  
 25 And fled all scalit her and thar :  
 The lordis that yhet togidder war  
 Saw that thar small folk war fleand,  
 And saw the king stoutly cumand,  
 Tha war ilkane abasit sa  
 30 That tha the bak gaf and to ga :  
 Ane litill stound sammyn held tha,  
 And syn ilk man has tane his way.  
 Fell nevir men sa foul mischans  
 Eftir sa sturdy ane contenans,

- 35 For, quhen the kingis cumpany  
 Saw that tha fled sa foulely,  
 Tha chasit tham with all thar mane,  
 And sum tha tuk, and sum has slane,  
 The remanand war fleand ay,  
 40 Quha had gud hors gat best away.  
 Till Ingland fled the erl of Bouchane,  
 Schir Johne Mowbra is with him gane,  
 And war resettit with the king:  
 Bot tha had bath bot schort lesting,  
 45 For tha deit sone eftir syn.  
 And Schir David of Brechyn  
 Fled to Brechyn his awn castele  
 And warnist it bath far and wele:  
 Bot the erl of Adell Davy  
 50 His sone that was in Kildrumy  
 Com syn and him assegit thar,  
 And he that wald hald wer na mar  
 Na bargane with the nobill king  
 Com syn his man with gud treting.

LXX.

Now ga we to the king agane  
 That of his victor was richt fane,  
 And gert his men brin all Bouchane  
 Fra end till end, and sparit nane,

- 5 And heryit tham on sic maner  
That eftir that wele fifty yher  
Men menit the herschip of Bouchane.  
The king than till his pes has tane  
The north cuntre, that humilly  
10 Obesit till his senyhory,  
Sa that benorth the Month war nane  
That tha ne war his men ilkane:  
His lordschip vox ay mar and mar.  
Toward Angus than couth he far,  
15 That thocht sone to mak his awn fre  
All on north-half the Scottis Se.  
The castell of Forfar was then  
Stuffit all with Inglismen,  
Bot Philip the forestar of Platane  
20 Has of his frendis with him tane,  
And with ledderis all prevely  
Till the castell he can him hy,  
And clam out our the wall of stane,  
And sagat has the castell tane  
25 Throu falt of wach with litill pane,  
And syn all that he fand has slane:  
Syn yhald the castell to the king  
That mad him richt gud rewarding,  
And syn gert brek doun the wall,  
30 And fordid the castell all.

## LXXI.

- Quhen that the castell of Forfar  
 And all the touris tumlit war  
 Doun till the erd, as I haf tald,  
 The wis king that was wicht and bald,  
 5 That thocht that he wald mak all fre  
 Apon north-half the Scottis Se,  
 To Perth is went with all his rout,  
 And umbeset the toun about,  
 And till it has ane sege sone set.  
 10 Bot, quhile it nicht haf men and met,  
 It nicht nocht but gret pane be tane,  
 For the wallis war all of stane  
 With thik touris and he standand,  
 And that tym war tharin duelland  
 15 Mushet and als Olifard,  
 Tha twa the toun had all in ward:  
 Of Strathern als the erl was thar,  
 Bot his sone and of his men war  
 Without intill the kingis rout.  
 20 Thar was oft bikkirring stith and stout,  
 And men slane apon ilk party,  
 Bot the gud king, that all witty  
 Was in his dedis evirilkane,  
 Saw the wallis sa stith of stane,  
 25 And saw defens that tha can ma,  
 And how the toun was hard to ta

- With opin assale, strinth, or micht,  
 Tharfor he thocht to wirk with slicht,  
 And all the tym that he thar lay  
 30 He spyit and slely gert assay  
 Quhar of the dik the schaldast was,  
 Quhill at the last he fand ane plas  
 That men micht till thar schuldreis wad:  
 And, quhen he that plas fundin had,  
 35 He gert his menyhe busk ilkane  
 Quhen sex oukis of the sege was gane,  
 And tursit thar harnas halely,  
 And left the sege all opinly,  
 And furth with all his folk can far  
 40 As he wald do tharto na mar.  
 And tha that war within the toun,  
 Quhen tha to far sa saw him boun,  
 Tha schoutit him and scorning mad,  
 And he furth on his wais rad  
 45 As he na will had agane to turn  
 Na besid tham to mak sojourn.  
 Bot in aucht dais nocht forthi  
 He gert mak ledderis prevely  
 That micht suffis till his entent,  
 50 And in ane mirk nicht syn is went  
 Toward the toun with his menyhe:  
 Bot hors and knafis all left he  
 Fer fra the toun, and syn has tane  
 Thar ledderis, and on fut ar gane  
 55 Toward the toun all prevely.  
 Tha herd na wachis spek na cry,



For tha that war within may-fall  
 As men that dred nocht slepit all:  
 Tha had na dred than of the king,  
 60 For tha of him herd na tithing  
 All tha thre dais befor and mar,  
 Tharfor sekir and trast tha war.  
 And, quhen the king herd tham nocht ster,  
 He was blith apon gret maner,  
 65 And his leddir in hand can ta  
 Ensampill till his men to ma,  
 Arait wele in all his ger  
 Schot in the dik, and with his sper  
 Tastit quhill he it wele ourwud,  
 70 Bot till his throt the watir stud.  
 That tym was in his cumpany  
 Ane knicht of Frans wicht and hardy,  
 And, quhen he in the watir sa  
 Saw the king pas and with him ta  
 75 His leddir unabasitly,  
 He sanit him for the ferly,  
 And said, 'A Lord! quhat sall we say  
 Of our lordis of Frans, that ay  
 With gud morsellis farsis thar panch,  
 80 And will bot et and drink and dans,  
 Quhen sic ane knicht and sa worthy  
 As this throu his chevelry  
 Into sic perill has him set  
 To win ane wrechit hamilet!'  
 85 With that word to the dik he ran,  
 And our eftir the king he wan.

And, quhen the kingis menyhe saw  
 Thar lord pas our, intill ane thraw  
 Tha passit the dik, and but mar let  
 90 Thar ledderis to the wall tha set,  
 And to clym up fast pressit tha;  
 Bot the gud king, as I herd say,  
 Was the tothir man that tuk the wall,  
 And bad thar quhill his menyhe all  
 95 War cumin our in full gret hy.  
 Yhet ras thar nouthir noys na cry:  
 Bot sone eftir tha noys mad  
 That of tham first persaving had,  
 Sa that the cry ras throu the toun,  
 100 Bot he, that with his men was boun  
 Till assale the toun is went,  
 And the mast of his menyhe sent  
 All scalit throu the toun, bot he  
 Held with himself ane gret menyhe  
 105 Sa that he micht be appurvait  
 To defend gif he war assait.  
 Bot tha that he send throu the toun  
 Put sone to gret confusioun  
 Thar fais that in beddis war  
 110 Or scalit fleand her and thar,  
 That or the sone ras tha had tane  
 Thar fais or discumfit ilkane.  
 The wardanis bath tharin war tane,  
 And Malis of Strathern is gane  
 115 Till his fadir the erl Malis,  
 And with strinth tuk him and all his:

Syn for his sak the nobill king  
 Gaf him his land in governing.  
 The laf that ran out throu the toun  
 120 Sesit to tham in gret fusoun  
 Men and arming and marchandis  
 And othir gudis on sinder wis,  
 Quhill tha that er war pouer and bar  
 Of that gud rich and michty war.  
 125 Bot thar was few slane, for the king  
 Had gifin tham in comandin  
 On gret pane, that tha suld sla nane  
 That but gret bargane micht be tane,  
 For tha war kind to the cuntre  
 130 He wist, and had of tham pite.

## LXXII.

On this maner the toun was tane,  
 And syn touris evirilkane  
 And wallis gert he tummill down :  
 He levit nocht about that toun  
 5 Tour standand, na stane, na wall,  
 That he na haly gert distroy all :  
 And presoneris that thar tuk he  
 He send quhar tha might haldin be,  
 And till his pes tuk all the land,  
 10 Was nane that durst him than withstand.

Apon north-half the Scottis Se  
 Obesit all till his majeste,  
 Outane the lord of Lorn, and tha  
 Of Argile that wald with him ga:  
 15 He held evir agane the king,  
 And hatit him atour all thing.  
 Bot yhet, or all the gamyn ga,  
 I trow wele that the king sall ta  
 Vengeans of his gret cruelte,  
 20 And that him sar repent sall he  
 That he the king contraryit ay,  
 May-fall quhen he na mend it may.

LXXIII.

The kingis brothir, quhen the toun  
 Was takin thus and dungin doun,  
 Schir Eduard that was sa worthy  
 Tuk with him ane gret cumpany  
 5 And tuk his gat toward Galloway,  
 For with his men he wald assay  
 Gif he recovir nicht that land  
 And win fra Inglismenis hand.  
 This Schir Eduard, forsuth I hicht,  
 10 Was of his handis ane nobill knight  
 And in blithnes swet and joly,  
 Bot he was outrageous hardy,

- And of sa he undirtaking  
That he nevir had nane abasing  
15 Of multitud of men, forthi  
He discumfit comonly  
Mony with quhene: tharfor had he  
Outour his peris renoune,  
For, quha rehers wald all his ded,  
20 Of his he worschip and manhed  
Men nicht mony romanis mak:  
And nocht forthi I think to tak  
On hand of him to say sumthing,  
But nocht tend-part his traving.  
25 This gud knight that I spek of her,  
With all the folk that with him wer,  
Wele sone to Galloway cumin is:  
All that he fand he mad it his,  
And ryotit gretly the land.  
30 Bot than in Galloway war wonnand  
Schir Ingeram the Umphravill that wes  
Renounit of sa he prowes  
That he of worschip passit the rout,  
Tharfor he gert ay ber about  
35 Apon ane sper ane red bonet  
Into takin that he was set  
In the hicht of all chevelry,  
And of Sanct Johne als Schir Amy.  
Tha twa the land had in stering:  
40 And, quhen tha herd of the cuming  
Of Schir Eduard that sa planly  
Ourrad the land, than in gret hy

Tha assemblit all thar menyhe,  
I trow tuelf hundreth tha nicht be.  
45 Bot he with fewar folk tham met  
Besid Cre, and sa hard tham set  
With hard battale in stalward ficht  
That he tham all put to the flicht,  
And slew twa hundreth wele and ma,  
50 And the chiftanis in hy can ta  
Thar way to Buttill for to be  
Resavit into gud savite:  
And Schir Eduard tham chasit fast,  
Bot in the castell at the last  
55 Gat Schir Ingeram and Schir Amy,  
Bot the best of thar cumpany  
Left ded behind tham in the plas.  
And, quhen Schir Eduard saw the chas  
Was falit, he gert ses the pray,  
60 And sa gret catell had away  
That it war wondir for to se.  
Of Buttill tour tha saw how he  
Gert his men drif with him thar pray,  
Bot na let set tharin nicht tha.  
65 Throu his chevelrous chevelry  
Galloway was stonait gretumly,  
And him doutit for his bounte:  
Sum of the men of the cuntre  
Com till his pes and mad him ath.  
70 Bot Schir Amy, that had the scath  
Of the bargane I tald of er,  
Rad till Ingland and purchast ther

Of armit men gret cumpany  
 To venge him of the velany  
 75 That Schir Eduard the nobill knicht  
 Him did by Cre intill the ficht.  
 Of gud men he assemblit thar  
 Wele fiften hundreth men and mar  
 That war of richt gud renounce:  
 80 His way with all that folk tuk he,  
 And in the land all prevely  
 Enterit with that chevelry  
 Thinkand Schir Eduard to surpris  
 Gif that he nicht on ony wis,  
 85 For he thocht he wald him assale  
 Or that he lest in plane battale.  
 Now may yhe her of gret ferly  
 And of richt he chevelry,  
 For Schir Eduard intill the land  
 90 Was with his menyhe ner at hand,  
 And in the morning richt arly  
 He herd the cuntremen mak cry,  
 And had wittering of thar cuming.  
 Than buskit he him but delaying  
 95 And lap on hors deliverly:  
 He had than in rout fifty  
 Apon gud hors armit richt wele:  
 His small folk gert he ilke dele  
 Withdraw tham till ane strat ner by,  
 100 And he rad furth with his fifty.  
 Ane knicht that than was in his rout,  
 Worthy and wicht, stalward and stout,

Curtas and far and of gud fam,  
 Schir Alane of Catkert be nam,  
 105 Tald me this tale as I sall tell.  
 Gret mist intill the morning fell,  
 Sa that men nicht nocht se tham by  
 For mist ane bowdraucht fullely.  
 Sa hapnit that tha fand the tras  
 110 Quhar that the rout furth passit was  
 Of thar fais that forouth rad.  
 Schir Eduard, that gret yharning had  
 All tym for till do chevelry,  
 With all his rout in full gret hy  
 115 Folowit the tras quhar gane war tha,  
 And befor midmorn of the day  
 The mist wox cler, and sudanly  
 Than he and all his cumpany  
 War nocht ane bowdraucht fra the rout.  
 120 Than schot tha on tham with ane schout,  
 For, gif tha fled, tha wist that tha  
 Suld nocht wele ferd-part get away :  
 Tharfor in aventur to de  
 He wald him put or he wald fle.  
 125 And, quhen the Inglis cumpany  
 Saw on tham cum sa sudanly  
 Sic folk forouten abasing,  
 Tha war stonait for affraying :  
 And the tothir but mar abad  
 130 Sa hardely emang tham rad  
 That fele of tham till erd tha bar.  
 Stonait sa gretly than tha war



Throu the fors of that first assay  
 That tha war into gret affray,  
 135 And wend befor tha had bene ma  
 For that tha war assalit sa.  
 And syn Schir Eduardis cumpany,  
 Quhen tha had thrillit tham; hastely  
 Set stoutly in the hedis agane,  
 140 And at that cours born doun and slane  
 War of thar fais ane gret party,  
 That than affrait war sa gretly  
 That tha war scalit gretly then.  
 And, quhen Schir Eduard and his men  
 145 Saw tham into sa ill aray,  
 The thrid tym on tham prikit tha:  
 And tha, that saw tham sa stoutly  
 Cum on tham, dred tham gretumly  
 That all thar rout bath les and mar  
 150 Fled ilkane scalit her and thar.  
 Was nane emang tham sa hardy  
 To bid, bot all comonly  
 Fled to warand, and he can chas  
 That wilfull to distroy tham was,  
 155 And sum he tuk, and sum war slane,  
 Bot Schir Amy with mekill pane  
 Eschapit and his gat is gane,  
 His men discumfit war ilkane,  
 Sum tane, sum slane, sum gat away:  
 160 This was ane richt far poynt perfay.  
 Lo! how hardyment tane sudanly,  
 And drifin syn till end scharply,

May ger oftsis unlikly thingis  
 Cum to richt far and gud endingis,  
 165 Richt as it fell in this cas her:  
 For hardyment withouten wer  
 Wan fiften hundreth with fifty  
 Quhar ay for ane tha war thretty,  
 And twa men ar a manis her:  
 170 Bot ure led tham on sic maner  
 That tha discumfit war ilkane.  
 Schir Amy ham his gat is gane  
 Richt blith that he sa gat away:  
 I trow he sall nocht mony ane day  
 175 Haf will to warray that cuntre,  
 Withthi Schir Eduard tharin be.  
 And he duelt furth intill the land  
 Tham that rebell war warrayand,  
 And in a yher sa warrait he  
 180 That he wan quytyly that cuntre  
 Till his brothiris pes the king:  
 Bot that was nocht but hard fichting,  
 For in that tym thar him befell  
 Mony far poynt, as I herd tell,  
 185 The quhilk that ar nocht writin her,  
 Bot I wat wele that in that yher  
 Thretten castellis with strinth he wan,  
 And ourcom mony ane muddy man.  
 Quhasa of him the suth wald red,  
 190 Had he had mesur in his ded,  
 I trow that worthyar then he  
 Micht nocht in his tym fundin be

Outakin his brothir anerly,  
 To quham into gud chevelry  
 195 I dar per nane was in his day,  
 For he led him with mesur ay,  
 And with gret wit his chevelry  
 He governit ay sa worthely  
 That he full oft unlikly thing  
 200 Brocht richt wele to full gud ending.

## LXXIV.

In all this tym James of Douglas  
 In the Forest travaland was,  
 That it throu hardyment and slicht  
 Occupyit magre all the micht  
 5 Of his fele fais: the quhethir tha  
 Set him full oft in hard assay:  
 Bot oft throu wit and throu bounte  
 His purpos to gud end brocht he.  
 Intill that tym him fell throu cas  
 10 A nicht as he travaland was  
 And thocht for till haf tane restyn  
 In ane hous on the watir of Lyne:  
 And, as he com with his menyhe  
 Nerhand the hous, sa lisnit he  
 15 And herd thar sawis ilke dele,  
 And be that he persavit wele

That tha war strange men that thar  
 That nicht tharin herbryit war.  
 And as he thocht it fell per cas,  
 20 For of Bonkill the lord thar was,  
 Alexander Steward hat he,  
 And othir twa of gret bounte,  
 Thomas Randol of gret renoun,  
 And Adam alsua of Gordoun,  
 25 That com thar with gret cumpany  
 And thocht in the Forest to ly  
 And occupy it throu thar gret micht,  
 And with travale and stalward ficht  
 To chas Douglas of that cuntre.  
 30 Bot othirwais all yhed the gle:  
 For, quhen James had wittering  
 That strange men had tane herbrying  
 In the plas quhar he schup to ly,  
 He till the hous went hastely  
 35 And umbeset it all about.  
 Quhen tha within herd sic ane rout  
 About the hous, tha ras in ly,  
 And tuk thar ger richt hastely,  
 And schot furth fra tha harnast war:  
 40 Thar fais tham met with wapnis bar,  
 And assalit richt hardely,  
 And tha defendit douchtely  
 With all thar micht, quhill at the last  
 Thar fais pressit tham sa fast  
 45 That thar folk falyheit tham ilkane.  
 Thomas Randol thar haf tha tane,

And Alexander Steward alsua  
 Was woundit in a plas or twa.  
 Adam of Gordoun fra the ficht,  
 50 Quhat throu slicht and quhat throu nicht,  
 Eschapit, and fele of his men:  
 Bot tha that war arestit then  
 War of thar taking wondir wa:  
 Bot nedlingis tham behufit be sa.  
 55 That nicht the gud lord of Douglas  
 Mad to Schir Alexander that was  
 His emis sone richt gladsum cher,  
 Sa did he als forouten wer  
 Till Thomas Randol, for that he  
 60 Was till the king in ner degre  
 Of blud, for his sistir him bar:  
 And on the morn forouten mar  
 Toward the nobill king he rad,  
 And with him bath tha twa he had.  
 65 The king of his cuming was blith,  
 And thankit him tharof fele sith,  
 And till his nevo can he say,  
 'Thou has ane quhile renyit thy fay,  
 Bot thou reconsalit now mon be.'  
 70 Than till the king sone ansuerd he  
 And said, 'Yhe chasty me: bot yhe  
 Aw bettir chastyit for to be,  
 For, sen that yhe warrait the king  
 Of Ingland, into plane fichting  
 75 Yhe suld pres to derenyhe yhour richt,  
 And nocht with wordis na with slicht.'

The king said, 'Yhet fall it may,  
 Cum or ocht lang, to sic assay.  
 Bot, sen thou spekis sa rialy,  
 80 It is gret skill that men chasty  
 Thy proud wordis, quhill that thou knaw  
 The richt, and bow it as thou aw.'  
 The king forout mar delaying  
 Send him to be in ferm keping  
 85 Quhar that he all ane quhile suld be  
 Nocht all apon his awn pouste.

## LXXV.

Quhen Thomas Randol on this wis  
 Was takin as I her devis,  
 And send to duell in gud keping  
 For the spek he spak to the king,  
 5 The gud king, that thocht on the scath,  
 The dispit and the felony bath  
 That Johne of Lorne had till him done,  
 His host assemblit he than sone,  
 And toward Lorne he tuk the way  
 10 With his men into gud aray.  
 Bot Johne of Lorne of his cuning  
 Lang or he com had wittering,  
 And men on ilk sid gaderit he,  
 I trow twa thousand tha nicht be,

- 15 And send tham for to stop the way  
Quhar the gud king behufit to ga,  
And that was in ane evill plas  
That sa strat and sa narow was  
That twa men sammyn nicht nocht rid
- 20 In sum plas of the hillis sid.  
The nethir half was peralous,  
For ane schor crag, he and hidous,  
Raucht to the se doun fra the plas.  
On othir half ane montane was
- 25 Sa cumrous, he, and ek sa stay,  
That it was hard to pas that way:  
Crechanben hicht that montane,  
I trow that nocht in all Bretane  
Ane hear hill may fundin be.
- 30 Thar Johne of Lorne gert his menyhe  
Enbuschit be abouin the way,  
For, gif the gud king held that way,  
He thocht he suld sone vencust be:  
And himself held him on the se
- 35 Wele ner the plas with his galais.  
Bot the king, that in all assais  
Was fundin wis and avise,  
Persavit thar subtilite,  
And that he ned that gat suld ga.
- 40 His men departit he in twa,  
And till the gud lord of Douglas,  
Quham in all wit and worschip was,  
He taucht the archaris evirilkane,  
And this gud lord has with him tane

- 45 Schir Alexander the Fraser wicht,  
 And Wilyham Wisman ane gud knicht,  
 And with tham gud Schir Andro Gray.  
 Thir with thar menyhe held thar way  
 And clam the hill deliverly,  
 50 And, or tha of the tothir party  
 Persavit tham, tha had ilkane  
 The hicht apon thar fais tane.  
 The king and his men held thar way,  
 And, quhen intill the pas war tha  
 55 Enterit, the folk of Lorne in hy  
 Apon the king rasit the cry,  
 And schot, and tumlit on him stanis  
 Richt gret and hevy for the nanis.  
 Bot tha scathit nocht gretly the king,  
 60 For he had thar in his leding  
 Men that licht and deliver war  
 And licht arming had on tham thar,  
 Sa that tha stoutly clam the hill  
 And lettit thar fais to fulfill  
 65 The mast part of thar felony,  
 And als apon the tothir party  
 Com James of Douglas and his rout,  
 And schot apon tham with ane schout,  
 And woundit tham with arowis fast,  
 70 And with thar suerdis at the last  
 Tha ruschit emang tham hardely,  
 For tha of Lorne full manfully  
 Gret and apert defens can ma.  
 Bot, quhen tha saw that tha war sa



- 75 Assalyheit apon twa partyis,  
 And saw wele that thar ennemyis  
 Had all the farar of the ficht,  
 In full gret hy tha tuk the flicht,  
 And tha ane feloun chas can ma  
 80 And slew all that tha micht ourta.  
 And tha that micht eschap, perfay,  
 Richt till ane watir held thar way  
 That ran down be the hillis sid:  
 It was sa stith and dep and wid  
 85 That men in na plas micht it pas  
 Bot at ane brig beneth tham was.  
 To that brig held tha straucht thar way,  
 And to brek it can fast assay:  
 Bot tha that chasit, quhen tha tham saw  
 90 Mak thar arest, but dred or aw  
 Tha ruschit apon tham hardely,  
 And discumfit tham all utrely,  
 And held the brig hale quhill the king  
 With all the folk of his leding  
 95 Passit the brig all at thar es.  
 To Johne of Lorne it suld disples,  
 I trow, quhen he his men micht se  
 Out of his schippis fra the se  
 Be slane and chasit fra the hill,  
 100 That he micht set na help thartill:  
 For it angeris als gretumly  
 To gud hartis that ar worthy  
 To se thar fais fulfill thar will  
 As to thamsel to thole the ill.

LXXVI.

At sic mischef war tha of Lorne,  
 For fele the lifis thar has lorn,  
 And othir sum tha fled away.  
 The king in hy gert ses the pray  
 5 Of all the land, quhar men nicht se  
 Sa gret aboundans cum of fe  
 That it was wondir to behald.  
 The king, that stout was, stark, and bald,  
 To Dunstaffynch richt sudanly  
 10 He past, and segit it sturdely  
 And assalyheit the castell to get,  
 And in schort tym he has tham set  
 In sic thrang that tharin war than  
 That magre tharis he it wan,  
 15 And ane gud wardane tharin set,  
 And betaucht him bath men and met  
 Sa that he thar lang tym nicht be  
 Magre tham all of that cuntre.  
 Schir Alexander of Argile, that saw  
 20 The king distroy up clef and law  
 His land, send tretis to the king,  
 And com his man but tarying,  
 And he resavit him till his pea.  
 Bot Johne of Lorne his sone yhet wes  
 25 Rebell as he was wont to be,  
 And fled with schippis on the se.

Bot tha that left apon the land  
 War to the king all obesand,  
 And he thar homage all has tane,  
 30 Syn toward Perth is passit agane  
 To play him thar intill the plane.  
 Yhet Lowdiane was him agane,  
 And at Lithkow was than ane pele  
 Mekill and stark, and stuffit wele  
 35 With Inglismen, that was reset  
 To tham that with armouris or met  
 Fra Edinburgh wald to Strevilling ga,  
 And fra Strevilling agane alsua,  
 That till the cuntre did gret ill.  
 40 Now may yhe her, gif that yhe will,  
 Entirmellis and juperdyis  
 That men assait on mony wis  
 Castellis and pelis for to ta,  
 And this Lithkow was ane of tha,  
 45 As I sall tell how it was tane.  
 In the cuntre thar wonnit ane  
 That husband was, and with his fe  
 Oftsis hay to the pele led he :  
 Wilyham Bunnok to nam he hicht,  
 50 That stalward man was into ficht.  
 He saw sa hard the cuntre stad  
 That he gret noy and pity had  
 Throu fortrassis that war then  
 Governit and led with Inglismen,  
 55 That travailit men outour mesur.  
 He was ane stout carl and ane stur,

And of himself richt dour and hardy,  
 And had frendis wonnand him by,  
 And schew to sum his prevate,  
 60 And apon his covyn gat he  
 Men that micht enbuschement ma  
 Quhill that he with his wane suld ga  
 To led tham hay intill the pele.  
 Bot his wane suld be stuffit wele,  
 65 For aucht men armit in the body  
 Of his wane suld sit prevely  
 And with hay helit be about:  
 And himself that was dour and stout  
 Suld by the wane gang idilly:  
 70 And ane yheman wicht and hardy  
 Befor suld drif the wane, and ber  
 Ane hachat that war scharp to scher  
 Undir his belt: and, quhen the yhat  
 War opnit, and tha war tharat,  
 75 Quhen he herd him cry sturdely,  
 He suld be redy sone in hy  
 For to strik with the ax in twa  
 The hed-soym: than in hy suld tha  
 That war within the wane cum out  
 80 And mak debat, quhill that thar rout  
 That suld ner by enbuschit be  
 Cum for to mantem the melle.

## LXXVII.

This was intill the harvast tid,  
 Quhen feldis that war far and wid  
 Chargit with corn all fully war,  
 For sinder cornis that tha bar  
 5 Wox ryp to win to manis fud:  
 And the treis all sammyn stud  
 Chargit with frutis on sinder wis.  
 That samin tym as I devis  
 Tha of the pele had wonnin hay,  
 10 And with this Bunnok spokin had tha  
 To led thar hay, for he was ner,  
 And he consentit but danger,  
 And said that into the morning  
 Wele sone ane fudir he suld bring  
 15 Farar and gretar and wele mor  
 Than ony he brocht that yher befor:  
 And held tham cunand sekirly,  
 For that nicht gat he prevely  
 Tham that in the wane suld ga,  
 20 And bad the buschement be alsua.  
 And tha sa grathly sped tham thar  
 That or day tha enbuschit war  
 Wele ner the pele, quhar tha nicht her  
 The cry alsone as ony wer,  
 25 And held tham sa still but stering  
 That nane of tham had persaving:

## THE BRUS.

227

And this Bunnok fast can him pane  
 To dres his menyhe in his wane,  
 And all ane quhile befor the day  
 30 He had tham helit with the hay,  
 And mad him than to yhok his fe  
 Quhill men the sone schynand nicht se.  
 And sum that war within the pele  
 War ischit on thar awn unselé  
 35 To win thar harvast ner tharby.  
 Than Bunnok with the cumpany  
 That in his wane closit he had  
 Went on his way but mar abad,  
 And callit his wane toward the pele:  
 40 And the portar, that saw him wele  
 Cum ner the yhat, it opnit sone,  
 And than Bunnok forouten hone  
 Gert call the wane deliverly,  
 And, quhen it was set full evinly  
 45 Betuix the chekis of the yhat  
 Sa that men nicht it spar na gat,  
 He cryit 'Thef! Call all! Call all!'  
 And he than let the gadwand fall,  
 And hewit in twa the soym in hy.  
 50 Bunnok with that deliverly  
 Raucht till the portar sic ane rout  
 That blud and harnis bath com out,  
 And tha that war within the wane  
 Lap out belif, and sone has slane  
 55 Men of the castell that war by.  
 Than in ane quhile begouth the cry,

## THE BRUS.

And tha that ner enbuschit war  
 Lap out and com with suerdis bar,  
 And tuk the castell all but pane,  
 60 And tham that tharin was has slane.  
 And tha that war went furth beforne,  
 Quhen tha the castell saw forlorn,  
 Tha fled to warand to and fra,  
 And sum till Edinburgh can ga,  
 65 And to Strevilling othir ar gane,  
 And sum intill the way war slane.

## LXXVIII.

**B**unnok on this wis with his wane  
 The pele tuk and the men has slane,  
 Syn taucht it till the king in hy  
 That him rewardit worthely,  
 5 And gert doun drif it to the ground,  
 And syn our all the land can fond  
 Settand in pes all the cuntre  
 That till him obesand wald be.  
 And, quhen ane litill tym was went,  
 10 Eftir Thomas Randol he sent,  
 And with him sa wele tretit he  
 That he his man hicht for to be,  
 And the king him sone forgaf,  
 And for till he his stat him gaf

- 15 Murref, and tharof erl him mad,  
And othir sinder landis brad  
He gaf him intill heritage.  
He knew his worthy vassalage,  
And his gret wit, and his awis,  
20 His trast hart, and his lele servis,  
Tharfor in him affyit he,  
And mad him rich of land and fe,  
As it was certis richt worthy,  
For, and men spek of him trewly,  
25 He was sa curageous ane knicht,  
Sa wis, sa worthy, and sa wicht,  
And of sa soverane gret bounte  
That mekill of him may spokin be:  
And, for I think of him to red  
30 And to schaw part of his gud ded,  
I will discrif yhou his fassoun  
And part of his condicioun.  
He was of mesurabill statur,  
And portrait wele at all mesur,  
35 With brad visage plesand and far,  
Curtas at poynt, and debonar,  
And of richt sekir contening.  
Lawte he lufit atour all thing:  
Falset, tresoun, and felony  
40 He stud agane ay ithandly:  
He heit honour and larges,  
And ay mantemit richtwisnes.  
In cumpany solacious  
He was, and tharwith amorous,



- 45 And gud knichtis he lufit ay,  
 And, gif that I the suth sall say,  
 He was fulfillit of all bounte,  
 And of all vertuis mad was he.  
 I will commend him her na mar,  
 30 Bot yhe sall wele her forthirmar  
 That he for his dedis worthy  
 Suld wele be prisit soveranly.

## LXXIX.

- Quhen the king thus was with him saucht  
 And gret lordschippis had him betaucht,  
 He vox sa wis and avise  
 That his land first wele stablist he,  
 5 And syn he sped him to the wer  
 Till help his eme in his affer.  
 With the consent of the gud king,  
 Bot with ane simpill apparaling,  
 Till Edinburgh he went in hy  
 10 With gud men into cumpany,  
 And set ane sege to the castele  
 That than was warnist wondir wele  
 With men and vittale at all richt  
 Sa that it dred na manis ficht.  
 15 Bot this gud erl nocht forthi  
 The sege tuk full apertly,

And pressit the folk that tharin was  
 Sa that nocht ane the yhat durst pas:  
 Tha may abid tharin and et  
 20 Vittale quhile tha ony may get,  
 Bot I trow tha sall lettit be  
 To purchas mar in the cuntre.

LXXX.

**T**hat tyme Eduard of Ingland king  
 Had gifin the castell in keping  
 To Schir Peris Lumbard ane Gascoun.  
 And, quhen tha of his warnisoun  
 5 Saw the sege set thar sa stithly,  
 Tha mistrowit him of tratoury  
 For that he spokin had with the king,  
 And for that ilk mistrowing  
 Tha tuk him and put in presoun,  
 10 And of thar awn nacioun  
 Tha mad ane constabill tham to led  
 Richt war and wis and wicht of ded,  
 And he set wit and strinth and slicht  
 To kep the castell at his micht.  
 15 Bot now of' tham I will be still,  
 And spek ane litill quhile I will  
 Of the douchty lord of Douglas  
 At that tyme in the Forest was,

- Quhar he mony ane juperdy  
 20 And far poyntis of chevelry  
 Prufit als wele be nicht as day  
 To tham that in the castellis lay  
 Of Roxburgh and Jedworth: bot I  
 Will lat fele of tham pas forby,  
 25 For I can nocht rehers tham all,  
 And, thouch I couth, trow wele yhe sall  
 That I micht nocht suffis tharto,  
 Sa mekill suld be thar ado:  
 Bot tha that I wat wittirly  
 30 Eftir my wit rehers sall I.

## LXXXI.

- This tym that the gud erl Thomas  
 Assegit, as the lettir sais,  
 Edinburgh, James of Douglas  
 Set all his wit for till purchas  
 5 How Roxburgh throu subtilite  
 Or ony craft micht wonnin be,  
 Quhill he gert Sym of the Ledous,  
 That was ane man richt craftyous,  
 Of hempin rapis ledderis ma  
 10 With treyn steppis bundin sa  
 That wald brek apon nakyn wis.  
 Ane cruk tha mad at thar devis

Of irn that was stith and squar,  
 That fra it in ane kyrnell war,  
 15 And the leddir tharfra stratly  
 Strekit, it suld stand sekirly.  
 This lord of Douglas than, alsone  
 As this devisit was and done,  
 Gaderit gud men in prevate,  
 20 Thre scor I trow that tha micht be,  
 And on the Fastryne-evin full richt  
 In the beginning of the nicht  
 To the castell tha tuk the way.  
 With blak froggis all helit tha  
 25 The armouris that tha on tham had.  
 Tha com nerby thar but abad,  
 And send haly thar hors tham fra,  
 And on range in ane rout can ga  
 On handis and fet, quhen tha war ner,  
 30 Richt as tha ky or oxin wer  
 That war unbandonit left tharout.  
 It was richt mirk withouten dout:  
 The quhethir ane on the wall that lay  
 Besid him till his fer can say,  
 35 'This man thinkis to mak gud cher,'  
 And nemmit ane husband tharby ner,  
 'That has left all his oxin out.'  
 The tothir said, 'That is na dout  
 He sall mak mery this nicht, thouch tha  
 40 Be with the Douglas led away.'  
 Tha wend the Douglas and his men  
 Had bene oxin, for tha yhed then

On handis and fet ay ane and ane.  
 The Douglas richt gud tent has tane  
 45 Till all thar spek: bot all sone tha  
 Held carpand inward on thar way.  
 The Douglas men tharof war blith,  
 And to the wall tha sped tham swith,  
 And sone has up thar leddir set  
 50 That mad ane clap quhen the cleket  
 Was festnit fast in the kyrnele.  
 That herd ane of the wachis wele,  
 And buskit thiddirward but bad,  
 Bot Ledous that the leddir mad  
 55 Sped him to clym first to the wall,  
 Bot, or he was up gottin all,  
 He that that ward had in keping  
 Met him richt at the upcuming,  
 And, for he thocht to ding him down,  
 60 He mad na noys, na cry, na soun,  
 Bot schot till him deliverly,  
 And he that was in juperdy  
 To de, ane lans till him he mad,  
 And gat him be the nek but bad,  
 65 And stekit him upward with ane knif  
 Quhill in his hand he lost the lif.  
 And, quhen he ded sa saw him ly,  
 Apon the wall he went in hy,  
 And doun the body kest tham till,  
 70 And said, 'All gangis as we will:  
 Sped yhou upward deliverly.'  
 And tha did sa in full gret hy:

Bot, or tha wan up, thar com ane  
 And saw Ledous stand him alane,  
 75 And knew he was nocht of thar men.  
 In hy he ruschit till him then,  
 And him assalit sturdely,  
 But he him slew deliverly,  
 For he was armit and was wicht,  
 80 The tothir nakit was I hicht,  
 And had nocht for to stint na strak.  
 Sic melle tharup can he mak  
 Quhill Douglas and his menylie all  
 War wonnin up apon the wall:  
 85 Than in the tour tha went in hy.  
 The folk that tym was halely  
 Intill the hall at thar dansing,  
 Singing, and othirwais playing,  
 As apon Fastrynevin it is  
 90 The custum to mak joy and blis  
 To folk that ar in savite.  
 Sa trowit tha that tym to be:  
 Bot, or tha wist, richt in the hall  
 Douglas and his men cumin war all,  
 95 And cryit on hicht 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
 And tha, that ma war then he was  
 Herd 'Douglas' cryit richt hidwisly,  
 Tha war abasit for the cry,  
 And schup richt na defens to ma,  
 100 And tha but pite can tham sla  
 Quhill tha had gottin the ovirhand:  
 The tothir fled to sek warand

That outour mesur ded can dred.  
 The wardane saw how that it yhed  
 105 That callit was Gilmyn de Fynis:  
 In the gret tour he gottin is  
 And othir of his cumpany,  
 And sparit the entre hastely:  
 The laf that levit war without  
 110 War tane or slane forouten dout,  
 Bot gif that ony lap the wall.  
 The Douglas held that nicht the hall,  
 Although his fais tharof war wa:  
 His men war gangand to and fra  
 115 Throuout the castell all that nicht  
 Quhill on the morn that day was licht.

## LXXXII.

The wardane that was in the tour,  
 That was ane man of gret valour,  
 Gilmyn de Fynis, quhen he saw  
 The castell tynt bath he and law,  
 5 He set his micht for till defend  
 The tour: bot tha without him send  
 Arowis in sa gret quantite  
 That anoyit tharof was he.  
 Bot quhill the tothir day nocht forthi  
 10 He held the tour full sturdely,

- And than at ane assalt he was  
Woundit sa felly in the fas  
That he was dredand of his lif:  
Tharfor he tretit tham belif,  
15 And yhald the tour on sic maner  
That he and all that with him wer  
Suld safly pas intill Ingland.  
Douglas held tham gud cunand,  
And convoyit tham to thar cuntre:  
20 Bot thar full schort tym livit he,  
For throu the wound intill his fas  
He deit sone and beryit was.  
Douglas the castell sesit all  
That than was closit with stalward wall,  
25 And send this Ledous till the king  
That mad him full gret rewarding,  
And his brothir in full gret hy,  
Schir Eduard that was sa douchty,  
He send thiddir to tummill down  
30 Bath tour and castell and dongeoun,  
And he com with gret cumpany,  
And gert travale sa besaly  
That tour and wall richt to the ground  
Was tumlit in ane litill stound,  
35 And duelt still thar quhill Tevydale  
Com to the kingis pes all hale,  
Outane Jedworth and othir that ner  
The Inglismenis boundis wer.



## LXXXIII.

When Roxburgh won was on this wis,  
 The erl Thomas, that he empris  
 Set ay apon soverane bounte,  
 At Edinburgh with his menyhe  
 5 Was lyand at the sege, as I  
 Tald yhou befor, all opinly.  
 Bot, fra he herd how Roxburgh was  
 Tane with ane trane, all his purchas  
 And wit and besynes, I hicht,  
 10 He set for to purchas sum slicht  
 How he micht help him throu body  
 Mellit with full he chevelry  
 To win the wall of the castele  
 Throu sumkyn slicht, for he wist wele  
 15 That na strinth micht it planly get  
 Quhill tha within had men and met.  
 Tharfor prevely sperit he  
 Gif ony man micht fundin be  
 That couth ony gud juperdy  
 20 To clym the wallis prevely,  
 And he suld haf his warisoun,  
 For it was his entencioun  
 To put him in all aventur  
 Or that that sege on him misfur.  
 25 Than was thar ane Wilyham Fransas,  
 Wicht and apert, wis and curtas,

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

That intill his youthed had bene  
 In the castell. Quhen he has sene  
 The erl sa enkirly him set  
 30 Sum sutelte or wile to get  
 Quharthrou the castell haf nicht he,  
 He com till him in prevate,  
 And said, 'Methink yhe wald blithly  
 That men fand yhou sum juperdy  
 35 How yhe nicht our the wallis win:  
 And certis, gif yhe will begin  
 For till assay on sic awis,  
 I undirtak for my servis  
 To ken yhou to clym the wall,  
 40 And I sall formast be of all,  
 Quhar with ane schort leddir may we,  
 I trow of tuelf fut it may be,  
 Clym to the wall up all quytly.  
 And, gif that yhe will wit how I  
 45 Wat this, I sall yhou lichtly say.  
 Quhen I was yhoung this hendir day,  
 My fadir was kepar of yhon hous,  
 And I was sumdele volageous,  
 And lufit ane wench her in the toun,  
 50 And, for I but suspicioun  
 Micht repar till her prevely,  
 Of rapis ane leddir to me mad I,  
 And with that our the wall I slad:  
 Ane strat rod that spyit I had  
 55 Intill the crag syn down I went,  
 And oftais com to myn entent,

And, quhen it ner drew to the day,  
 I held agane that ilke way  
 And ay com in but persaving.  
 60 I usit lang that traving,  
 Sa that I can that rod ga richt,  
 Thouch men se nevir, sa mirk the nicht:  
 And, gif yhou thinkis yhe will assay  
 To pas up eftir me that way,  
 65 Up to the wall I sall yhou bring  
 Gif God us kepis fra persaving  
 Of tham that wachis on the wall:  
 And, gif that us sa far may fall  
 That we our leddir up may set,  
 70 Gif a man on the wall may get,  
 He sall defend, gif it be ned,  
 Quhill the remanand up tham sped.  
 The erl was blith of his carping,  
 And hicht him full far rewarding,  
 75 And undirtuk that gat to ga,  
 And bad him sone his leddir ma  
 And hald him preve quhill tha micht  
 Set for thar purpos on ane nicht.

## LXXXIV.

Sone eftir was the leddir mad,  
 And than the erl but mar abad

- Purvait him a nicht prevely  
 With thretty men wicht and hardy,  
 5 And in ane nicht held thar way  
 That put tham in full hard assay  
 And in gret perill. Sekirly  
 I trow, micht tha haf sene clerly,  
 That gat had nocht bene undirtane  
 10 Thouch tha to let tham had nocht ane,  
 For the crag was he and hidous,  
 And the clyming richt peralous,  
 For, hapnit ony to slid or fall,  
 He suld be sone to-fruschit all.  
 15 The nicht was mirk, as I herd say,  
 And to the fut sone cumin ar tha  
 Of the crag that was he and schor:  
 Than Wilyham Fransas tham befor  
 Clam in the crykis forouth ay,  
 20 And at the bak him folowit tha:  
 With mekill pane, quhile to, quhile fra,  
 Tha clam intill the crykis sa  
 Quhill half the crag tha clummin had,  
 And thar ane plas tha fand sa brad  
 25 That tha micht sit on anerly,  
 And tha war ayndles and wery,  
 And thar abad thar aynd to ta.  
 And, richt as tha war sitand sa,  
 Abovin tham apon the wall  
 30 The chak wachis assemblit all:  
 Now help tham God that all thing may,  
 For in full gret perill ar tha,

- For, nicht tha se tham, thar suld nane  
 Eschap out of that plas unslane,  
 35 To ded with stanis tha suld tham ding  
 That tha nicht help thamselb nathing.  
 Bot wondir mirk was all the nicht  
 Sa that tha had of tham na sicht,  
 And nocht forthi yhet was thar ane  
 40 Of tham that swappit down ane stane,  
 And said, 'Away! I se yhou wele,'  
 The quethir he saw tham nocht adele.  
 Outour thar hedis flaw the stane,  
 And tha sat still lurkand ilkane.  
 45 The wachis, quhen tha herd nocht ster,  
 Fra that ward passit all sammyn wer,  
 And carpand held fer by thar way.  
 Erl Thomas than alsone, and tha  
 That on the crag thar sat him by,  
 50 Toward the wall clam hastely,  
 And thiddir com with mekill mane,  
 And nocht but gret perill and pane,  
 For fra thine up was grevouser  
 To clym up na beneth be fer.  
 55 Bot, quhatkyn pane that evir tha had  
 Richt to the wall tha com but bad  
 That had wele ner tuelf fut on hicht,  
 And forout persaving or sicht  
 Tha set thar leddir to the wall,  
 60 And syn Fransas befor tham all  
 Clam up, and syn Schir Andro Gray,  
 And syn the erl himself perfay

Was the thrid man the wall can ta.  
Quhen tha thar down thar lord sa  
65 Saw clym up agane the wall,  
As wod men tha clam eftir all:  
Bot, or up cumin all war tha,  
Tha that war wachis till assay  
Herd bath stering and ek speking,  
70 And alsua fraying of arming,  
And on tham schot full sturdely,  
And tha met tham richt hardely,  
And slew of tham dispitwisly.  
Than throu the castell ras the cry:  
75 'Tresoun! tresoun!' tha cryit fast:  
Than sum of tham war sa agast  
That tha fled and lap our the wall:  
Bot, to say suth, tha fled nocht all,  
For the constabill that was hardy  
80 All armit schot furth to the cry,  
And with him fele hardy and stout.  
Yhet was the erl with his rout  
Fichtand with tham apon the wall,  
Bot sone he tham discumfit all.  
85 Be that his men war cumin ilkane  
Up to the wall, and he has tane  
His way down to the castell sone:  
In gret perill he has him done,  
For thar war fer ma men tharin,  
90 And tha had bene of gud covyn,  
Then he: bot tha affrait war,  
And nocht forthi with wapnis bar

- The constabill and his cumpany  
 Met him and his richt hardely.  
 95 Thar men nicht se gret bargane ris,  
 For with wapnis on mony wis  
 Tha dang on othir at thar nicht,  
 Quhill suerdis that war far and bricht  
 War till the hiltis all bludy:  
 100 Than hidwisly begouth the cry,  
 For tha that fellit or stekit war  
 With gret noys can cry and rar.  
 The gud erl and his cumpany  
 Faucht in that ficht sa sturdely  
 105 That all thar fais ruschit war:  
 The constabill was slane richt thar,  
 And, fra he fell the remanand  
 Fled quhar tha best nicht to warand:  
 Tha durst nocht bid to mak debat.  
 110 The erl was handlit thar sa hat  
 That, had it nocht hapnit throu cas  
 That the constabill thar slane was,  
 He had bene in gret perill thar.  
 Bot than tha fled: thar was na mar  
 115 Bot ilk man for to saf his lif  
 And furth his dais for to drif,  
 And sum slad down outour the wall:  
 The erl has tane the castell all,  
 For than was nane durst him withstand.  
 120 I herd nevir quhar in ane land  
 Was castell tane sa hardely,  
 Outakin Tyre allanerly,

Quhen Alexander the conquerour  
That conquerit Babilonis tour  
125 Lap fra ane berfrois on the wall,  
Quhar he emang his fais all  
Defendit him full douchtely  
Quhill that his nobill chevelry  
With ledderis our the wallis yhed  
130 That nouthir left for ded na dred,  
For, fra tha wist wele that the king  
Was in the toun, thar was nathing  
Intill that tym that stint tham mocht,  
For all perill tha set at nocht.  
135 Tha clam the wallis, and Areste  
Com first to the gud king, quhar he  
Defendit him with all his micht,  
That than was set sa hard, I hicht,  
That he was fellit on a kne :  
140 He till his bak had set ane tre  
For dred tha suld behind assale.  
Areste than to the battale  
Sped him in all hy sturdely,  
And dang on tham sa douchtely  
145 That the king wele reskewit was,  
For his men into sindry plas  
Clam our the wall, and socht the king,  
And him reskewit with hard fichting,  
And wan the toun deliverly.  
150 Outane this taking anerly  
I herd nevir in na tym gane  
Castell that was sa stoutly tane.



And of this taking that I mene  
 Sanct Mergaret the gud haly quene  
 155 Wist in hir tym throu reveling  
 Of him that knawis and wat all thing:  
 Tharfor insted of prophesy  
 Scho left ane takning richt joly,  
 That is, that scho in hir chapell  
 160 Gert wele be portrait ane castell,  
 Ane leddir up to the wall standand,  
 And ane man tharapon clymand,  
 And wrat owth him, as ald men sais,  
 In Franch, GARDYS VOUS DE FRANSAIS.  
 165 And for this word scho gert writ sa  
 Men wend the Franchmen suld it ta:  
 Bot, for Fransas hattin was he  
 That sa clam up in prevate,  
 Scho wrat that as in prophesy,  
 170 And it fell eftirward suthly  
 Richt as scho said, for tane it was,  
 And Fransas led tham up that plas

## LXXXV.

On this wis Edinburgh was tane,  
 And tha that war tharin ilkane  
 War tane or slane, or lap the wall.  
 Thar gudis haf tha sesit all,

- 5 And socht the housis evirilkane.  
 Schir Peris Lumbard, that was tane  
 As I said er befor, tha fand  
 In presoun fetterit with boyis sitand :  
 Tha had him till the erl in hy,  
 10 And he gert lous him hastely :  
 Than he becom the kingis man.  
 Tha send word to the king richt than,  
 And tald how the castell was tane,  
 And he in hy is thiddir gane  
 15 With mony men in cumpany,  
 And gert myn down all halely  
 Bath tour and wall richt to the ground.  
 And syn our all the land can fond  
 Sesand the cuntre till his pes.  
 20 Of this ded that sa worthy wes  
 The erl was prisit gretunly :  
 The king, that saw him sa worthy,  
 Was blith and joyful our the laf,  
 And to mantem his stat him gaf  
 25 Rentis and landis far eneuch :  
 And he to sa gret worschip dreuch  
 That all spak of his gret bounte :  
 His fais gretly stonait he,  
 For he fled nevir throu fors of ficht.  
 30 Quhat sall I mar say of his nicht ?  
 His gret manhed and his bounte  
 Gerris him yhet renounit be.

LXXXVI.

In this tym, that thir juperdyis  
 On thir castellis that I devis  
 War eschevit sa hardely,  
 Schir Eduard the Brus the worthy  
 5 Had all Galloway and Nyddisdale  
 Won till his liking all hale,  
 And dungin doun the castellis all  
 Richt in the dik bath tour and wall.  
 He herd than say, and knew it wele,  
 10 That in Ruglyne was ane pele :  
 Thiddir he went with his menyhe  
 And wonnin it in schort tym has he.  
 Syn to Dundee he tuk the way  
 That than was haldin, as I herd say,  
 15 Agane the king : tharfor in hy  
 He set ane sege tharto stoutly,  
 And lay thar quhill it yholdin was.  
 To Strevilling syn the way he tais,  
 Quhar gud Schir Philip the Mowbra,  
 20 That was full douchty at assay,  
 Was wardane, and had in keping  
 That castell of the Inglis king :  
 Thartill ane sege he set stithly,  
 Tha bikkirrit oftsis sturdely,  
 25 Bot gret chevelry done was nane.  
 Schir Eduard fra the sege was tane

- Ane wele lang tym about it lay,  
 Fra the Lentryn, that is to say,  
 Quhill forouth the Sanct Johnis mes :  
 30 The Inglis folk that tharin wes  
 Begouth to fale the vittale than.  
 Than Schir Philip the douchty man  
 Tretit quhill tha consentit wer,  
 That, gif at Midsummer the nest yher  
 35 To cum it war nocht with battale  
 Reskewit, than withouten fale  
 He suld the castell yheld quytly :  
 That cunand band tha sekirly.  
 And, quhen this cunand thus was mad,  
 40 Schir Philip intill Inghland rad,  
 And tald the king all hale this tale,  
 How he ane tuelf-moneth all hale  
 Had, as it writin was in thar tale,  
 To reskew Strevilling with battale.  
 45 And, quhen he herd Schir Philip say  
 That Scottismen had set ane day  
 To ficht, and that sic spas he had  
 To purvay him, he was richt glad,  
 And said it was gret succudry  
 50 That set tham apon sic foly,  
 For he thocht to be or that day  
 Sa purvait and in sic aray  
 That thar suld nane strinth him withstand.  
 And, quhen the lordis of Inghland  
 55 Herd that this day was set planly,  
 Tha jugit it to gret foly,

And thocht till haf all thar liking  
 Gif men abad tham in fichting.  
 Bot oft falyheis the fulis thocht,  
 60 And wis menis etling cumis nocht  
 To sic end as tha wene alwais :  
 Ane litill stane oft, as men sais,  
 May ger weltir ane mekill wane :  
 Na manis nicht may stand agane  
 65 The gras of God that all thing steris :  
 He wat quhat till all thing efferis,  
 And disponis at his liking  
 Eftir his ordinans all thing.

## LXXXVII.

Quhen Schir Eduard, as I yhou say,  
 Had gifin sa outrageous ane day  
 To yheld or reskew Strevilling,  
 Richt sone he went ontill the king,  
 5 And tald quhat tretis he had mad  
 And quhat day he tham gifin had.  
 The king said, quhen he herd the day,  
 'That was unwisly done perfay :  
 I herd nevir quhar sa lang warning  
 10 Was gifin to sa mighty ane king  
 As is the king of Ingland,  
 For he has now intill his hand

Ingland, Irland, and Walis alsua,  
 And Aquitane yhet with all tha,  
 15 And of Scotland ane gret party  
 Duellis undir his senyhory,  
 And of tresour sa stuffit is he  
 That he may wageouris haf plente,  
 And we ar quhene agane sa fele.  
 20 God may richt wele our werdis dele,  
 Bot we ar set in juperdy  
 To tyn or win than hastily.  
 Schir Eduard said, 'Sa God me red!  
 Thouch he and all that he may led  
 25 Cum, we sall ficht all, war tha ma.'  
 Quhen the king herd his brothir sa  
 Spek to the battale sa hardely,  
 He prisit him in his hart gretly,  
 And said, 'Brothir, sen sa is gane  
 30 That this thing thus is undirtane,  
 Schap we us tharfor manfully,  
 And all that lufis us tendirly  
 And the fredom of this cuntre,  
 Purvay tham at that tym to be  
 35 Boun with all micht that evir tha may,  
 Sa, gif that our fais assay  
 To reskew Strevilling throu battale,  
 We of that purpos ger tham fale.'

LXXXVIII.

To this tha all assentit ar,  
 And bad thar men all mak tham yhar  
 For to be boun agane that day  
 On the best wis that evir tha may.  
 5 Than all that worthy war to ficht  
 Of Scotland set all hale thar micht  
 To purvay tham agane that day:  
 Wapnis and armouris purvait tha  
 And all that efferis to fichting.  
 10 And of Ingland the michty king  
 Purvait him in sa gret aray  
 That certis herd I nevir say  
 That Inglismen mar apparale  
 Mad then tha did than for battale.  
 15 And, quhen the tym was cumin ner,  
 He assemblit all his power,  
 And, but his awn chevelry  
 That was sa gret it was ferly,  
 He had of mony fer cuntre  
 20 With him gud men of gret bounte.  
 Of Frans ane worthy chevelry  
 He had intill his cumpany:  
 The erl of Hennaut als was thar  
 And with him men that worthy war:  
 25 Of Gascone and of Almanyhe,  
 Of Duche als and of Bretanyhe,

He had wicht men and wele farand  
 Armit clenly at fut and hand:  
 Of Ingland hale the chevelry  
 30 He had thar gaderit sa clenly  
 That he left nane micht wapnis weld  
 Or worthy war to ficht in feld:  
 Of Walis als with him had he  
 And of Irland ane gret menyhe:  
 35 Of Pouty, Aquitane, and Bayoun  
 He had full mony of gret renoun,  
 And of Scotland he had yhet then  
 Ane gret menyhe of worthy men.  
 Quhen all thir sammyn assemblit war,  
 40 He had of fichtaris with him thar  
 Ane hundreth thousand men and ma,  
 And fourty thousand war of tha  
 Armit on hors bath hed and hand,  
 And yhet of tha war thre thousand  
 45 With helit hors intill playn male  
 To mak the front of the battale.  
 And fifty thousand of archeris  
 He had forouten hobeleris,  
 And men on fut and small rangale  
 50 That yhemit harnas and vittale  
 He had sa fele it was ferly,  
 Of cartis als that yhed tham by  
 Sa fele that, but all tha that bar  
 Harnas, and als that chargit war  
 55 With palyheounis and veschall withall,  
 And apparale of chalmer and hall,



And wyn, and wax, schot and vittale,  
 Four scor was chargit with fewale.  
 Tha war sa fele quhar that tha rad,  
 60 And thar battalis war ek sa brad,  
 And sa gret roun held thar charre,  
 That men that mekill host nicht se  
 Ourtak the landis sa largely,  
 Men nicht se than, that had bene by,  
 65 Mony ane worthy man and wicht,  
 And mony ane armour gayly dicht,  
 And mony ane sturdy sterand sted  
 Arait into sa rich wed,  
 And mony helmis and haberschounis,  
 70 Scheldis, and speris with penounis,  
 And sa mony ane cumly knicht,  
 That semit wele that into ficht  
 Tha suld vencus the warld all hale :  
 Quhy suld I to lang mak my tale ?  
 75 To Berwik ar tha cumin ilkane,  
 And sum tharin has innis tane,  
 And sum lugit without the tounis  
 In tentis and in palyheounis.

LXXXIX.

And, quhen the king his host has sene  
 Sa gret, sa gud men, and sa clene,

He was richt joyfull in his thoct,  
 And wele presumit thar was nocht  
 5 In warld ane king micht him withstand :  
 Him thoct all wonnin till his hand,  
 And largely emang his men  
 The landis of Scotland delt he then.  
 Of othir menis thing full large was he,  
 10 And tha that war of his menyhe  
 Manasit the Scottismen hely  
 With gret wordis : bot nocht forthi,  
 Or tha cum all to thar entent,  
 Hollis in hale clath sall be rent.  
 15 The king throu consale of his men  
 His folk delt in battalis ten :  
 In ilkane war wele ten thousand  
 That thoct tha stalwardly suld stand  
 In the battale, and stoutly ficht,  
 20 And lef nocht for thar fais micht.  
 He set ledaris till ilk battale  
 That knawin war of gud governale,  
 And to renounit erlis twa,  
 Glousister and Herfurd war tha,  
 25 He gaf the vaward in leding,  
 With mony men at thar bidding  
 Ordanit intill full gret aray :  
 Tha war sa chevelrous that tha  
 Trowit, gif tha com to the ficht,  
 30 Thar suld na strinth withstand thar micht.  
 And the king, quhen his menyhe wer  
 Devisit into battalis ser,

- His awn battale ordanit he  
And quha suld at his bridill be.  
35 Schir Gylis de Argente he set  
Apon a half his renyhe to get,  
And of Vallanch Schir Amery  
On othir half that was worthy,  
For in thar soverane gret bounte  
40 Atour the laf affyit he.  
And, quhen the king apon this wis  
Had ordanit as I her devis  
His battalis and his stering,  
Arly he ras in ane morning  
45 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.  
Bath hillis and valais helit tha,  
And, as the battalis that war sa brad  
Departit our the feldis rad,  
The sone was bricht and schynand cler,  
50 And armis that new burnist wer  
Sa blenknit with the sonnis beme  
That all the land was in ane leme.  
Baneris richt farly flawmand,  
And pensalis to the wind wafand,  
55 Sa fele thar war of ser quentis  
That it war gret slicht to devis,  
And, suld I tell all thar affer,  
Thar contenans, and thar maner,  
Thouch I couth, I suld cummerit be.  
60 The king with all that gret menyhe  
Till Edinburgh he rad on richt:  
Tha war all out to fele to ficht

With few folk of ane simpill land :  
 Bot, quhar God helpis, quhat may withstand ?

XC.

The king Robert, quhen he herd say  
 That Inglismen in sic aray  
 And into sa gret quantite  
 Com in his land, in hy gert he  
 5 His men be summond generaly,  
 And tha com all full wilfully  
 To the Torwod, quhar that the king  
 Had ordanit to mak thar meting.  
 Schir Eduard the Brus the worthy  
 10 Com with ane full gret cumpany  
 Of gud men armit wele and dicht,  
 Hardy, and forsy for the ficht.  
 Walter Steward of Scotland syn,  
 That than was bot ane berdles hyn,  
 15 Com with ane rout of nobill men  
 That all be contenans micht ken.  
 The gud lord of Douglas alsua  
 Brocht with him men, I undirta,  
 That wele war usit in fichting :  
 20 Tha sall the les haf abasing  
 Gif tham betid in thrang to be,  
 And thar advantage sall titar se

For to stonay thar fais nicht  
 Then men that usis nocht to ficht.  
 25 The erl of Murref with his men  
 Arait wele com alsua then  
 Into gud covyn for to ficht,  
 In gret will to mantem thar richt :  
 With othir mony gud baroun,  
 30 And knichtis of full gret renoun,  
 Com with thar men full stalwardly.  
 Quhen tha assemblit halely,  
 Of fichtand men I trow tha war  
 Thretty thousand and sumdele mar,  
 35 Forouten cariage and pouerale  
 That yhemit harnas and vittale.  
 Our all the host than yhed the king,  
 And beheld to thar contening,  
 And saw tham of full far effer.  
 40 Of hardy contenans tha wer,  
 Be liklynes the mast cowart  
 Semit to do richt wele his part.  
 The king has sene all thar having,  
 That knew him wele into sic thing,  
 45 And saw tham all comonly  
 Of sekir contenans and hardy  
 Forout affray or abasing.  
 In his hart had he gret liking,  
 And thocht that men of sa gret will,  
 50 Gif tha wald set thar nicht thartill,  
 Suld be richt hard to win perfay,  
 And, as he met them in the way,

He welcumit tham with gladsum far,  
 Spekand gud wordis her and thar :  
 55 And tha, that thar lord sa mekly  
 Saw welcum tham, and sa hamly,  
 Joyfull tha war, and thocht that tha  
 Micht wele put tham intill assay  
 Of hard fichting in stalward stour  
 60 For till mantem wele his honour.

## XCI.

The worthy king, quhen he has sene  
 His host assemblit all bedene,  
 And saw tham wilfull to fulfill  
 His liking with gud hart and will,  
 5 And to mantem wele thar franchia,  
 He was rejosit on mony wis,  
 And callit all his consale preve,  
 And said tham, 'Lordingis, now yhe se  
 That Inglisemen with mekill micht  
 10 Has all disponit tham for the ficht,  
 For tha yhon castell wald reskew :  
 Tharfor is gud we ordane now  
 How we may let tham of thair purpos,  
 And sa to tham the wais clos  
 15 That tha pas nocht but gret letting.  
 We haf her with us at bidding

Wele thretty thousand men and ma :  
 Mak we four battalis of all tha,  
 And ordane us on sic maner  
 20 That, quhen our fais cumis ner,  
 We to the New Park hald our way,  
 For thar behufis tham nedwais ga,  
 Bot gif that tha beneth us ga  
 And our the marras pas, and sa  
 25 We sall be at advantage thar.  
 And methink that richt spedfull war  
 To gang on fut to this fichting  
 Armit bot into licht arming,  
 For, schup we us on hors to ficht,  
 30 Sen that our fais ar mar of nicht  
 And bettir horsit then ar we,  
 We suld into gret perill be :  
 And, gif we ficht on fut, perfay,  
 At advantage we sall be ay,  
 35 For in the park emang the treis  
 The horsmen alwais cummerit beis,  
 And the sikis alsua thar down  
 Sall put tham to confusioun.  
 All tha consentit till that saw,  
 40 And than intill ane litill thraw  
 Thar four battalis ordanit tha,  
 And till the erl Thomas perfay  
 Tha gaf the vaward in leding,  
 For in his nobill governing  
 45 And in his he chevelry  
 Tha had assouerans, trast trewly,

And for to mantem his baner  
 Lordis that of gret worschip wer  
 War assignit with thar menyhe  
 50 Intill his battale for to be.  
 The tothir battale was gifin to led  
 Till him that douchty was of ded  
 And prisit of gret chevelry:  
 That was Schir Eduard the worthy:  
 55 I trow he sall mantem him sa  
 That, howsaevir the gamyn ga,  
 His fais to plenyhe sall matir haf.  
 And syn the thrid battale tha gaf  
 To Walter Steward for to led,  
 60 And to Douglas douchty of ded:  
 Tha war cosynis in ner degre,  
 Tharfor till him betaucht was he,  
 For he was yyoung, and nocht forthi  
 I trow he sall sa manfully  
 65 Do his devour, and wirk sa wele  
 That him sall ned na mar yhemsele.  
 The ferd battale the nobill king  
 Tuk till himself in governing,  
 And had intill his cumpany  
 70 The men of Carrik all halely,  
 And of Argile, and of Kintyr,  
 And of the Ilis quharof was Syr  
 Angus of Ile and But, all tha:  
 He of the plane land had alsua  
 75 Of armit men ane mekill rout,  
 His battale stalward was and stout.



He said the rerward he wald ma,  
 And evin forouth him suld ga  
 The vaward, and on athir hand  
 80 The tothir battalis suld be gangand  
 Behind on sid ane litill spas,  
 And the king that behind tham was  
 Suld se quhar thar war mast mister,  
 And relef thar with his baner.

## XCH.

The king thus, that was wicht and wis  
 And richt worthy at all devis,  
 And hardy als atour all thing,  
 Ordanit his men for the fichting:  
 5 And on the morn, on Settirday,  
 The king herd his discourouris say  
 That Inglismen with mekill nicht  
 Had lyin at Edinburgh that nicht.  
 Tharfor withouten mar delay  
 10 He to the New Park held his way  
 With all that in his leding war,  
 And in the Park tham herbryit thar.  
 And in ane plane feld by the way  
 Quhar he thoct ned behufit away  
 15 The Inglismen, gif that tha wald  
 Throu the Park to the castell hald,

He gert men mony pottis ma  
 Of anc fut bred round, and all tha  
 War dep up till ane manis kne,  
 20 Sa thik that tha nicht liknit be  
 Till ane wax-cayme that beis mais.  
 Thus all that nicht travaland he was,  
 Sa that or day was he had mad  
 Tha pottis, and tham helit had  
 25 With stikis and with gyrs all grene  
 Sa that tha nicht nocht wele be sene.  
 On Sondag than in the morning  
 Wele sone eftir the sone rising  
 Tha herd the mes full reverently,  
 30 And mony schraf tham devoutly  
 That thocht to de in that melle  
 Or than to mak thar cuntre fre.  
 To God for thar richt prayit tha.  
 Thar dynit nane of tham that day,  
 35 For it the vigil was of Sanct Johne  
 Tha fastit bred and watir ilkone.  
 The king, quhen that the mes was done,  
 Went furth to se the pottis sone,  
 And at his liking saw tham mad:  
 40 On athir sid the way wele brad  
 It was pottit as I haf tald.  
 Gif that thar fais on hors will hald  
 Furth in that way, I trow tha sall  
 Nocht wele eschap forouten fall.  
 45 Throuout the host than gert he cry  
 That all suld arm tham hastely

And busk tham on thar best maner.  
 And, quhen tha assemblit wer,  
 He gert aray tham for the ficht,  
 50 And syn our all gert cry on hicht.  
 That quhatsaevir man that fand  
 His hart nocht sekir for to stand  
 To win all or de with honour  
 For to mantem that stalward stour,  
 55 That he betym suld tak his way,  
 And nane suld duell with him bot tha  
 That wald stand with him to the end  
 And tak the ure that God wald send.  
 Than all ansuerit with a cry,  
 60 And with a voce said generaly  
 That nane for dout of ded suld fale  
 Quhill discumfit war the battale.

## XCIII.

Quhen the gud king had herd his men  
 Sa hardely him ansuer then,  
 Sayand that nouthir ded na dred  
 To sic discomfort suld tham led  
 5 That tha suld eschew the fichting,  
 In hart he had gret rejosing,  
 For him thocht men of sic covyn,  
 Sa gud, sa hardy, and sa fyn,

- Suld wele in battale hald thar richt  
 10 Agane men of full mekill nicht.  
 Syn all the small folk and poucrals  
 He send with harnas and vittale  
 Intill the park wele fer him fra,  
 And fra the battale gert tham ga,  
 15 And, as he bad, tha went thar way.  
 Tuenty thousand wele ner war tha:  
 Thar way tha held till ane vale,  
 The king left with ane elene menyhe,  
 The quhethir tha war thretty thousand  
 20 I trow that stalwardly sall stand  
 And do thar devour as tha aw:  
 Tha stud than rangit all on raw,  
 Redy for to bid battale  
 Gif ony folk wald tham assale.  
 25 The king gert tham all buskit be,  
 For he wist into certante  
 That his fais all nicht lay  
 At the Fawkirk, and syn that tha  
 Held toward him the way all straucht  
 30 With mony men of mekill maucht.  
 Tharfor till his nevo bad he.  
 The erl of Murref, with his menyhe  
 Besid the kirk to kep the way  
 That na man pas that gat away  
 35 Forout debat to the castele:  
 And he said that himself suld wele  
 Kep the entre with his battale,  
 Gif that ony wald thar assale:

And syn his brothir Schir Eduard,  
 40 And yhoung Walter the gud Steward,  
 And the lord of Douglas alsua,  
 With thar menyhe gud tent suld ta  
 Quhilk of tham had of help mister,  
 And help with tham that with him wer.  
 45 The king send than James of Douglas,  
 And Schir Robert the Keth that was  
 Marschall of all the host of fe,  
 The Inglismentis com to se.  
 And tha lap on, and furth tha rad,  
 50 Wele horsit men with tham tha had,  
 And sone the gret host haf tha sene,  
 Quhar scheldis schynand war sa schene,  
 And basnetis wele burnist bricht  
 That gaf agane the sone gret licht:  
 55 Tha saw sa fele browdyn baneris,  
 Standartis, and pennounis apon speris,  
 And sa fele knichtis apon stedis  
 All flawamand intill thar wedis,  
 And sa fele battalis, and sa brad,  
 60 That tuk sa gret roum as tha rad  
 That the mast host and the stoutest  
 Of Cristindome, and ek the best,  
 Suld be abasit for to se  
 Thar fais into sic quantite  
 65 And sa arait for to ficht.  
 Quhen the discourouris has had sicht  
 Of thar fais as I yhou say,  
 Toward the king tha tuk the way

And tald him in gret prevate  
 70 The multitud and the beaute  
 Of thar fais that com sa brad  
 And of the gret micht that tha had.  
 Than the king bad tham tha suld ma  
 Na contenans that it war sa,  
 75 Bot bad tham into comoun say  
 That tha com intill evill aray,  
 And confort his men on that wis:  
 For oftsis of ane word may ris  
 Disconfort and tynsale withall,  
 80 And throu ane word als wele may fall  
 Confort may ris and hardyment  
 That gerris men cum to thar entent.  
 And on the samin wis it did her:  
 Thar confort and thar hardy cher  
 85 Confortit tham sa gretumly  
 That of thar host the lest hardy  
 Be contenans wald formast be  
 For to begin the gret melle.

## XCIV.

Apon this wis the nobill king  
 Gaf all his men reconforting  
 Throu hardy contenans and cher  
 That he mad on sa gud maner.

- 5   Tham thocht that na mischef nicht be  
      Sa gret, withthi tha nicht him se  
      Befor tham, that suld sa engref  
      That na his worschip suld tham relef:  
      His worschip tham confortit sa,  
 10   And contenans that he can ma,  
      That the mast coward was hardy.  
      On othir half full stalwardly  
      The Inglismen in sic aray  
      As yhe haf herd me forouth say  
 15   Com with thar battalis approchand,  
      The baneris to the wind wafand.  
      And, quhen tha cumin war sa ner  
      That bot twa mile betuix tham wer,  
      Tha chesit ane gud cumpany  
 20   Of men that wicht war and hardy  
      On far courseris armit at richt.  
      Thre banrentis of full mekill nicht  
      War capitaneis of all that rout:  
      The lord Cliffurd that was sa stout  
 25   Was of tham all soverane ledar:  
      Aucht hundreth armit I trow tha war:  
      Tha war all yhoung men and joly,  
      And yhamand till do chevelry:  
      The best of all the host war tha  
 30   Of contenans and of aray:  
      Tha war the farast cumpany  
      That men nicht find of sa mony:  
      To the castell tha thocht to far,  
      For, gif that tha nicht wele cum thar,

- 35 Tha thocht it suld reskewit be.  
 Furth on thar way held this menyhe,  
 And toward Strevilling tuk thar way :  
 The New Park all eschewit tha,  
 For tha wist wele the king was thar,  
 40 And beneth the Park can tha far  
 Quhill neth the kirk intill ane rout.  
 The erl Thomas that was sa stout,  
 Quhen he saw tham sa tak the plane,  
 In gret hy went he tham agane  
 45 With fif hundreth forouten ma,  
 Anoyit in his hart and wa  
 That tha sa fer war passit by,  
 For the king had said him rudly  
 That ane rose of his chaplet  
 50 Was faldin, for quhar he was set  
 To kep the way tha men war past.  
 Tharfor he hastit him sa fast  
 That cunin in schort tym was he  
 To the plane feld with his menyhe,  
 55 For he thocht that he suld amend  
 That he trespassit had or tha wend.  
 And, quhen the Inglismen him saw  
 Cum on forouten dred or aw  
 And tak sa hardely the plane,  
 60 In hy tha sped tham him agane,  
 And strak with spuris the stedis stith  
 That bar tham evin hard and swith.  
 And, quhen the erl saw that menyhe  
 Cum sa stoutly, till his said he,



- 65 ' Beis nocht abasit for thar schor,  
 Bot settis speris yhou befor,  
 And bak to bak set all yhour rout  
 And all the speris poyntis out:  
 Sagat defend us best may we,  
 70 Enveronit with tham gif we be.  
 And as he bad tham tha haf done,  
 And the tothir com on alsone:  
 Befor tham all thar com prikand  
 Ane knicht hardy of hart and hand,  
 75 And ane wele gret lord at ham,  
 Schir Wilyham Dencort was his nani,  
 And prikit on tham hardely,  
 And tha met him sa sturdely  
 That he and hors war born all doun  
 80 And slane richt thar forout ransoun.  
 With Inglismen gretly was he  
 Menit that day and his bounte:  
 The laf com on richt sturdely,  
 Bot nane of tham sa hardely  
 85 Ruschit emang tham as did he,  
 Bot with fer mar maturite  
 Tha assemblit all in ane rout  
 And enveronit tham all about.  
 Assalyheand tham on ilke sid.  
 90 And tha with speris woundis wid  
 Gaf till the hors that com tham ner,  
 And tha that ridand on tham wer  
 That doun war born losit the lifis,  
 And othir speris, dartis, and knifis,

- 95 And wapnis apon ser maner,  
 Kest emang tham that fichtand wer,  
 That tham defendit sa wittandly  
 That thar fais had gret ferly:  
 For sum wald schut out of thar rout,  
 100 And of tham that assalit about  
 Strik stedis and ber doun men.  
 The Inglismen sa rudly then  
 Kest emang tham suerdis and mas  
 That in middis of tham ane montane was  
 105 Of wapnis that war warpit thar.  
 The erl and his thus fichtand war  
 At gret mischef, as I yhou say,  
 For quhenar be full fer war tha  
 Then thar fais, and all about  
 110 Enveronit war, quhar mony rout  
 War raucht, and full dispitfully  
 Thar fais demanit tham richt stratly.  
 On athir half tha war sa stad  
 For the richt gret het that tha had  
 115 Of fichting and of sonnis het  
 That all thar flesch of swat was wet;  
 And sic ane stew ras owth tham then  
 Of aynding bath of hors and men  
 And of powdir, and sic mirknes  
 120 Intill the ayr abouin tham wes  
 That it was wondir for to se.  
 Tha war in gret perplexite:  
 Bot with gret travale nocht forthi  
 Tha tham defendit manfully,

- 125 And set bath will and strinth and nicht  
 To rusch thar fais in that ficht  
 That than demanit tham angirly :  
 Bot gif God help tham hastely,  
 Tha sall thar fill haf of fichting.
- 130 Bot, quhen the nobill renounit king  
 With othir lordis that war him by  
 Saw how the erl abandonly  
 Tuk the plane feld, James of Douglas  
 Com to the king richt quhar he was,
- 135 And said, 'A schir! Sanct Mary!  
 The erl of Murref all opinly  
 Takis the plane feld with his menyhe :  
 He is in perill bot gif he be  
 Sone helpit, for his fais ar ma
- 140 Then he, and horsit wele alsua :  
 And with yhour lef I will me sped  
 Till help him for that he has ned :  
 All enveronit with fais is he.'  
 The king said, 'Sa our Lord me se,
- 145 A fut to him thou sall nocht ga,  
 Gif he wele dois, lat him wele ta ;  
 Quhethir him evir hapin to win or los,  
 I will nocht for him brek purpos.'  
 'Certis,' he said, 'I will na wis
- 150 Se that his fais him suppris,  
 Quhen that I may set help thartill :  
 With yhour lef sekirly I will  
 Help him or de intill the pane.'  
 'Do than, and sped the sone agane,'

- 155 The king said, and he held his way.  
 Gif he may cum in tym, perfay,  
 I trow he sall him help sa wele  
 That of his fais sum sall it fele.

## XCV.

- Now Douglas furth his way he tais,  
 And in that self tym fell throu cas  
 That the king of Inland, quhen he  
 Was cumin with his gret menyhe  
 5 Ner to the plas, as I said ar,  
 Quhar Scottis men arait war,  
 He gert arest all his battale  
 At othir als to tak consale,  
 Quhethir tha wald tham herbry that nicht  
 10 Or than but mar ga till the ficht.  
 The vaward, that wist nakyn thing  
 Of this arest na thar duelling,  
 Rad to the Park all straucht thar way  
 Forout stinting in gud aray.  
 15 And, quhen the king wist that tha wer  
 In hale battale cumand sa ner,  
 His battale gert he wele aray.  
 He rad apon ane gay palfray  
 Litill and joly, arayand  
 20 His battale, with ane ax in hand:

And on his basnet he he bar  
Ane hat of quyrbolle ay quhar,  
And tharapon intill takning  
Ane he croun that he was ane king.  
25 And, quhen Glousister and Herfurd wer  
With thar battale approchand ner,  
Befor tham all thar com ridand  
With helm on hed and sper in hand  
Schir Henry of Bounce the worthy,  
30 That was ane gud knicht and ane hardy  
And to the erl of Herfurd cosyn,  
Armit in armis gud and fyn  
Com on ane sted ane bowschot ner  
Befor all othir that thar wer,  
35 And knew the king for that he saw  
Him sa aray his men on raw,  
And by the croun that was set  
Abouin his hed on the basnet,  
And toward him he went in hy.  
40 And, quhen the king sa apertly  
Saw him cum forouth all his feris,  
In hy till him the hors he steris.  
And, quhen Schir Henry saw the king  
Cum on forouten abasing,  
45 Till him he rad in full gret hy:  
He thocht that he suld wele lichtly  
Win him and haf him at his will,  
Sen he him horsit saw sa ill.  
Than sprent tha sammyn intill ane ling:  
50 Schir Henry missit the nobill king,

- And he, that in his sterapis stud,  
 With the ax that was hard and gud  
 With sa gret mane raucht him ane dint,  
 That nouthir hat na helm nicht stint  
 55 The hevy dusch that he him gaf,  
 That he the hed till harnis claf.  
 The handax schaft fruschit in twa,  
 And he doun till the erd can ga  
 All flatlingis, for him falyheit nicht.  
 60 This was the first strak of the ficht  
 That was performist douchtely:  
 And, quhen the kingis men sa stoutly  
 Saw him richt at the first meting  
 Forouten dout or abasing  
 65 Haf slane ane knicht sa at a strak,  
 Sic hardyment than can tha tak  
 That tha com on richt hardely.  
 Quhen Inglismen saw tham stoutly  
 Cum on, tha had gret abasing,  
 70 And specialy for that the king  
 Sa smertly that gud knicht had slane,  
 That tha withdrew tham evirilkane  
 And durst nocht than abid to ficht,  
 Sa dred tha for the kingis nicht.  
 75 And, quhen the kingis men tham saw  
 Sa in hale battale tham withdraw,  
 Ane gret schot till tham can tha mak,  
 And tha in hy tuk all the bak,  
 And tha that folowit tham has slane  
 80 Sum of tham that tha haf ourtane:

Bot tha war few, for, suth to say,  
 Thar hors fet had ner all away.  
 Bot, howsa quhene deit thar,  
 Rebutit foulely tha war,  
 85 And rad thar gat with wele mar scham  
 Be full fer than tha com fra ham.

## XCVI.

Quhen that the king reparit was  
 That gert his men lef all the chas,  
 The lordis of his cumpany  
 Blamit him as tha durst gretly  
 5 That he put him in aventur  
 To met sa stith ane knicht and stur  
 In sic poynt as he than was sene,  
 For tha said wele it micht haf bene  
 Caus of thar tynsale evirilkane.  
 10 The king tham ansuer mad he nane,  
 Bot menit his handax schaft sa  
 Was with the strak brokin in twa.  
 The erl Thomas was yhet fichtand  
 With fais apon athir hand,  
 15 And slew of tham ane quantite:  
 Bot wery war his men and he,  
 The quhethir with wapnis sturdely  
 Tha tham defendit manfully

Quhill that the lord Douglas com ner  
 20 That sped him apon gret maner.  
 The Inglismen that war fichtand,  
 Quhen tha the Douglas saw nerhand,  
 Tha wandist and mad ane opning:  
 Schir James Douglas be thar reling  
 25 Knew that tha war discumfit ner:  
 Than bad he tham that with him wer  
 Stand still and pres na forthirmar,  
 'For tha that yhondir fichtand ar,'  
 He said, 'ar of sa gret bounte  
 30 That thar fais wele sone sall be  
 Discumfit throu thar awn nicht,  
 Thouch na man help tham for to ficht:  
 And, cum we now intill fighting  
 Quhen tha ar at discumfiting,  
 35 Men suld say we tham ruschit had,  
 And sa suld tha that caus has mad  
 With gret travale and hard fighting  
 Los ane part of thar lowing:  
 And it war sin to les his pris  
 40 That of sa soverane bounte is,  
 And he throu plane and hard fighting  
 Has her eschevit unlikly thing;  
 He sall haf that he wonnin has.'  
 The erl with tham that fichtand was,  
 45 Quhen he his fais saw brawland sa,  
 In hy apon tham can he ga  
 And pressit tham sa wondir fast  
 With hard strakis, quhill at the last



Tha fled that durst abid na mar:  
 50 Bath men and hors slane left tha thar,  
 And held thar way in full gret hy,  
 Nocht all togidder, bot sindrely,  
 And tha that war ourtane war slane,  
 The laf went till thar host agane  
 55 Of thar tynsale sary and wa.  
 The erl that had him holpin sa  
 And his men als that war wery  
 Hynt of thar basnetis intill hy  
 Till awent them, for tha war hat,  
 60 Tha war all helit into swat.  
 Tham semit men, forsuth I hicht,  
 That had fandit thar fais in ficht:  
 And sa tha did full douchtely.  
 Tha fand of all thar cumpany  
 65 That thar was bot ane yheman slane:  
 Than lowit tha God, and was full fane,  
 And blith was tha eschapit sa.  
 Toward the king than can tha ga,  
 And till him wele sone cumin ar:  
 70 He askit tham of thar welefar,  
 And gladsum cher to tham he mad  
 For tha sa wele than born tham had.  
 Than all ran into gret dante  
 The erl of Murref for to se:  
 75 For his he worschip and valour  
 All yharnit till do him honour:  
 Sa fast tha ran to se him thar  
 That ner all sammyn assemblit war.

And quhen the gud king can tham se  
 80 Befor him sa assemblit be,  
 Blith and glad that thar fais wer  
 Rebutit apon sic maner,  
 Ane litill quhile he held him still,  
 Syn on this wis he said tham till;

## XCVII.

‘**L**ordingis,’ he said, ‘we aucht to luf  
 Almichty God that sittis abuf,  
 That sendis us sa far beginning.  
 It is ane gret disconforting  
 5 Till our fais that on this wis  
 Sa sone has bene rebutit twis:  
 For, quhen tha of thar host sall her,  
 And knaw suthly on quhat maner  
 Thar avaward that was sa stout,  
 10 And syn yhon othir joly rout  
 That I trow of the best men war  
 That tha micht get emang tham thar.  
 War rebutit sa sudanly,  
 I trow and knawis it all clerly  
 15 That mony ane hart sall waverand be  
 That semit er of gret bounte:  
 And fra the hart be discumfit  
 The body is nocht worth ane myt:

Tharfor I trow that gud ending  
 20 Sall folow till our beginning.  
 The quethir I say nocht this yhou till  
 For that yhe suld folow my will  
 To ficht, bot in yhou all sall be:  
 For, gif yhou thinkis spedfull that we  
 25 Ficht, we sall ficht; and, gif yhe will,  
 We lef yhour liking to fulfill.  
 I sall consent on alkyn wis  
 To do richt as yhe will devis:  
 Tharfor sais on yhour will planly.'  
 30 Than with a voce all can tha cry,  
 'Gud king, forouten mar delay  
 Tomorn als sone as yhe se day  
 Ordane yhou hale for the battale:  
 For dout of ded we sall nocht fale,  
 35 Na nane pane sall refusit be  
 Quhill we haf mad our cuntre fre.'

## XCVIII.

Quhen the king herd tham sa manly  
 Spek to the ficht, and hardely,  
 In hart gret gladschip can he ta,  
 And said, 'Lordingis, sen yhe will sa,  
 5 Schap we us tharfor in the morning,  
 Sa that we be the sone rising

Haf herd mes, and he buskit wele  
 Ilk man intill his awn eschele,  
 Without the palyheounis wele arait  
 10 In battale with baneris displait.  
 And luk yhe na wis brek aray,  
 And, as yhe luf me, I yhou pray  
 That ilk man for his awn honour  
 Purvay him ane gud baneour,  
 15 And, quhen it cumis till the ficht,  
 Ilk man set his hart, will, and micht,  
 To stint our fais mekill of prid.  
 On hors tha will arait rid,  
 And cum on yhou in full gret hy:  
 20 Met tham with speris hardely,  
 And wreck on tham the mekill ill  
 That tha and tharis has done us till  
 And ar in will yhet for to do,  
 Gif tha haf micht to cum tharto.  
 25 And certis methink wele that we  
 Forout abasing aucht to be  
 Worthy and of gret vassalagis,  
 For we haf thre gret avantagis.  
 The first is, that we haf the richt,  
 30 And for the richt ay God will ficht.  
 The tothir is, tha ar cumin her  
 For lipning in thar gret power  
 To sek us in our awn land,  
 And has brocht her richt till our hand  
 35 Riches intill sa gret plente  
 That the pouerast of yhou sall be

Bath rich and mighty tharwithall,  
 Gif that we win, as wele may fall.  
 The thrid is, that we for our lifes,  
 40 And for our childir, and for our wifes,  
 And for the fredom of our land,  
 Ar strenyeit in battale for to stand;  
 And tha for thar nicht anerly,  
 And for tha let of us lichtly,  
 45 And for tha wald distroy us all,  
 Mais tham to ficht. Bot yhet may fall  
 That tha sall rew thar barganing:  
 And certis I warn yhou of a thing,  
 That, hapin tham, as God forbed,  
 50 To find faltis intill our ded  
 Sa that tha win us opinly,  
 Tha sall haf of us na mersy.  
 And, sen we knaw thar feloun will,  
 Methink it suld accord to skill  
 55 To set stoutnes agane felony  
 And mak sagat ane juperdy.  
 Quharfor I yhou requer and pray,  
 That with all micht that evir yhe may  
 Yhe pres yhou at the beginning  
 60 But cowardis or abasing  
 To met tham that first sall assemill  
 Sa stoutly that the henmast trimmill,  
 And menis on yhour gret manhed,  
 Yhour worschip, and yhour douchty ded,  
 65 And on the joy that we abid  
 Gif that us fall, as wele may tid,

Hap to vencus the gret battale.  
 Intill yhour handis forouten fale  
 Yhe ber honour, pris, and riches,  
 70 Freedom, welth, and gret blithnes,  
 Gif yhe contene yhou manfully:  
 And the contrar all halely  
 Sall fall, gif yhe lat cowardis  
 And wikkites yhour hartis surpris.  
 75 Yhe nicht haf livit into thrildom,  
 Bot, for yhe yharnit till haf freedom,  
 Yhe ar assemblit her with me:  
 Tharfor is nedfull that yhe be  
 Worthy and wicht but abasing.  
 80 I warn yhou wele yhet of a thing,  
 That mar mischef may fall us nane  
 Than in thar handis to be tane,  
 For tha suld sla us, I wat wele,  
 Richt as tha did my brothir Nele.  
 85 Bot, quhen I mene on yhour stoutnes,  
 And on the mony gret prowes  
 That yhe haf done sa worthely,  
 I trast and trowis sekirly  
 Till haf plane victor in this ficht:  
 90 For, thouch our fais haf mekill nicht.  
 Tha haf the wrang; and succudry  
 And covatis of senyhory  
 Amovis tham forouten mor;  
 Na us thar dred tham bot befor.  
 95 For strinth of this plas, as yhe se.  
 Sall let us environit to be.

And I pray yhou als specialy  
 Bath mar and les all comonly,  
 That nane of yhou for gredynes  
 100 Haf e to tak of thar riches,  
 Na presoneris yhet for to ta,  
 Quhill yhe se tham cummerit sa  
 That the feld planly ouris be,  
 And than at yhour liking may yhe  
 105 Tak all the riches that thar is.  
 Gif yhe will wirk apon this wis,  
 Yhe sall haf victor sekirly:  
 I wat nocht quhat mar say sall I:  
 Yhe wat wele all quhat honour is:  
 110 Contene yhou tharfor on sic wis  
 That yhour honour ay savit be:  
 And I hicht her in my lawte,  
 Gif ony deis in this battale,  
 His ar, but ward, relef, or tale,  
 115 On the first day his land sall weld,  
 All be he nevir sa yhoung of eld.  
 Now mak yhou redy till the ficht:  
 God help us that is mast of micht!  
 I red armit all nicht yhe be,  
 120 Purvait in battale, sa that we  
 To met our fais be redy boun.'  
 Than ansuerd tha all with a soun,  
 'As yhe devis, sa sall be done.'  
 Than till thar innis went tha sone  
 125 And ordanit tham for the fichting,  
 Syn assemblit in the evinning,

And sagat all the nicht bad tha  
 Quhill on the morn that it was day.

## XCIX.

Quhen the Cliffurd, as I said ar,  
 And all his rout rebutit war,  
 And thar gret avaward alsua  
 War distrenyheit the bak to ta;  
 5 And tha had tald thar rebuting,  
 Tha of the vaward, how the king  
 Slew at a strak sa apertly  
 The best knight of thar chevelry,  
 And how all hale the kingis battale  
 10 Schup tham richt stoutly till assale  
 And Schir Eduard the Brus alsua,  
 Quhen tha all hale the bak can ta,  
 And how tha lesit of thar men;  
 And Cliffurd had tald alsua then  
 15 How Thomas Randol tuk the plane  
 With few folk, and how he has slane  
 Schir Wilyham Dencort the worthy,  
 And how the erl faucht manfully,  
 That as ane hyrcheoun all his rout  
 20 Gert set out speris tham about,  
 And how that tha war put agane  
 And part of thar gud men was slane;



The Inglismen sic abasing  
 Tuk, and sic dred of that tithing,  
 25 That in fif hundreth plas and ma  
 Men nicht tham sammyn se rownand ga,  
 Sayand, 'Our lordis for thar gret nicht  
 Will allgat ficht agane the richt:  
 Bot quhasa warrais wrangwisly,  
 30 Tha fand God all to gretumly,  
 And tha may hapin to misfall,  
 And sa may tid that her we sall.'  
 And, quhen thar lordis had persaving  
 Of the discomfort and rowning  
 35 That tha held sammyn twa and twa,  
 Throuout the host than gert tha ga  
 Heraldis to mak ane crye  
 That nane discomfort suld be,  
 For in punyheis is oft hapnyn  
 40 Quhile for to win, and quhile to tyn,  
 And that intill the gret battale,  
 That apon na maner may fale  
 Bot gif the Scotts fle away,  
 Sall all amendit be perfay.  
 45 Tharfor tha monist tham to be  
 Of gret worschip and of bounte,  
 And stoutly in the battale stand  
 And tak amendis at thar awn hand.  
 Tha may wele monis as tha will,  
 50 And tha may als hicht to fulfill  
 With stalward strakis thar biddingis all:  
 Bot nocht forthi I trow tha sall

Intill thar hartis dredand be.  
 The king with his consale preve  
 55 Has tane to red that he wald nocht  
 Ficht or the morn, bot he war socht:  
 Tharfor tha herbryit tham that nicht  
 Doun in the Kers, and gert all dicht  
 And mak redy thar apparale  
 60 Agane the morn for the battale.  
 For in the Kers pulis thar war,  
 Housis and thak tha brak and bar  
 To mak briggis quhar tha nicht pas:  
 And sum sais yhet the folk that was  
 65 In the castell, quhen nicht can fall,  
 For that tha knew thar mischef all,  
 Tha went furth ner all that tha war  
 And duris and windowis with tham bar.  
 Sa that tha had before the day  
 70 Briggit the pulis, sa that tha  
 War passit our evirilkane,  
 And the hard feld on hors has tane  
 All redy for to gif battale  
 Arait intill thar apparale.

C.

**T**he Scottismen, quhen it was day.  
 Thar mes devoutly herd tha say,

Syn tuk ane sop and mad tham yhar :  
And, quhen tha all assemblit war  
5 And in thar battalis all purvait  
With thar brad baneris all displait,  
Tha mad knichtis as it efferis  
To men that usis tha misteris.  
The king mad Walter Steward knicht,  
10 And James of Douglas that was wicht,  
And othir als of gret bounte  
He mad ilkane in thar degre.  
Quhen this was done that I yhou say,  
Tha went all furth in gud aray  
15 And tuk the plane full apertly.  
Mony gud man wicht and hardy  
That war fulfillit of gret bounte  
Intill tha routis men nicht se.  
The Inglismen on othir party,  
20 That richt as angelis schane brichtly,  
War nocht arait on sic maner,  
For all thar battalis sammyn wer  
In a schiltrum. Bot, quethir it was  
Throu the gret stratnes of the plas  
25 That tha war in to bid fichting,  
Or that it was for abasing,  
I wat nocht, bot in a schiltrum  
It semit tha war all and sum,  
Outane the vaward anerly  
30 That with ane richt gret cumpany  
Be thamselvin arait war  
And till the battale mad tham yhar.

- That folk ourtuk ane mekill feld  
 On bred, quhar mony ane schynand scheld,  
 35 And mony ane burnist bricht armour,  
 And mony ane man of gret valour,  
 And mony ane baner bricht and schene,  
 Micht in that gret schiltrum be sene.  
 And, quhen the king of Ingland  
 40 Saw Scottismen sa tak on hand  
 To tak the hard feld sa planly  
 And apon fut, he had ferly,  
 And said, 'Quhat! will yhon Scottis ficht?'  
 'Yha sekirly, schir,' said ane knight.  
 45 Schir Ingeram Umphravill hat he,  
 And said, 'Forsuth, schir, now I se  
 All the mast ferlyfull sicht  
 That evir I saw, quhen for to ficht  
 The Scottismen has tane on hand  
 50 Agane the gret micht of Ingland  
 In plane hard feld to gif battale:  
 Bot, and yhe will trow my consale,  
 Yhe sall discumfit tham lichtly.  
 Withdrawis yhou hine sudanly  
 55 With battalis, baneris, and pennounis,  
 Quhill that we pas our palyheounis,  
 And yhe sall se alsone that tha  
 Magre thar lordis sall brek aray  
 And scale tham our harnas to ta:  
 60 And, quhen we se tham scalit sa,  
 Prik we than on tham hardely,  
 And we sall haf tham wele lichtly,

- For than sall nane be knit to ficht  
 That may withstand our mekill nicht.'
- 65 'I will nocht,' said the king, 'perfay  
 Do sa, for thar sall na man say  
 That I suld eschew the battale  
 Na withdraw me for sic rangale.'  
 Quhen this was said that er said I,
- 70 The Scottismen all full devoutly  
 Tha knelit doun to God to pray,  
 And ane schort prayer thar mad tha  
 To God till help tham in that ficht.  
 And, quhen the Inglis king had sicht
- 75 Of tham kneland, he said in hy,  
 'Yhon folk knelis till ask mersy.'  
 Schir Ingeram said, 'Yhe say suth now;  
 Tha ask mersy, bot nocht at yhou;  
 For thar trespas to God tha cry.
- 80 I tell yhou a thing sekirly,  
 That yhon men will win all or de,  
 For dout of ded tha sall nocht fle.'  
 'Now be it sa,' than said the king,  
 'We sall it se.' But delaying
- 85 He gert trump till the assemble.  
 On athir sid than men nicht se  
 Full mony wicht man and worthy  
 All redy till do chevelry.

## CL.

**T**hus war tha boun on athir sid;  
 And Inglismen with mekill prid,  
 That war intill thar avaward,  
 Till the battale that Schir Eduard  
 5 Governit and led held straucht thar way.  
 The hors with spuris hardnit tha  
 And prikit apon tham sturdely,  
 And tha met tham richt hardely,  
 Sa that at the assemble thar  
 10 Sic ane frusching of speris war  
 That fer away men nicht it her.  
 At thar meting forouten wer  
 War stedis stekit mony ane,  
 Mony gud man born doun and slane,  
 15 And mony ane hardyment douchtely  
 Was thar eschevit: full hardely  
 Tha dang on othir with wapnis ser:  
 Sum of the hors that stekit wer  
 Ruschit and relit richt rudly.  
 20 Bot the remanand nocht forthi  
 That nicht cum till the assembling  
 For that let mad richt na stinting,  
 Bot assemblit full hardely,  
 And tha met tham full sturdely  
 25 With speris that war scharp to scher  
 And axis that wele grundin wer,

Quharwith was raucht mony ane rout.  
 The ficht was thar sa fell and stout  
 That mony worthy man and wicht  
 30 Throu fors was fellit in that ficht  
 That had na micht to ris agane.  
 The Scottismen fast can tham pane  
 Thar fais mekill micht to rus:  
 I trow tha sall na pane refus  
 35 Na perill quhill thar fais be  
 Set intill hard perplexite.

## CII.

And, quhen the erl of Murref sa  
 Thar avaward saw stoutly ga  
 The way to Schir Eduard all straucht,  
 That met tham with full mekill maucht,  
 5 He held his way with his baner  
 To the gret rout quhar sammyn wer  
 The nyn battalis that war sa brad,  
 That sa fele baneris with tham had  
 And of men sa gret quantite  
 10 That it war wondir for to se.  
 The gud erl thiddir tuk the way  
 With his battale in gud aray,  
 And assemblit sa hardely  
 Quhill men micht her that had bene by

- 15 Ane gret frusch of the speris that brast,  
 For thar fais assalyheit fast  
 That on stedis with mekill prid  
 Com prikand as tha wald ourrid  
 The erl and all his cumpany.  
 20 Bot tha met tham sa sturdely  
 That mony of tham till erd tha bar,  
 And mony ane sted was stekit thar,  
 And mony gud man fellit undir fet  
 That had na power to ris up yhet.  
 25 Thar men nicht se ane hard battale,  
 And sum defend, and sum assale,  
 And mony ane riall rimmill rid  
 Be raucht thar apon athir sid,  
 Quhill throu the birneis brast the blud  
 30 That till the erd down stremand yhud.  
 The erl of Murref and his men  
 Sa stoutly tham contenit then  
 That tha wan plas ay mar and mar  
 On thar fais, the quhethir tha war  
 35 Ay ten for ane, or ma perfay,  
 Sa that it semit wele that tha  
 War tynt emang sa gret menyhe  
 As tha war plungit in the se.  
 And, quhen the Inglismen has sene  
 40 The erl and all his men bedene  
 Ficht sa stoutly but affraying  
 Richt as tha had nane abasing,  
 Tha pressit tham with all thar nicht;  
 And tha with speris and suerdis bricht



45 And axis that richt scharply schar,  
 In mid the visage met tham thar.  
 Thar men nicht se ane stalward stour,  
 And mony men of gret valour  
 With speris, masis, and with knifis,  
 50 And othir wapnis wissill lifis,  
 Sa that mony fell down all ded:  
 The gyrs wox with the blud all red.  
 The erl that wicht was and worthy  
 And his men faucht sa manfully,  
 55 That, quhasa had sene tham that day,  
 I trow forsuth that tha suld say  
 That tha suld do thar devour wele  
 Sa that thar fais suld it fele.

## CIII.

Quhen that thir twa first battalis wer  
 Assemblit, as I said yhou er,  
 The Steward Walter that than was  
 And the gud lord als of Douglas  
 5 In a battale, quhen that tha saw  
 The erl forouten dred or aw  
 Assemmill with his cumpany  
 On all that folk sa sturdely,  
 For till help him tha held thar way  
 10 With thar battale in gud aray,

And assemblit sa hardely  
 Besid the erl ane litill by,  
 That thar fais feld thar cuming wele,  
 For with wapnis stalward of stele  
 15 Tha dang on tham with all thar nicht.  
 Thar fais resavit tham wele, I hicht,  
 With suerdis, speris, and with mas;  
 The battale thar sa feloun was,  
 And sa richt gret spilling of blud,  
 20 That on the erd the flussis stud;  
 The Scottismen sa wele tham bar,  
 And sa gret slauchtir mad tha thar,  
 And fra sa fele the lifis revit,  
 That all the feld was bludy levit.  
 25 That tym thir thre battalis wer  
 All sid be sid fichtand wele ner,  
 Thar nicht men her richt mony dint  
 And wapnis apon armour stint,  
 And se tummill knichtis and stedis,  
 30 With mony rich and riall wedis  
 Defoulit rudly undir fet;  
 Sum held on loft, sum tynt the suet.  
 Ane lang quhile thus fichtand tha wer  
 That men na noys na cry nicht her;  
 35 Men herd nocht els bot granis, and dintis  
 That slew fyr as men dois on flintis;  
 Sa faucht tha ilkane egirly  
 That tha mad nouthir noys na cry,  
 Bot dang on othir at thar nicht  
 40 With wapnis that war burnist bricht.

- The arowis als sa thik tha flaw,  
 That tha micht se wele that tham saw  
 That tha ane hidwis schour can ma,  
 For quhar tha fell, I undirta,  
 45 Tha left eftir tham takinning  
 That sall ned, as I trow, leching.  
 The Inglis archaris schot sa fast  
 That, micht thar schot haf ony last,  
 It had bene hard to Scottismen :  
 50 Bot King Robert, that wele can ken  
 That the archaris war peralous,  
 And thar schot hard and richt grevous  
 Ordanit forouth the assemble  
 His marschall with ane gret menyhe,  
 55 Fif hundreth armit wele in stele  
 That on licht hors war horsit wele,  
 For to prik emang the archeris,  
 And sa assalyhe tham with speris  
 That tha na laser haf to schut.  
 60 This marschall that I of mut,  
 That Schir Robert of Keth was cald  
 As I befor haf till yhou tald,  
 Quhen that he saw the battalis sa  
 Assemmill and togidder ga,  
 65 And saw the archaris schut stoutly,  
 With all tham of his cumpany  
 In hy apon tham can he rid,  
 And ourtuk tham at a sid,  
 And ruschit emang tham sa rudly,  
 70 Strikand tham sa dispitfully,

And in sic fusoun berand doun  
 And slayand tham without ransoun,  
 That tha tham scalit evirilkane,  
 And fra that tym furth thar was nane  
 75 That assemblit sic schot to ma.  
 Quhen Scottis archaris saw it was sa  
 Tha war rebutit, tha wox hardy,  
 With all thar nicht schot egirly  
 Emang the horsmen that thar rad,  
 80 And woundis wid to tham tha mad,  
 And slew of tham ane full gret dele.  
 Tha bar tham hardely and wele,  
 For, fra thar fais archaris war  
 Scalit as I haf said yhou ar,  
 85 That ma then tha war be gret thing,  
 Sa that tha dred nocht thar schuting,  
 Tha wox sa hardy that tham thocht  
 Tha suld set all thar fais at nocht.

## CIV.

The marschall and his cumpany  
 Was yhet, as till yhou er said I,  
 Emang the archaris, quhar tha mad  
 With speris roum quhar that tha rad,  
 5 And slew all that tha nicht ourta:  
 And tha wele lichtly nicht do sa,

For tha had nocht ane strak to stint  
 Na for to hald agane ane dint,  
 And agane armit men to ficht  
 10 May nakit men haf litill nicht.  
 Tha scalit tham on sic maner  
 That sum to thar gret battale wer  
 Withdrawin tham in full gret hy,  
 And sum war fled all utrely.  
 15 Bot the folk that behind tham was,  
 That for thar awn folk had na spas  
 Yhet to cum till the assembling,  
 In agane smertly can tha ding  
 The archaris that tha met fleand,  
 20 That than war mad sa recreand  
 That thar hartis war tynt clenly:  
 I trow tha sall nocht scath gretly  
 The Scottismen with schot that day.  
 And the gud king Robert, that ay  
 25 Was fillit full of gret bounte,  
 Saw how that his battalis thre  
 Sa hardely assemblit thar,  
 And sa wele in the ficht tham bar,  
 And sa fast on thar fais can ding,  
 30 That him thocht nane had abasing,  
 And how the archaris war scalit then,  
 He was all blith, and till his men  
 He said, 'Lordingis, now luk that yhe  
 Worthy and of gud covyn be  
 35 At this assemble, and hardy,  
 And assemill sa sturdely

- That nathing may befor yhou stand.  
 Our men sa freschly ar fichtand  
 That tha thar fais has cummerit sa  
 40 That, be tha pressit, I undirta,  
 Ane litill fastar, yhe sall se  
 That tha discumfit sone sall be.'  
 Quhen this was said, tha held thar way,  
 And on a sid assemblit tha  
 45 Sa stoutly that at thar cuming  
 Thar fais war ruschit ane gret thing.  
 Thar men nicht se men freschly ficht,  
 And men that worthy war and wicht  
 Do mony worthy vassalage.  
 50 Tha faucht as tha war in ane rage:  
 For, quhen the Scottis enkirly  
 Saw thar fais sa sturdely  
 Stand into battale tham agane,  
 With all thar nicht and all thar mane  
 55 Tha laid on as men out of wit,  
 And, quhar tha with full strak nicht hit,  
 Thar nicht na arning stint thar strak:  
 Tha to-fruschit tham tha nicht ourtak,  
 And with axis sic duschis gaf  
 60 That tha helmis and hedis claf:  
 And thar fais richt hardely  
 Met tham and dang on douchtely  
 With wapnis that war stith of stele.  
 Thar was the battale strikin wele:  
 65 Sa gret dinning thar was of dintis,  
 As wapnis apon armour stintis,

And of speris sa gret bristing,  
 And sic thrawing, and sic thristing,  
 Sic girning, graning, and sa gret  
 70 Ane noys, as tha can othir bet  
 And cryit ensenyheis on ilka sid,  
 Gifand and takand woundis wid,  
 That it was hidwis for till her  
 All four the battalis wicht that wer  
 75 Fichtand in a front halely.  
 Almighty God! full douchtely  
 Schir Eduard the Brus and his men  
 Emang thar fais contenit tham then,  
 Fichtand intill sa gud covyn,  
 80 Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyn,  
 That thar avaward ruschit was,  
 And magre tharis left the plas,  
 And till thar gret rout till warand  
 Tha went, that than had apon hand  
 85 Sa gret noy that tha war affrait,  
 For Scottismen tham hard assait  
 That than war in ane schiltrum all.  
 Quha hapnit in that ficht to fall,  
 I trow agane he sall nocht ris:  
 90 Thar men nicht se on mony wis  
 Hardymentis eschevit douchtely,  
 And mony that wicht war and hardy  
 Doun undir fet lyand all ded,  
 Quhar all the feld of blud was red:  
 95 Armouris and quentis that tha bar  
 With blud war sa defoulit thar

That tha nicht nocht discrivit be.  
 A! mighty God, quha than nicht se  
 The Steward Walter and his rout,  
 100 And the gud Douglas that was stout,  
 Fichtand intill that stalward stour,  
 He suld say that till all honour  
 Tha war worthy that in that ficht  
 Sa fast pressit thar fais nicht  
 105 That tha tham ruschit quhar tha yhed:  
 Thar nicht men se mony ane sted  
 Fleand on stray that lord had nane.  
 A! Lord, quha than gud tent had tane  
 Till the gud erl of Murref  
 110 And his, that sa gret routis gef,  
 And faucht sa fast in that battale,  
 Tholand sic panis and travale,  
 That tha and tharis mad sic debat  
 That quhar tha com tha mad tham gat:  
 115 Than nicht men her ensenyheis cry,  
 And Scottismen cry hardely,  
 'On tham! on tham! on tham! they fale.'  
 With that sa hard tha can assale,  
 And slew all that tha nicht ourta,  
 120 And the Scottis archaris alsua  
 Schot emang tham sa sturdely,  
 Engrevand tham sa gretumly,  
 That, quhat for tham that with tham faucht,  
 And sa gret routis till tham raucht,  
 125 And pressit tham full egirly,  
 And quhat for arowis that felly



Mony gret woundis can tham ma  
 And slew fast of thar hors alsua,  
 That tha wandist ane litill we.  
 130 Tha dred sa gretly than to de  
 That thar covyn was wer then er,  
 For tha that with tham fichtand wer  
 Set hardyment and strinth and will,  
 And hart and curage als thartill,  
 135 And all thar mane and all thar nicht,  
 And put tham fouly to the flicht.

CV.

In this tym that I tell of her  
 That the battale on this maner  
 Was strikin, quhar on athir party  
 Tha war fichtand richt manfully,  
 5 Yhemmen and swanis and pouerale,  
 That in the Park to yhem vittale  
 War left, quhen tha wist but lesing  
 That thar lordis with fell fichting  
 On thar fais assemblit war,  
 10 Ane of thamselvin that was thar  
 Capitane of tham all tha mad,  
 And schetis that war sumdele brad  
 Tha festnit insted of baneris  
 Apon lang treis and on speris,

- 15 And said that tha wald se the ficht  
 And help thar lordis at thar nicht.  
 Quhen hertill all assentit war,  
 In a rout tha assemblit ar;  
 Fiften thousand tha war and ma;  
 20 And than in gret hy can tha ga  
 With thar baneris all in a rout  
 As tha had men bene stith and stout.  
 Tha com with all that assemble  
 Richt quhill tha nicht the battale se,  
 25 Than all at anis tha gaf ane cry,  
 'Apon tham, on tham hardely!  
 And tharwithall cumand ar tha,  
 Bot tha war yhet wele fer away.  
 And Inglisemen that ruschit war  
 30 Throu fors of ficht, as I said ar,  
 Quhen tha saw cum with sic ane cry  
 Toward tham sic ane cumpany,  
 That tha thocht wele als mony war  
 As that war fichtand with tham thar,  
 35 And tha befor had tham nocht sene,  
 Than wit yhe wele withouten wene  
 Tha war abasit sa gretumly  
 That the best and the mast hardy  
 That war intill the host that day  
 40 Wald with thar mensk haf bene away.  
 The king Robert be thar reling  
 Saw tha war ner discumfiting,  
 And his ensenyhe can hely cry,  
 Than with tham of his cumpany

- 45 His fais pressit sa fast that tha  
 War than intill sa gret affray  
 That tha left plas ay mar and mar,  
 For all the Scottismen that war thar,  
 Quhen tha saw tham eschew the ficht,  
 50 Dang on tham sa with all thar micht  
 That tha scalit in tropellis ser  
 And till discumfitur war ner,  
 And sum of tham fled all planly;  
 Bot tha that wicht war and hardy,  
 55 That scham lettit to ta the flicht,  
 At gret mischef mantemit the ficht  
 And stithly in the stour can stand.  
 And, quhen the king of Ingland  
 Saw his men fle in sindry plas,  
 60 And saw his fais rout that was  
 Worthin sa wicht and sa hardy  
 That all his folk war halely  
 Sa stonait that tha had na micht  
 To stint thar fais in the ficht,  
 65 He was abasit sa gretumly  
 That he and all his cumpany,  
 Fif hundreth armit wele at richt,  
 Intill a frusch all tuk the flicht  
 And till the castell held thar way.  
 70 And yhet haf I herd sum men say,  
 That of Vallanch Schir Amer,  
 Quhen he the feld saw vencust ner,  
 Be the renyhe led away the king  
 Agane his will fra the fichting.

- 75 And, quhen Schir Gylis de Argente  
 Saw the king thus and his menyhe  
 Schap tham to fle sa spedaly,  
 He com richt till the king in hy,  
 And said, 'Schir, sen that it is sa  
 80 That yhe thusgat yhour gat will ga,  
 Hafis gud day, for agane will I;  
 Yhet fled I nevir sekirly,  
 And I ches her to bid and de  
 Then to lif schamfully and fle.'  
 85 His bridill than but mar abad  
 He turnit, and agane he rad,  
 And on Eduard the Brusis rout  
 That was sa sturdy and sa stout,  
 As dred of nakyn thing had he,  
 90 He prikit cryand 'Argente!'  
 And tha with spuris sa him met,  
 And sa fele speris on him set,  
 That he and hors war chargit sa  
 That bath doun till the erd can ga,  
 95 And in that plas than slane was he.  
 Of his ded was richt gret pite;  
 He was the thrid best knicht, perfay,  
 That men wist lifand in his day;  
 He did mony ane far journe;  
 100 On Sarasenis thre derenyheis did he,  
 And in ilk derenyhe of tha  
 He vencust Sarasenis twa.  
 His gret worschip tuk thar ending.  
 And fra Schir Amer with the king

- 105 Was fled, was nane that durst abid,  
 Bot fled scalit on ilka sid,  
 And thar fais tham pressit fast;  
 Tha war, to say suth, sa agast,  
 And fled sa richt affraitly,  
 110 That of tham ane full gret party  
 Fled to the watir of Forth, and thar  
 The mast part of tham drounit war;  
 And Bannokburn betuix the brais  
 Of hors and men sa chargit was  
 115 That apon drounit hors and men  
 Men nicht pas dry atour it then;  
 And laddis, swanis, and rangale,  
 Quhen tha saw vencust the battale,  
 Ran emang tham, and sa can sla  
 120 Tha folk that na defens nicht ma  
 That it war pite for to se.  
 I herd nevir quhar in na cuntre  
 Folk at sa gret mischef war stad;  
 On a sid tha thar fais had  
 125 That slew tham down without mersy,  
 And tha had on the tothir party  
 Bannokburn that sa cummirsum was  
 Of slik and depnes for to pas  
 That thar nicht nane atour it rid;  
 130 Tham worthit magre tharis abid,  
 Sa that sum slane, sum drounit war,  
 Nicht nane eschap that evir com thar;  
 The quhethir mony gat away  
 And fled full fast, as I herd say.

- 135 The king with tham he with him had  
In a rout till the castell rad,  
And wald haf bene tharin, for tha  
Wist nocht quhat gat to get away.  
Bot Philip the Mowbra said him till,  
140 'The castell, schir, is at yhour will,  
Bot, cum yhe in it, yhe sall se  
That yhe sall sone assegit be,  
And thar sall nane of all Inghland  
To mak yhou rescours tak on hand,  
145 And but rescours may na castele  
Be haldin lang. Yhe wat this wele;  
Tharfor confort yhou, and rely  
Yhour men about yhou richt stratly,  
And haldis about the Park the way,  
150 Knit yhou als sadly as yhe may,  
For I trow that nane sall haf micht  
That chasis, with sa fele to ficht.'  
And as he consalit tha haf done,  
Beneth the castell went tha sone  
155 Richt by the Round Tabill thar way,  
And syn the Park enveronit tha,  
And toward Lithkow held in hy.  
Bot I trow tha sall hastely  
Be convoyit with folk that tha  
160 I trow micht suffer wele away;  
For Schir James lord of Douglas  
Com till his king and askit the chas,  
And he gaf him lef but abad,  
Bot all to few of hors he had,

165 He had nocht in his rout sixty,  
 The quethir he sped him hastely  
 The way eftir the king to ta.  
 Now lat him on his wais ga,  
 And eftir this we sall wele tell  
 170 Quhat till him in his chas befell.

## CVI.

Quhen the gret battale on this wis  
 Was discumfit as I devis,  
 Quhar thretty thousand thar was ded  
 Or drounit into that ilk sted,  
 5 And sum war intill handis tane,  
 And othir sum thar gat war gane,  
 The erl of Herfurd fra the melle  
 Departit with ane gret menyhe,  
 And straucht to Bothwell tuk the way  
 10 That than at Inglismentis fay  
 Was, and haldin as plas of wer;  
 Schir Walter Gilbertson was ther  
 Capitane, and it had in ward.  
 The erl of Herfurd thiddirward  
 15 Held, and was tane in our the wall,  
 And fifty of his men withall,  
 And set in housis sindrely,  
 So that tha had thar na mastery.

- The laf went toward Ingland :  
20 Bot of that rout, I tak on hand,  
The thre partis war tane or slane,  
The laf with gret pane ham ar gane.  
Schir Moris alsua the Berclay  
Fra the gret battale held his way  
25 With ane gret rout of Walismen :  
Quharevir tha yhed men nicht tham ken,  
For tha wele ner all nakit war,  
Or lining clathis had, but mar.  
Tha held thar wais in full gret hy,  
30 Bot mony of thar cumpany  
Or tha till Ingland com, war tane,  
And mony als of tham war slane.  
Tha fled als othir wais ser,  
Bot till the castell that was ner  
35 Of Strevilling fled sic ane menyhe  
That it was wondir for to se,  
For the craggis all helit war  
About the castell her and thar  
Of tham that for strinth of that sted  
40 Thiddirward to warand fled :  
And, for tha war sa fele that thar  
Fled undir the castell war,  
The king Robert that was witty  
Held ay his gud men ner him by  
45 For dred agane that ris suld tha.  
This was the caus, for suth to say,  
Quharthrou the king of Ingland  
Eschapit ham intill his land.



## CVII.

Quhen that the feld sa clene was mad  
 Of Inglismen that nane abad,  
 The Scottismen sone tuk in hand  
 Of tharis all that evir tha fand,  
 5 [Silver and gold, clathis and arming,  
 And veschall, and all othir thing  
 That evir tha micht lay on thar hand:  
 Sa gret riches thar tha fand]  
 That mony man was michty mad  
 10 Of the riches that tha thar had.  
 Quhen this was done that her say I,  
 The king send ane gret cumpany  
 Up to the crag tham till assale  
 That war fled fra the gret battale,  
 15 And tha tham yhald forout debat,  
 And in hand has tham tane fut hat,  
 Syn to the king tha went thar way.  
 Tha dispendit haly that day  
 In spulyheing and riches taking  
 20 Fra end was mad of the fichting:  
 And, quhen tha nakit spulyheit war  
 That war slane in the battale thar,  
 It was forsuth ane gret ferly  
 To se sammyn sa fele ded ly.  
 25 Sevin hundreth paris of spuris red  
 War tane of knichtis that war ded.

The erl of Glousister ded was thar  
 That men callit Schir Gilbert of Clar,  
 And Gylis de Argente alsua,  
 30 And Payn Typtot, and othir ma  
 That thar namis nocht tell can I.  
 And apon Scottismenis party  
 Thar was slane worthy knichtis twa;  
 Wilyham Vepount was ane of tha,  
 35 And Schir Walter the Ros ane othir,  
 That Schir Eduard the kingis brothir  
 Lufit and held in sic dante  
 That as himself him lufit he.  
 And, quhen he wist that he was ded,  
 40 He was sa wa and will of red  
 That he said, makand full evill cher,  
 That him wald levar that journe wer  
 Undone then he sa ded had bene.  
 Outakin him, men has nocht sene  
 45 Quhar he for ony man mad mening;  
 And the caus was of this lufing,  
 That he his sistir per amouris  
 Lufit, and held all at rebouris  
 His awn wif dam Ysabell;  
 50 And tharfor sa gret distans fell  
 Betuix him and the erl Davy  
 Of Athol, brothir to this lady,  
 That he apon Sanct Johnis nicht,  
 Quhen bath the kingis war boun to ficht,  
 55 In Cambuskynneth the kingis vittale  
 He tuk, and sadly gert assale

Schir Wilyham of Herth, and him slew,  
 And with him men ma then enew;  
 Quharfor syn intill Ingland  
 60 He was banist, and all his land  
 Was sesit as forfalt till the king,  
 That did tharof syn his liking.

## CVIII.

Quhen the feld, as I tald yhou ar  
 Was dispulyheit and left all bar,  
 The king and all his cumpany,  
 Blith and joyfull, glad and mery  
 5 Of the gras that tham fallin was,  
 Toward thar innis thar wais tais  
 To rest tham, for tha wery war.  
 Bot for the erl Gilbert of Clar,  
 That slane was in the battale plas,  
 10 The king sumdele anoyit was,  
 For till him ner wele sib was he.  
 Than till ane kirk he gert him be  
 Brocht and wakit all that nicht,  
 And on the morn, quhen day was licht,  
 15 The king ras as his willis was.  
 Than till ane Inglis knicht throu cas  
 Hapnit that he yhed waverand  
 Sa that na man laid on him hand:

In ane busk he hid his arming,  
 20 And watit quhill he saw the king  
 In the morning cum furth arly :  
 Till him than is he went in hy.  
 Schir Marmeduk le Tweng he hicht :  
 He rakit till the king all richt,  
 25 And halsit him apon his kne.  
 'Welcum, Schir Marmeduk,' said he,  
 'To quhat man art thou presoner ?'  
 'To nane,' he said, 'bot till yhou her  
 I yheld me at yhour will to be.'  
 30 'And I resaf the, schir,' said he.  
 Than gert he tret him curtasly :  
 He duelt lang in his cumpany,  
 And syn in Ingland him send he,  
 Arait wele, but ransoun fre,  
 35 And gaf him gret giftis tharto :  
 Ane worthy man that suld sa do  
 Micht mak him gretly for to pris.  
 Quhen Marmeduk apon this wis  
 Was yholdin, as I till yhou say,  
 40 Than com Schir Philip the Mowbra  
 And till the king yhald the castele :  
 His cunand has he haldin wele,  
 And with him tretit sa the king  
 That he becom of his duelling,  
 45 And held him lelely his fay  
 Quhill the last end of his lifday.

## CIX.

Now will we of the lord Douglas  
 Tell how he folowit the chas.  
 He had quhene in his cumpany,  
 Bot he sped him in full gret hy,  
 5 And, as he by the Torwod fur,  
 He met ridand in the mur  
 Schir Lowrens of Abyrnethy,  
 That with four scor in cumpany  
 Com for till help the Inglisemen,  
 10 For he was Inglisman yhet then.  
 Bot, quhen that he herd how it wes,  
 He left the Inglisemenis pes,  
 And till the lord Douglas richt thar  
 For to be lele and trew he swar :  
 15 And than tha bath folowit the chas,  
 And, or the king of Ingland was  
 Passit Lithkow, tha com sa ner  
 With all the folk that with tham wer  
 That wele emang tham schut tha nicht,  
 20 Bot tha thocht tham our few to ficht  
 With the gret rout that tha had thar,  
 For fif hundreth armit tha war.  
 Togidder sarraly rad tha,  
 And held tham apon bridill ay ;  
 25 Tha war governit full wittely,  
 For it semit ay tha war redy

For till defend tham at thar nicht,  
 Gif tha assalyheit war in ficht;  
 And the lord Douglas and his men,  
 30 Thouch that he wald nocht schap him then  
 For to ficht with tham all planly,  
 He convoyit tham sa narowly  
 That of the henmast ay tuk he:  
 Micht nane behind his falowis be  
 35 Nocht ane stane-cast, than he in hy  
 Was ded or tane deliverly,  
 That nane rescours wald till him ma,  
 Although he lufit him nevir sa.  
 On this wis tham convoyit he  
 40 Quhill that the king and his menyhe  
 To Winchburch all cumin ar;  
 Than lichtit tha all that war thar  
 To bayt thar hors that war wery,  
 And Douglas and his cumpany  
 45 Baytit alsua besid tham ner.  
 Tha war sa fele withouten wer,  
 And in armis sa clenly dicht,  
 And sa arait ay to ficht,  
 And he sa quhene and but gadring,  
 50 That he wald nocht in plane fichting  
 Assale tham, bot ay rad tham by,  
 Watand his poynt ay ithandly.  
 Ane litill quhile tha baytit thar,  
 And syn lap on, and furth tha far,  
 55 And he was alwais by tham ner,  
 He let tham nocht haf sic laser

As anis watir for to ma,  
 And, gif that ony stad war sa  
 That he behind left ony spas,  
 60 Sesit all sone in hand he was.  
 Tha convoyit tham apon this wis  
 Quhill that the king and his rout is  
 Cumin to the castell of Dunbar,  
 Quhar he and sum of his men war  
 65 Resavit richt wele, for yhet than  
 The erl Patrik was Inglisman,  
 That gert with met and drink alsua  
 Refresch tham wele, and syn gert ta  
 Ane bat, and send the king be se  
 70 To Balmeburch in his awn cuntre.  
 Thar hors thar left tha all on stray,  
 Bot sesit wele sone I trow war tha.  
 The laf that levit war without  
 Adressit tham intill a rout,  
 75 And till Berwik held straucht the way  
 In rout; bot, and we suth sall say,  
 Tha levit of thar rout party  
 Or tha com thar; bot nocht forthi  
 Tha com to Berwik wele, and thar  
 80 Intill the toun resavit war,  
 Ellis at gret mischef had tha bene.  
 The gud lord Douglas, quhen he has sene  
 That he had lesit all his pane,  
 Toward the king he went agane.

CX.

The king eschapit on this wis.  
 Lo! quhat falding in fortoun is,  
 That quhile apon ane man will smile,  
 And prik him syn ane othir quhile;  
 5 In na tym stabilly can scho stand.  
 This mighty king of Ingland  
 Scho had set on hir quhele on hicht,  
 Quhen with sa ferlyfull ane micht  
 Of men of armis, and archeris,  
 10 And of futmen, and hobeleris,  
 He com ridand out of his land  
 As I befor haf born on hand,  
 And in a nicht syn and a day  
 Scho set him in sa hard assay  
 15 That he with sevintene in ane bat  
 Was fane for till hald ham his gat.  
 Bot of this ilk quhelis turning  
 King Robert suld mak na murning,  
 For his sid throu the quhele on hicht  
 20 Vencust thar fais was mekill of micht.  
 For twa contraris, yhe may wit wele,  
 Set agane othir on a quhele,  
 Quhen ane is he, the tothir is law,  
 And, gif it fall that fortoun thraw  
 25 The quhele about, it that on hicht  
 Was er, on fors it mon doun licht,



And it that wondir law was er  
 Mon lep on loft in the contrer.  
 Sa fur it of thir kingis twa :  
 30 Quhen the king Robert stad was sa  
 That in his gret mischef was he,  
 The tothir was in his majeste;  
 And, quhen the king Eduardis nicht  
 Was lawit, king Robert lap on hicht,  
 35 And now sic fortoun fell him till  
 That he was he and at his will.  
 At Strevilling was he yhet lyand,  
 And the gret lordis that he fand  
 Ded in the feld he gert bery  
 40 In haly plas honorabilly,  
 And the laf syn that ded war thar  
 Intill gret pittis erdit war.  
 The castell and the touris syn  
 Richt to the ground doun gert he myn,  
 45 And syn to Bothwell send has he  
 Schir Eduard with ane gret menybe,  
 For thar was fra thine send him word  
 That the rich erl of Herfurd  
 And othir mighty als was thar.  
 50 Sa tretit he with Schir Waltar  
 That erl and castell and the laf  
 In Schir Eduardis hand he gaf.  
 And till the king the erl send he,  
 That gert him richt wele yhemit be,  
 55 Quhill at the last tha tretit sa  
 That he till Ingland ham suld ga

Withouten paying of ransoun fre,  
 And that for him suld changit be  
 Bischop Robert that blind was mad,  
 60 And the quene that tha takin had  
 In presoun, as befor said I,  
 And hir dochtir dam Marjory.  
 The erl was changit for thir thre:  
 And, quhen tha cumin ham war fre,  
 65 The kingis dochtir that was far,  
 And was als his aperand ar,  
 With Walter Steward can he wed,  
 And tha wele sone gat of thar bed  
 Ane knaf child throu our Lordis gras  
 70 That eftir his gud eldfadir was  
 Callit Robert, and syn was king  
 And had the land in governing  
 Eftir his worthy eme Davy  
 That ringit twa yher and fourty.  
 75 And in tym of the compiling  
 Of this buk this Robert was king,  
 And of his kinrik passit was  
 Fif yher, and was the yher of gras  
 Ane thousand, thre hundreth, sevinty  
 80 And fif, and of his eld sixty;  
 And that was eftir that the gud king  
 Robert was brocht till his ending  
 Sex and fourty wintir but mar.  
 God grant that tha that cumin ar  
 85 Of his ofspring mantem the land,  
 And hald the folk wele till warand,

And mantem richt and ek lawte,  
 Als wele as in his tym did he.

## CXI.

King Robert now was wele at hicht,  
 For ilk day than grew mar his micht.  
 His men war rich, and his cuntre  
 Aboundit wele of corn and fe  
 5 And of alkyn othir riches;  
 Mirth and solas and blithnes  
 Was in the land all comonly,  
 For ilk man blith was and joly.  
 The king eftir the gret journe  
 10 Throu red of his consale preve  
 In ser tounis gert cry on hicht,  
 That quhasa clamit till haf richt  
 To hald in Scotland land or fe,  
 That in that tuelf-moneth suld he  
 15 Cum and clam it, and tharfor do  
 Till the king that pertenit tharto;  
 And, gif tha com nocht in that yher,  
 Than suld tha wit withouten wer  
 That herd thareftir nane suld be.  
 20 The king that was of gret bounte  
 And besynes, quhen this was done,  
 Ane host gert summon eftir sone,

## THE BRUS.

321

And went syn sone intill Ingland,  
And ourrad all Northumbirland,  
25 And brint housis, and tuk the pray,  
And syn went ham agane thar way.  
I lat it schortly pas forby,  
For thar was na gret chevelry  
Prufit that was to spek of her.  
30 The king went oft on this maner  
In Ingland for to rich his men  
That in riches aboundit then.

## CXII.

**T**he erl of Carrik Schir Eduard,  
That stoutar was then ane libard  
And had na will to be in pes,  
Thocht that Scotland to litill wes  
5 Till his brothir and him alsua :  
Tharfor to purpos can he ta  
That he of Irland wald be king.  
Tharfor he send and had treting  
With Erischry of Irland,  
10 That in thar lawte tuk on hand  
Of Irland for to mak him king,  
Withthi that he with hard fighting  
Micht ourcum the Inglismen  
That in the land war wonnand then,

- 15 And tha suld help with all thar micht.  
 And he that herd tham mak sic hicht  
 Intill his hart had gret liking,  
 And with the consent of the king  
 Gaderit him men of gret bounte,  
 20 And at Ar syn schippit he  
 Intill the nest moneth of May.  
 Till Irland held he straucht his way:  
 He had than in his cumpany  
 The erl Thomas that was worthy,  
 25 And gud Schir Philip the Mowbra  
 That sekir was in hard assay,  
 Schir Johne the Soulis ane gud knight,  
 And Schir Johne Steward that was wicht,  
 The Ramsay als of Ouchtirhous  
 30 That was richt wicht and chevelrous,  
 And Schir Fergus of Ardrossane,  
 And othir knichtis mony ane.  
 In Wokingis Firth arivit tha  
 Safly but bargane or assay,  
 35 And send thar schippis ham ilkane.  
 Ane gret thing haf tha undirtane  
 That with sa quhene as tha war thar,  
 That was sex thousand men but mar,  
 Schup for to warray all Irland,  
 40 Quhar tha sall se mony thousand  
 Cum armit on tham for to ficht.  
 Bot, thouch tha quhene war, tha war wicht,  
 And forouten dred or affray  
 In twa battalis tha tuk the way

- 45 Toward Cragfergus it to se.  
Bot the lordis of that cuntre,  
Mandwell, Besat, and Logane,  
Thar men assemblit evirilkane;  
The Savagis was alsua thar;  
50 And, quhen tha all assemblit war,  
Tha war wele ner twenty thousand.  
Quhen tha wist that intill thar land  
Sic ane menyhe arivit war,  
With all the folk that tha had thar  
55 Tha went toward tham in gret hy.  
And, fra Schir Eduard wist suthly  
That ner till him cumand war tha,  
His men he gert richt wele aray:  
The vaward had the erl Thomas,  
60 And in the rerward Schir Eduard was.  
Thar fais approchit to the fighting,  
And tha met tham but abasing.  
Thar men nicht se ane gret melle,  
For erl Thomas and his menyhe  
65 Dang on thar fais sa douchtely  
That in schort tym men nicht se ly  
Ane hundreth that all bludy war,  
For hobynis that war stekit thar  
Rerit and flang, and gret roum mad,  
70 And kest tham that apon tham rad:  
And Schir Eduardis cumpany  
Assemblit syn sa hardely  
That tha thar fais ruschit all.  
Quha hapnit in that ficht to fall,

- 75 It was perill of his rising.  
 The Scottismen in that fighting  
 Sa apertly and wele tham bar  
 That thar fais sa ruschit war  
 That tha haly the flicht has tane.  
 80 In that battale was tane or slane  
 All hale the flour of Ullister.  
 The erl of Murref gret pris had ther,  
 For his [richt] worthy chevelry  
 Confortit all his cumpany.  
 85 This was ane full far beginning,  
 For newlingis at thar ariving  
 In plane ficht tha discumfit thar  
 Thar fais that ay four for ane war.  
 Syn to Cragfergus ar tha gane,  
 90 And in the toun has innis tane.  
 The castell wele was stuffit then  
 Of new with vittale and with men:  
 Thartill tha set ane sege in hy,  
 And mony isch full apertly  
 95 Was mad quhile thar the segis lay,  
 Quhill trewis at the last tuk tha.  
 Quhen that the folk of Ullister  
 Till his pes haly cumin wer,  
 For Schir Eduard wald tak on hand  
 100 To rid forthirmar in the land,  
 Of the kingis of that cuntre  
 Thar com till him and mad fewte  
 Wele ten or tuelf, as I herd say.  
 Bot tha held him schort quhile thar fay,

- 105 For twa of tham, ane Maksulchiane,  
 And ane othir hat Makartane,  
 Withset ane plas intill his way  
 Quhar him behufit ned away  
 With twa thousand of men with speris  
 110 And als mony of thar archeris,  
 And all the catell of the land  
 War drawin thiddir till warand.  
 Men callis that plas Endirwillane,  
 In all Irland stratar is nane.  
 115 For Schir Eduard that kepit tha;  
 Tha thoct he suld nocht thar away,  
 Bot he his viage sone has tane,  
 And straucht toward the plas is gane.  
 The erl of Murref Schir Thomas,  
 120 That put him ay first till assais,  
 Lichtit on fut with his menyhe,  
 And apertly the plas tuk he.  
 The Erisch kingis I spak of ar  
 With all the folk that with tham war  
 125 Met him richt sturdely; bot he  
 Assalyheit sa with his menyhe  
 That magre tharis tha wan the plas;  
 Slane of thar fais fele thar was;  
 Throuout the wod tham chasit tha,  
 130 And sesit in sic fusoun the pray  
 That all the folk of thar host war  
 Refreschit wele ane ouk or mar.  
 At Kilsagart Schir Eduard lay,  
 And thar wele sone he has herd say



- 135 That at Dundalk was assemble  
 Mad of the lordis of that cuntre.  
 In host tha war assemblit thar:  
 Thar was first Schir Richard of Clar,  
 That in all Irland was luftenand  
 140 Mad be the king of Ingland:  
 The erl of Desmond als was thar,  
 And the erl alsua of Kildar,  
 The Breman, with the Wardoun,  
 That war lordis of gret renoun;  
 145 The Butler alsua thar was,  
 And Schir Moris le Fiz Thomas.  
 Thir with thar men ar cumin thar;  
 Ane richt gret host forsuth tha war.  
 And, quhen Schir Eduard wist suthly  
 150 That thar was sic ane chevelry,  
 His host in hy he gert aray,  
 And thiddirwardis tuk the way,  
 And ner the toun tuk his herbry.  
 Bot, for he wist all utrely  
 155 That in the toun was mony men,  
 His battalis he arait then,  
 And stud arait in battale  
 To kep tham gif tha wald assale.  
 And, quhen that Schir Richard of Clar  
 160 And othir lordis that war thar  
 Wist that the Scottismen sa ner  
 With thar battale than cumin wer,  
 Tha tuk to consale that that nicht,  
 For it was lat, tha wald nocht ficht,

- 165 Bot on the morn in the morning  
Wele sone eftir the sone rising  
Tha suld isch furth all that war thar;  
Tharfor that nicht tha did na mar  
Bot herbryit tham on athir party.
- 170 That nicht the Scottis cumpany  
War wachit richt wele all at richt;  
And on the morn, quhen day was licht,  
In twa battalis tha tham arait;  
Tha stud with baneris all displait,
- 175 For the battale all redy boun;  
And tha that war within the toun,  
Quhen sone was risin schynand cler,  
Send furth of tham that within wer  
Fifty to se the contening
- 180 Of Scottismen and thar cuming.  
And tha rad furth and saw tham sone,  
Syn com agane forouten hone;  
And, quhen tha sammyn lichtit war,  
Tha tald thar lordis that was thar
- 185 That Scottismen semit to be  
Worthy and of full gret bounte;  
'Bot tha ar nocht withouten wer  
Halfdele ane dyner till us her.'  
The lordis had of this tithing
- 190 Gret joy and gret reconforting,  
And gert men throu the cite cry  
That all suld arm tham hastely.  
Quhen tha war armit and purvait  
And for the ficht all hale arait,

- 195 Than went tha furth in gud aray.  
 Sone with thar fais assemblit tha,  
 That kepit tham richt hardely:  
 The stour begouth thar cruelly,  
 For athir part set all thar nicht  
 200 To rusch thar fais in the ficht,  
 And with all nicht on othir dang.  
 The stalward stour lestit wele lang,  
 That men nicht nocht persaf na se  
 Quha mast that thar abouin nicht be,  
 205 For fra sone eftir the sone rising  
 Quhill eftir midmorn the fichting  
 Lestit intill sic ane dout:  
 Bot than Schir Eduard that was stout  
 With all tham of his cumpany  
 210 Schot apon tham sa sturdely  
 That tha nicht thole na mar the ficht.  
 All in a frusch tha tuk the flicht,  
 And tha folowit full egirly;  
 Intill the toun all comonly  
 215 Tha enterit bath intermelle.  
 Thar nicht men feloun slauchtir se,  
 For the richt nobill erl Thomas  
 That with his rout folowit the chas  
 Mad sic ane slauchtir in the toun,  
 220 And sa feloun occisioun,  
 That the rewis all bludy war  
 Of slane men that war lyand thar:  
 The lordis war gottin all away.  
 And, quhen the toun, as I yhou say,

225 Was throu gret fors of fichting tane,  
 And all thar fais fled or slane,  
 Tha herbryit tham all in the toun,  
 Quhar of vittale was sic fusoun  
 And sa gret aboundans of wyn  
 230 That the gud erl had gret doutyn  
 That of thar men suld drunken be  
 And mak in drunkennes sum melle:  
 Tharfor he mad of wyn levere  
 Till ilk man that he payit suld be;  
 235 And tha had all eneuch perfay.  
 That nicht richt wele at es war tha,  
 And richt blith of the gret honour  
 That tham befell for thar valour.

## CXIII.

Efter this ficht tha sojornit thar  
 Intill Dundalk thre dais but mar,  
 Syn tuk tha southwardis thar way:  
 The erl Thomas was forouth ay.  
 5 And, as tha rad throu the cuntre,  
 Tha micht apon the hillis se  
 Sa mony men it was ferly;  
 And, quhen the erl wald sturdely  
 Dres him to tham with his baner,  
 10 Tha wald fle all that evir tha wer

- Sa that in sicht nocht ane abad;  
 And tha southwardis thar wais rad  
 Quhill till ane gret forest com tha,  
 Kilros it hat, as I herd say,  
 15 And tha tuk all thar herbry thar.  
 In all this tym Richard of Clar,  
 That was the kingis luftenand,  
 Of all the barnage of Irland  
 Ane gret host he assemblit had:  
 20 Tha war fif battalis gret and brad  
 That socht Schir Eduard and his men;  
 Wele ner him war tha cumin then.  
 He gat sone witting that tha wer  
 Cumand on him, and war sa ner;  
 25 His men adressit he tham agane,  
 And gert tham stoutly tak the plane.  
 And syn the erl thar com to se  
 And Schir Philip the Mowbra send he;  
 And Schir Johne Steward went alsua  
 30 Furth to discovir the way tha ta.  
 Tha saw the host cum sone at hand,  
 Tha war to ges fifty thousand;  
 Ham till Schir Eduard rad tha then,  
 And said wele tha war mony men.  
 35 He said agane, 'The ma tha be,  
 The mar honour all out haf we,  
 Gif that we ber us manfully.  
 We ar set her in juperdy  
 To win honour or for to de,  
 40 We ar fra ham to fer to fle,

- Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.  
 Yhon ar bot gadering of the cuntre,  
 And tha sall fle I trow lichtly  
 And men assale tham manfully.'  
 45 All said tha than tha wele suld do.  
 With that approchand ner tham to  
 The battalis com redy to ficht,  
 And tha met tham with mekill nicht  
 That war ten thousand worthy men.  
 50 The Scottis all on fut war then,  
 And tha on stedis trappit wele,  
 Sum helit all in irn and stele;  
 Bot Scottismen at thar meting  
 With speris persit thar arming,  
 55 And stekit hors, and men down bar.  
 Ane feloun fichting was than thar;  
 I can nocht tell thar strakis all,  
 Na quha in ficht gert othis fall,  
 Bot in schort tyme, I undirta,  
 60 Tha of Irland war cummerit sa  
 That tha durst than abid na mar,  
 Bot fled scalit all that tha war,  
 And levit in the battale sted  
 Wele mony of thar gud men ded.  
 65 Of wapnis, arming, and ded men  
 The feld was haly strowit then:  
 That gret host rudly ruschit was,  
 Bot Schir Eduard let na man chas,  
 Bot with presoneris that tha had tane  
 70 Tha till the wod agane ar gane

Quhar that thar harnas levit wer.  
 That nicht tha mad tham mery cher,  
 And lowit God fast of his gras.  
 This gud knight that sa worthy was  
 75 Till Judas Machabeus nicht  
 Be liknit wele that into ficht  
 Forsuk na multitud of men  
 Quhile he had ane aganis ten.

## CXIV.

Thus, as I said, Richard of Clar  
 And his gret host rebutit war:  
 Bot he about him nocht forthi  
 Was gaderand men ay ithandly,  
 5 For he thocht yhet to couir his cast:  
 It angerit him richt ferly fast  
 That twis intill battale was he  
 Discumfit with ane few menyhe.  
 And Scottismen that in the forest  
 10 War ridin for to tak thar rest,  
 All tha twa nichtis thar tha lay,  
 And mad tham mirth, solas, and play;  
 Toward Odymsey syn tha rad,  
 Ane Erische king that ath had mad  
 15 To Schir Eduard of fewte,  
 For forouth that him prayit he

To se his land, and na vittale  
 Na nocht that nicht him help suld fale.  
 Schir Eduard trowit in his hicht,  
 20 And with his rout rad thiddir richt.  
 Ane gret river he gert him pas,  
 And in ane richt far plas that was  
 Lauch by ane burn he gert tham ta  
 Thar herbry, and said he wald ga  
 25 To ger men vittale till tham bring;  
 He held his way but mar duelling.  
 For to betras tham was his thocht,  
 In sic ane plas he has tham brocht,  
 Quharof twa journeis wele and mar  
 30 All the catell withdrawin war,  
 Sa that tha in that land nicht get  
 Nathing that worth war for till et:  
 With hungir he thocht tham till feblis,  
 Syn bring on tham thar ennemyis.  
 35 This fals tratour his men had mad  
 Ane litill owth quhar he herbryit had  
 Schir Eduard and the Scottismen  
 The ische of ane loch to den,  
 And let it out intill the nicht.  
 40 The watir than with sic ane nicht  
 On Schir Eduardis men com doun  
 That tha in perill war to droun,  
 For or tha wist on flot war tha:  
 With mekill pane tha gat away  
 45 And held thar lif as God gaf gras,  
 Bot of thar harnas tynt thar was.



- He mad tham na gud fest perfay,  
 And nocht forthi eneuch had tha,  
 For, thouch tham falit of the met,  
 50 I warn yhou wele tha war wele wet.  
 In gret distres thar war tha stad,  
 For gret defalt of met tha had,  
 And tha betuix riveris twa  
 War set, and nicht pas nane of tha.  
 55 The Ban that is ane arm of se  
 That with hors may nocht passit be  
 Was betuix tham and Ullister.  
 Tha had bene in gret perill ther  
 Ne war ane scummar of the se,  
 60 Thomas of Dun hattin was he,  
 Herd that the host sa stratly than  
 Was stad, and salit up the Ban  
 Quhill he com wele ner quhar tha lay.  
 Tha knew him wele, and blith war tha:  
 65 Than with four schippis that he had tane  
 He set tham our the Ban ilkane:  
 And, quhen tha com in biggit land,  
 Vittale and met eneuch tha fand,  
 And in ane wod tham herbryit tha;  
 70 Nane of the land wist quhar tha lay;  
 Tha esit tham and mad gud cher.  
 Intill that tym besid tham ner  
 With ane gret host Schir Richard of Clar  
 And othir gret of Irland war  
 75 Herbryit intill ane forest sid,  
 And ilke day tha gert men rid

## THE BRUS.

To bring vittale on ser maneris  
To tham fra the toun of Coigneris  
That wele ten gret mile was tham fra.  
Ilk day, as tha wald cum and ga,  
Tha com to the Scottis host sa ner  
That bot twa mile betuix tham wer.  
And, quhen erl Thomas persaving  
Had of thar com and thar ganging,  
He gat him ane gud cumpany,  
Thre hundreth on hors wicht and hardy.  
Thar was Schir Philip the Mowbra,  
And Schir John Steward als perfay,  
With Schir Alane Steward alsua,  
Schir Robert Boyd, and othir ma:  
Tha rad to met the vittaleris  
That with thar vittale fra Coigneris  
Com haldand to thar host the way.  
Sa sudanly on tham schot tha  
That tha war sa abasit all  
That tha let all thar wapnis fall  
And mersy pitwisly can cry;  
And tha tuk tham in thar mersy,  
And has tham up sa clenly tane  
That of tham all eschapit nane.  
The erl of tham he had witting  
That of thar host in the evinning  
Wald cum out at the woddis sid  
And aganis thar vittale rid.  
He thocht than on ane juperdy,  
And gert his menyhe halely

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Dicht tham in the presoneris aray;  
Thar pennounis als with tham tuk tha,  
And quhill the nicht was ner tha bad,  
110 And syn toward the host tha rad.  
Sum of thar mekill host has sene  
Thar com, and wend wele tha had bene  
Thar vittaleris: tharfor tha rad  
Agane tham scalit, for tha had  
115 Na dred that tha thar fais war,  
And tham hungerit alsua wele sar;  
Tharfor tha com abandounly,  
And, quhen tha ner war, in gret hy  
The erl and all that with him war  
120 Ruschit on tham with wapnis bar  
And thar eneenyheis he can cry;  
And tha, that saw sa sudanly  
Thar fais ding on tham, war sa rad  
That tha na hart till help tham had,  
125 Bot till thar host the way can ta;  
And tha chasit, and sa fele can sla  
That all the feldis strowit war;  
Ma then ane thousand ded was thar;  
Richt till thar host tha can tham chas,  
130 And syn agane thar wais tais.

CXV.

- On this wis was the vittale tane  
 And of the Erischmen mony slane.  
 The erl syn with his cumpany  
 Presoneris and vittalis halely  
 5 Has brocht to Schir Eduard alswith,  
 And he was of thar cuming blith.  
 That nicht tha mad tham mery cher;  
 Richt all than at thar es tha wer;  
 Tha war all wachit sekirly.  
 10 And thar fais on the tothir party,  
 Quhen tha herd how thar men war slane  
 And how thar vittale als was tane,  
 Tha tuk to consale that tha wald  
 Thar wais toward Coigneris hald  
 15 And herbry in the cite ta;  
 And in gret hy tha haf done sa  
 And rad on nicht to the cite.  
 Tha fand thar vittale of gret plente  
 And mad tham meraly gud cher,  
 20 For all trast in the toun tha wer.  
 Apon the morn tha send to spy  
 Quhar Scottismen had tane herbry;  
 Bot tha war met withall and tane  
 And brocht richt till the host ilkane.  
 25 The erl of Murref richt mekly  
 Sperit at ane of thar cumpany

- Quhar thar host wes, and quhat tha thoct  
 To do; and said him, gif he mocht  
 Find that till him the suth said he,  
 30 He suld gang ham but ransoun fre.  
 'For suth,' he said, 'I sall yhou say  
 Tha think the morn quhen it is day  
 To sek yhou with all thar menyhe,  
 Gif tha may get wit quhar yhe be.  
 35 Tha haf gert throu the cuntre cry  
 Undir pane of lif full felonly,  
 That all the men of this cuntre  
 This nicht intill the cite be;  
 And trewly tha sall be sa fele  
 40 That yhe sall na wis with tham dele.'  
 'De perdew,' said he, 'wele may be!'  
 To Schir Eduard with that yhed he  
 And tald him utrely this tale.  
 Than haf tha tane for consale hale  
 45 That tha wald rid to the cite  
 That ilk nicht, sa that tha micht be  
 Betuix the toun with all thar rout  
 And tham that war the toun without.  
 As tha devisit sa haf tha done:  
 50 Befor the toun tha com alsone,  
 And bot halfdele ane mile of way  
 Fra the cite thar rest tuk tha.  
 And, quhen the day was dawin licht,  
 Fifty on hobynis that war wicht  
 55 Com till ane litill hill that was  
 Bot fra the toun ane litill spas,

And saw Schir Eduardis herbery,  
And of the sicht had gret ferly  
That sa quhene durst on ony wis  
60 Undirtak sa he empris  
As for to cum sa hardely  
Apon all the chevelry  
Of Irland for to bid battale.  
And sa it was forouten fale,  
65 For agane tham war gaderit thar  
With the wardane Richard of Clar  
The Butler with erlis twa,  
Of Desmond and Kildar war tha,  
Breman, Wardoun, and Fiz Waryn,  
70 And Schir Pascall of Florentyn  
That was ane knicht of Lumbardy  
And was full of gret chevelry.  
The Mandwellis war thar alsua,  
Besatis, Loganis, and othir ma,  
75 Savagis als, and yhet was ane  
Hat Schir Michel of Kilkenane;  
And with thir lordis sa fele was then  
That for ane of the Scottismen  
I trow that tha war fif or ma.  
80 Quhen thar discourouris sene has sa  
The Scottis host, tha went in hy  
And tald thar lordis all opinly  
How tha to tham war cumin ner,  
To sek tham fer was na mister.  
85 And, quhen the erl Thomas had sene  
That tha men at the hill had bene,

He tuk with him ane gud menyhe  
 On hors, ane hundreth tha nicht be,  
 And till the hill tha tuk the way.  
 90 In ane slak tham enbuschit tha,  
 And in schort tym fra the cite  
 Tha saw cum ridand ane menyhe  
 For to discovir till the hill.  
 Than war tha blith, and held tham still  
 95 Quhill tha war cumin till tham ner,  
 Than in a frusch all that thar wer  
 Tha schot apon tham hardely.  
 And tha that saw sa sudanly  
 Tha folk cum on abasit war;  
 100 And nocht forthi sum of tham thar  
 Abad stoutly to mak debat,  
 And othir sum ar fled thar gat.  
 And into wele schort tym war tha  
 That mad arest cummerit sa  
 105 That tha fled halely thar gat,  
 And tha tham chasit richt till the yhat,  
 And ane gret part of tham has slane,  
 And syn went till thar host agane.

CXVI.

Q uhen tha within has sene sa slane  
 Thar men and chasit ham agane,

Tha war all wa, and in gret hy  
 'Till armis' hely can tha cry,  
 5 Than armit tham all that thar war  
 And for the battale mad tham yhar.  
 Tha ischit out all wele arait  
 In battale with baneris displait,  
 Boun on thar best wis till assale  
 10 Thar fais into fell battale.  
 And, quhen Schir Philip the Mowbra  
 Saw tham isch in sa gud aray,  
 To Schir Eduard the Brus went he,  
 And said, 'Schir, it is gud that we  
 15 Schap for sum slicht that may avale  
 Till help us in this gret battale.  
 Our men ar quhene, bot tha haf will  
 To do mar then tha may fulfill;  
 Tharfor I red our cariage  
 20 Forouten ony man or page  
 Be thamselvin arait be,  
 And tha sall seme fer ma then we.  
 Set we befor tham our baneris,  
 Yhon folk that cumis out of Coigneris,  
 25 Quhen tha our baneris thar may se,  
 Sall trow trastly that thar ar we,  
 And thiddir in gret hy will rid.  
 Cum we than on tham at a sid,  
 And we sall be at advantage,  
 30 For, fra tha in our cariage  
 Be enterit, tha sall cummerit be,  
 And than with all our micht may we



- Lay on and do all that we may.  
 And as he ordanit done haf tha :
- 35 And tha that com out of Coigneris  
 Adressit tham to the baneris,  
 And smat with spuris the hors in hy,  
 Ruschand emang tham sudanly.  
 The barellferis that war thar
- 40 Cummerit tham fast that ridand war ;  
 And than the erl with his battale  
 Com on and sadly can assale,  
 And Schir Eduard ane litill by  
 Assemblit sa richt hardely
- 45 That mony fe fell undir fet.  
 The feld wox sone of blud all wet.  
 With sa gret felony thar tha faucht,  
 And sic routis till othir raucht  
 With stok, with stane, and with retret,
- 50 As athir part can othir bet,  
 That it was hidwis for to se.  
 Tha mantemit that gret melle  
 Sa knichtlik apon athir sid,  
 Gifand and takand routis rid,
- 55 That prym was passit or men nicht se  
 Quha mast that thar abouin nicht be.  
 Bot sone eftir that prym was past  
 The Scottismen dang on sa fast,  
 And schot on tham at abandoun
- 60 As ilk man war ane campioun,  
 That all thar fais tuk the flicht,  
 Was nane of tham that was sa wicht

That evir durst abid his fer,  
 Bot ilkane fled thar wais ser.  
 65 Till the toun fled the mast party,  
 And erl Thomas sa egirly  
 And his rout chasit with suerdis bar,  
 That all emang tham mellit war,  
 That all togidder com in the toun.  
 70 Than was the slauchtir sa feloun  
 That all the rewis ran of blud.  
 Tham that tha gat to ded all yhud,  
 Sa that than thar wele ner was ded  
 Als fele as in the battale sted.  
 75 The Fiz Waryn was takin thar,  
 Bot sa rad was Richard of Clar  
 That he held till the south cuntre:  
 All that moneth I trow that he  
 Sall haf na gret will for to ficht.  
 80 Schir Johne Steward ane nobill knicht  
 Was woundit throu the body thar  
 With ane sper that richt scharply schar:  
 Bot till Monpeller went he syn,  
 And lay thar lang intill helyn,  
 85 And at the last helit was he.  
 Schir Eduard than with his menyhe  
 Tuk in the toun thar herbery.  
 That nicht tha blith war and joly  
 For the victor that tha had thar,  
 90 And on the morn forouten mar  
 Schir Eduard gert men gang and se  
 All the vittale of that cite,

And tha fand sic fusoun tharin  
 Of corn and flour and wax and wyn  
 95 That tha had of it gret ferly,  
 And Schir Eduard gert halely  
 Intill Cragfergus cartit be;  
 Syn thiddir went his men and he,  
 And held the sege full stalwardly  
 100 Quhill Palm-Sunday was passit by,  
 And quhill the Tysday in Pasche ouk  
 On athir half tha trewis tuk,  
 Sa that tha nicht that haly tid  
 In pennans and in prayer bid.  
 105 Bot apon Pasche evin all richt  
 To the castell intill the nicht  
 Fra Devilling com thar schippis fiftene  
 Chargit with armit men bedene,  
 Four thousand trow I wele tha war.  
 110 In the castell tha enterit thar:  
 The Mandwell als Schir Thomas  
 Capitane of that menyhe was.  
 In the castell all prevely  
 Tha enterit, for that tha gert spy  
 115 That mony of Schir Eduardis men  
 War scalit in the cuntre then;  
 Tharfor tha thocht in the morning  
 Till isch but langar delaying,  
 And till suppris tham sudanly,  
 120 For tha thocht that tha suld trast ly  
 For the trewis that takin war.  
 Bot I trow falset evirmar

Sall haf unfar and evill ending.  
 Schir Eduard wist of this nathing,  
 125 For of tresoun had he na thocht,  
 Bot for the trewis he levit nocht  
 Wachis to set to the castele;  
 Ilk nicht he gert men wach it wele,  
 And Nele Fleming wachit that nicht  
 130 With sixty men worthy and wicht.  
 And, als sone as the day wox cler,  
 Tha that within the castell wer  
 Had armit tham and mad tham boun,  
 And sone the brig avalit doun,  
 135 And ischit into gret plente.  
 And, quhen Nele Fleming tham can se,  
 He sent ane till the king in hy,  
 Syn said to tham that war him by,  
 'Now sall men se, I undirtak,  
 140 Quha dar de for his lordis sak;  
 Now ber yhou wele, for sekirly  
 With all thir menyhe ficht will I;  
 Intill bargane tham hald sall we  
 Quhill that our mastir armit be.'  
 145 And with that word assemblit tha.  
 Tha war to few all out perfay  
 With sic ane gret rout for to ficht,  
 Bot nocht forthi with all thar micht  
 Tha dang on tham sa hardely  
 150 That thar fais had gret ferly  
 That tha war all of sic manhed  
 That tha na dred had of thar ded.

Bot thar fell fais sa can assale  
 That thar nicht na worschip avale  
 155 That tha ne war slane evirilkane  
 Sa clen that thar eschapit nane.  
 And the man that went till the king  
 For till warn him of thar isching  
 Warnit him into full gret hy.  
 160 Schir Eduard, that was comonly  
 Callit the king of Irland,  
 Quhen that he herd sic hy on hand,  
 In full gret hast he gat his ger.  
 Tuelf wicht men in his chalmer wer  
 165 That armit tham in full gret hy,  
 Syn with his baneris hardely  
 The middis of the toun he tais.  
 With that ner cumand war his fais  
 That had delt all thar men in thre.  
 170 The Mandwell with ane gret menyhe  
 Richt throu the toun his way held down;  
 The laf on athir sid the toun  
 Held to met tham that fleand war;  
 Tha thocht that all that tha fand thar  
 175 Suld de but ransoun evirilkane.  
 Bot othirwais the gle is gane,  
 For Schir Eduard with his baner  
 And his men that I tald of er  
 On all that rout sa hardely  
 180 Assemblit that it was ferly,  
 For Gib Harpar befor him yhed  
 That was the douchtyast of ded

That than was lifand of his stat,  
 And with ane ax mad him sic gat  
 185 That he the first fellit to ground,  
 And eftir in ane litill stound  
 The Mandwell be his arming  
 He knew, and raucht him sic ane swing  
 That he till erd yhed hastely :  
 190 Schir Eduard that was ner him by  
 Reversit him, and with ane knif  
 Richt in that plas him reft the lif.  
 With that of Ardrossane Fergus  
 That was ane knicht richt curageous  
 195 Assemblit with sexty and ma :  
 Tha pressit than thar fais sa  
 That tha that saw thar lord slane  
 Tynt hart and wald haf bene agane ;  
 And ay, as Scottismen micht be  
 200 Armit, tha com to the melle,  
 And dang apon thar fais sa  
 That tha all hale the bak can ta,  
 And tha tham chasit till the yhat.  
 Thar was hard ficht and gret debat ;  
 205 Thar slew Schir Eduard with his hand  
 Anc knicht that of all Irland  
 Was callit best and of mast bounte ;  
 Of surnam Mandwell callit was he,  
 His propir nam I can nocht say.  
 210 Bot his folk till sa hard assay  
 War set that tha of the dongeoun  
 Durst opin na yhat na brig lat doun :

And Schir Eduard, I tak on hand,  
 Socht tham that fled thar till warand  
 215 Sa felly that of all perfay  
 That ischit apon him that day  
 Thar eschapit nevir ane  
 That tha ne war outhir tane or slane :  
 For till the ficht Maknakill then  
 220 Com with twa hundreth of gud spermen,  
 And slew all that tha micht till win.  
 This ilk Maknakill with ane gyn  
 Wan of thar schippis four or fif  
 And haly reft the men thar lif.  
 225 Quhen end was mad of this fichting,  
 Yhet than was lifand Nele Fleming.  
 Schir Eduard went him for to se :  
 About him slane lay his menyhe  
 All in a lump on athir hand,  
 230 And he redy to de thrawand.  
 Schir Eduard had of him pite,  
 And him full gretly menit he,  
 And regratit his gret manhed,  
 And his worschip and douchty ded :  
 235 Sic mane he mad, tha had gret ferly,  
 For he was nocht custumabilly  
 Wont for till mene ony thing,  
 Na wald nocht her men mak mening.  
 He stud tharby quhill he was ded,  
 240 And syn had him till haly sted,  
 And him with worschip gert he be  
 Erdit with gret solemnite.

## CXVII.

On this wis ischit the Mandwill.  
 Bot sekirly falset and gile  
 Sall evir haf ane evill ending,  
 As wele was sene be this isching.  
 5 In tym of trewis ischit tha,  
 And in sic tym as on Pasche day  
 Quhen God ras for to saf mankyn  
 Fra the wem of ald Adamis sin :  
 Tharfor sic gret mischans tham fell  
 10 That ilkane, as yhe herd me tell,  
 War slane up or than takin thar,  
 And tha that in the castell war  
 War set intill sic fray that hour,  
 For tha couth se quhar na succour  
 15 Suld cum to relef tham, that tha  
 Sa tretit, and on ane day  
 The castell till him yhald tha fre  
 To saf tham thar lifis, and he  
 Held tham full wele his cunand.  
 20 The castell tuk he in his hand  
 And vittalit wele, and has set  
 Ane gud wardane it for to get,  
 And ane quhile thar than restit he.  
 Of him na mar now spek will we,  
 25 Bot till king Robert will we gang  
 That we haf left unspokin of lang.



Quhen he convoyit had till the se  
His brothir Eduard and his menyhe,  
With his schippis he mad him yhar  
30 Intill the Ilis for to far.  
Walter Steward with him tuk he,  
His mach, and with him gret menyhe,  
And othir men of gret noblay.  
Till the Tarbard tha held thar way  
35 In galais ordanit for thar far ;  
Bot tham worthit draw thar schippis thar,  
And a mile was betuix the seis,  
Bot that was lownit all with treis.  
The king his schippis thar gert draw,  
40 And, for the wind can stoutly blaw  
Apon thar back as tha wald ga,  
He gert men rapis and mastis ta  
And set tham in the schippis he,  
And salis till the toppis te,  
45 And gert men gang tharby drawand ;  
The wind tham helpit that was blawand,  
Sa that intill ane litill spas  
Thar flot all wele our drawin was.  
And, quhen tha that in the Ilis war  
50 Herd tell how the gud king had thar  
Gert his schippis with the salis ga  
Outour betuix the Tarbardis twa,  
Tha war abasit all utrely,  
For tha wist throu ald prophesy  
55 That he that suld ger schippis sa  
Betuix the seis with salis ga

Suld win the Ilis sa till hand  
 That nane with strinth suld him withstand :  
 Tharfor tha com all till the king,  
 60 Was nane that withstud his bidding,  
 Outakin Johne of Lorne alane.  
 Bot wele sone eftir he was tane  
 And presentit was till the king,  
 And tha that war of his leding  
 65 That till the king had brokin fay  
 War all ded and distroyit away.  
 The king this Johne of Lorne has tane  
 And send him sone to Dunbertane  
 Anc quhile in presoun thar to be ;  
 70 Syn till Lochlevin send was he,  
 Quhar he was lang tym in festning ;  
 Tharin I trow he mad ending.  
 The king, quhen all the Ilis war  
 Brocht till his liking les and mar,  
 75 Still all that sesoun thar duelt he  
 At hunting and gamyn and gle.

## CXVIII.

Quhen the king apon this maner  
 Dantit the Ilis as I tell her,  
 The gud Schir James of Douglas  
 Intill the Forest duelland was,

- 5 Defendand worthely the land.  
 That tym in Berwik was wonnand  
 Ewmond de Caliou ane Gascoun,  
 That was ane knicht of gret renoun,  
 And intill Gascone his cuntre  
 10 Ane lord of gret senyhory was he.  
 He had than Berwik in keping,  
 And mad ane preve gadering,  
 And gat him ane gret cumpany  
 Of wicht men armit jolely,  
 15 And the nethir end of Tevydale  
 He prayit doun till him all hale  
 And of the Mers ane gret party,  
 Syn toward Berwik went in hy.  
 Schir Adam of Gordoun, that than  
 20 Was becum in Scottisman,  
 Saw tham sa drif away thar fe,  
 And wend tha had bene quhene, for he  
 Saw bot the fleand stale perfay  
 And tham that sesit on the pray.  
 25 Than till Schir James of Douglas  
 Intill gret hy the way he tais,  
 And tald how Inglis men thar pray  
 Had tane and syn went thar away  
 Toward Berwik with all thar fe,  
 30 And said tha quhene war, and, gif he  
 Wald sped him, he suld wele lichtly  
 Win tham and reskew all the ky.  
 Schir James richt sone gaf his assent  
 To folow tham, and furth is went

- 35 Bot with the men that he had thar  
 And met him be the gat, but mar.  
 Tha folowit tham in full gret hy  
 And com wele ner tham hastely,  
 For, or tha nicht fully se,  
 40 Tha com wele ner with thar menyhe;  
 And than bath forayouris and the stale  
 Intill a schiltrum knit all hale,  
 And was ane richt far cumpany.  
 Befor tham gert tha drif the ky  
 45 With knafis and swanis that na nicht  
 Had for to stand in feld to ficht;  
 The laf behind tham mad ane stale.  
 The Douglas saw thar purpos hale,  
 And saw tham of sa gud covyn,  
 50 And saw tha war sa mony syn  
 That tha for ane of his war twa:  
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sen it is sa  
 That we haf chasit on sic maner  
 That we now cumin ar sa ner  
 55 That we may nocht eschew the ficht  
 Bot gif we fouly tak the flicht,  
 Lat ilk man on his luf than mene,  
 And how he mony tym has bene  
 In gret thrang and cum wele away.  
 60 Think we to do richt sa this day,  
 And tak we of this furd herby  
 Our advantage, for in gret hy  
 Tha sall cum on us for to ficht;  
 Set we than will and strinth and nicht

- 65 For till met tham richt hardely.  
 And with that word full hastely  
 He has displait his baner,  
 For his fais war cumand ner,  
 That, quhen tha saw he was sa quhone,  
 70 Thocht tha suld with tham sone haf done,  
 And assemblit full hardely.  
 Thar nicht men se men ficht felly,  
 And richt ane cruell melle mak,  
 And mony strakis gif and tak.
- 75 The Douglas thar wele hard was stad,  
 Bot the gret hardyment that he had  
 Confort his men apon sic wis  
 That na man thocht on cowardis,  
 Bot faucht sa fast with all thar mane
- 80 That tha fele of thar fais has slane,  
 And, thouch tha war be wele fer ma  
 Then tha, yhet ure demanit tham sa  
 That Ewmond de Caliou was ded  
 Richt in that ilk fichting sted,
- 85 And all the laf fra he was done  
 War planly thar discumfit sone,  
 And tha that chasit sum has slane  
 And turnit the prais hale agane.  
 The hardast ficht forsuth this was
- 90 That evir the gud lord of Douglas  
 Was in, as of sa few menyhe,  
 For, had nocht bene his gret bounte  
 That slew thar chiftane in the ficht,  
 His men to ded had all bene dicht.

- 95 He had intill custum alway,  
 Quhenevir he com till hard assay,  
 To pres him the chiftane to sla,  
 And hap him fell that he did sa;  
 That gert him victor haf fele sis.  
 100 Quhen Schir Ewmond apon this wis  
 Was ded, the gud lord of Douglas  
 Till the Forest his way he tais.  
 His fais gretly can him dred:  
 The word wele fer sprang of this ded,  
 105 Sa that in Ingland ner tharby  
 Men spak of it wele comonly.  
 Schir Robert Nevell in that tid  
 Wonnit at Berwik ner besid  
 The Marchis, quhar the lord Douglas  
 110 In the Forest reparand was,  
 And had at him full gret invy,  
 For he him saw sa manfully  
 Mak his boundis ay mar and mar.  
 He herd the folk that with him war  
 115 Spek of the lord Douglasis nicht,  
 And how forsy he was in ficht,  
 And how him oft fell far fortune.  
 He wrethit him tharat all sone,  
 And said, 'Quhat! wene yhe is thar nane  
 120 That evir is worth bot him alane?  
 Yhe set him as he war but per,  
 Bot I avow befor yhou her,  
 Gif evir he cum intill this land,  
 He sall find me ner at his hand,

- 125 And, gif I evir his baner  
 May se displait apon wer,  
 I sall assemill on him but dout,  
 Although yhe hald him nevir sa stout.  
 Of this avow sone bodword was  
 130 Brocht till Schir James of Douglas,  
 That said, 'Gif he will hald his licht,  
 I sall do sa he sall haf sicht  
 Of me and of my cumpany  
 Yhet or ocht lang wele ner him by.'  
 135 His retenew than gaderit he  
 That war gud men of gret bounte,  
 And till the Marchis in gud aray.  
 Apon ane nicht he tuk the way,  
 Sa that in the morning arly  
 140 He was with all his cumpany  
 Befor Berwik, and thar he mad  
 Men till display his baner brad,  
 And of his menyhe sum send he  
 For till brin tounis twa or thre,  
 145 And bad tham sone agane tham sped,  
 Sa that on hand, gif thar com ned,  
 Tha micht be for the ficht redy.  
 The Nevell, that wist verraly  
 That Douglas cumin was sa ner,  
 150 And saw all brad stand his baner,  
 Than with the folk that with him war;  
 And he had ane gret menyhe thar,  
 For all the gud of that cuntre  
 Intill that tym with him had he,

- 155 Sa that he with him thar had then  
 Wele ma then was the Scottismen ;  
 He held his way up till ane hill,  
 And said, 'Lordingis it war my will  
 To mak end of the gret deray  
 160 That Douglas makis us ilk day :  
 Bot methink it spedfull that we  
 Abid quhill his men scalit be  
 Throu the cuntre to tak the pray,  
 Than fersly schut on tham we may,  
 165 And we sall haf tham at our will.'  
 Than tha gaf all consent thartill,  
 And on the hill abad hufand ;  
 The men fast gaderit of the land  
 And drew till him in full gret hy.  
 170 The Douglas than that was worthy  
 Thocht it was foly mar to bid ;  
 Toward the hill than can he rid.  
 And, quhen the Nevell saw that tha  
 Wald nocht pas furth to the foray,  
 175 Bot pressit till tham with thar micht,  
 He wist wele than that tha wald ficht,  
 And till his menyhe can he say,  
 'Lordingis, now hald we furth our way ;  
 Her is the flour of the cuntre,  
 180 And ma then tha alsua ar we ;  
 Assemill we than hardely,  
 For Douglas with yhon yhemanry  
 Sall haf na micht till us perfay.'  
 Than in a frusch assemblit tha.



- 185 Thar nicht men her the speris brast,  
 And men ding apon othir fast,  
 And blud brist out at woundis wid.  
 Tha faucht fast apon athir sid,  
 For athir party can tham pane  
 190 To put thar fais on bak agane.  
 The lordis of Nevell and Douglas,  
 Quhen that the fichting fellast was,  
 Met togidder richt in the pres;  
 Betuix tham than gret bargane wea,  
 195 Tha faucht felly with all thar maucht,  
 Gret routis athir till othir raucht;  
 Bot Douglas starkar was, I hicht,  
 And mar usit alsua to ficht,  
 And he set hart and will alsua  
 200 For till deliver him of his fa,  
 Quhill at the last with mekill mane  
 Throu fors the Nevell has he slane.  
 Than his ensenyhe he can cry,  
 And on the laf sa hardely  
 205 He ruschit with all his menyhe,  
 That into schort tym men nicht se  
 Thar fais tak on tham the flicht,  
 And tha tham chasit with all thar nicht.  
 Schir Ralf the Nevell in the chas  
 210 And the baroun of Hiltoun was  
 Takin: and othir of mekill nicht  
 Thar was slane thar intill the ficht  
 That worthy in thar tym had bene.  
 And, quhen the feld was clengit clene

215    Sa that thar fais evirilkane  
       War slane, chasit away, or tane,  
       Than gert he foray all the land,  
       And scsit all that evir he fand,  
       And brint the tounis in thar way,  
 220    Syn hale and fer ham cumin ar tha.  
       The pray sone emang his menyhe  
       Eftir thar meritis delit he,  
       And held nathing till his behuf.  
       Sic dedis aucht to ger men luf  
 225    Thar lord, and sa tha did perfay.  
       He tretit tham sa wisly ay  
       And with sa mekill luf alsua,  
       And sic ane contenans wald ma  
       Of thar ded, that the mast coward  
 230    Stoutar he mad then ane libard.  
       With cherising thusgat mad he  
       His men wicht and of gret bounte.

## CXIX.

Quhen Nevell thus was brocht to ground,  
 And of Caliou Schir Ewmond,  
 The dred of the lord of Douglas  
 And his renoun sa scalit was  
 5    Throuout the Marchis of Ingland,  
 That all that war tharin duelland

- Dred him as the devill of hell.  
 And yhet haf I herd oftsis tell  
 That he sa gretly dred was than  
 10 That, quhen wifis wald thar childir ban,  
 Tha wald with richt ane angry fas  
 Betech tham till the blak Douglas;  
 For with thar tale he was mar fell  
 Then was ony devill in hell.  
 15 Throu his gret worschip and bounte  
 Sa with his fais dred was he  
 That tham grewit till her his nam.  
 He may at es now duell at ham  
 Ane quhile, for I trow he sall nocht  
 20 With fais all ane quhile be socht.  
 Now lat him in the Forest be,  
 Of him na mar now spek will we,  
 Bot of Schir Eduard the worthy,  
 That with all his gud chevelry  
 25 Was at Cragfergus yhet lyand,  
 To spek mar will we tak on hand.  
 Quhen Schir Eduard, as I said ar,  
 Had discumfit Richard of Clar  
 And of Irland all the barnage  
 30 Thris throu his worthy vassalage,  
 And syn with all his men of mane  
 To Cragfergus was cumin agane,  
 The gud erl of Murref Thomas  
 Tuk lef in Scotland for to pas;  
 35 And he him levit with ane gruching,  
 And syn him chargit till the king

- To pray him specialy that he  
 Suld cum in Irland him to se,  
 For, war tha bath intill the land,  
 40 Tha suld find nane suld tham withstand.  
 The erl furth than his way has tane,  
 And till his schippis is he gane,  
 And salit out wele our the se.  
 In Scotland sone arivit he,  
 45 Syn till the king he went in hy,  
 And he resavit him gladsumly,  
 And sperit of his brothiris far  
 And of journeis that he had thar;  
 And he tald him all but lesing.  
 50 Quhen the king had left the spering,  
 His charge to the gud king tald he,  
 And he said he wald blithly se  
 His brothir, and als all the affer  
 Of that cuntre and of that wer.  
 55 Ane gret menyhe than gaderit he;  
 And twa lordis of gret bounte,  
 The tane the Steward Walter was,  
 The tothir James of Douglas,  
 Wardanis in his absens mad he  
 60 For till mantem wele the cuntre;  
 Syn till the se he tuk his way.  
 At Lochryan in Galloway  
 He schippit with all his menyhe.  
 To Cragfergus sone cumin is he:  
 65 Schir Eduard of his com was blith,  
 And went down for to meet him swith,

And welcumit him with gladsum cher,  
 Sa did he all that with him wer,  
 And specialy the erl Thomas  
 70 Of Murref that his nevo was.  
 Syn till the castell went tha thar,  
 He mad tham mekill fest and far,  
 Tha sojornit thar dais thre  
 In gret mirth and in rialte.

## CXX.

**K**ing Robert apon this wis  
 Intill Irland arivit is:  
 And, quhen in Cragfergus had he  
 With his men sojornit dais thre,  
 5 Tha tuk to consale that tha wald  
 With all thar folk thar wais hald  
 Throu all Irland fra end till othir.  
 Schir Eduard than the kingis brothir  
 Befor in the avaward rad,  
 10 The king himself the rerward mad,  
 That had intill his cumpany  
 The erl Thomas that was worthy.  
 Thar way furthwardis haf tha tane,  
 And sone ar passit Endirwillane.  
 15 This was in the moneth of May,  
 Quhen birdis singis on the spray

Melland thar notis with sindry soun  
 For softnes of that suet sesoun,  
 And lefis on the branchis spredis,  
 20 And blumis bricht besid tham bredis,  
 And feldis florist ar with flouris  
 Wele savourit, of ser colouris,  
 And all thing worthis blith and gay,  
 Quhen that this gud king tuk his way  
 25 To rid furthward, as I said ar.  
 The wardane than Richard of Clar  
 Wist the king was arivit sa,  
 And wist that he schup for to ta  
 His way toward the south cuntre.  
 30 Of all Irland assemblit he  
 Till him ane full gret chevelry  
 Of squyaris, burges, and yhemantry,  
 Quhill he had ner fourty thousand.  
 Bot he wald nocht yhet tak on hand  
 35 With all his fais in feld to ficht,  
 Bot umbethocht him of ane slicht,  
 That he with all that gret menyhe  
 Wald in ane wod enbuschit be  
 All prevely besid the way  
 40 Quhar that thar fais suld away,  
 And lat the vaward pas fer by,  
 And syn assemill hardely  
 On the rerward with all thar men.  
 Tha did as tha devisit then :  
 45 In ane wod tha enbuschit wer,  
 The Scottis host rad by them ner,

- Bot tha na schawing of tham mad.  
 Schir Eduard wele fer forouth rad  
 With tham that war of his menyhe,  
 50 To the rerward na tent tuk he.  
 And Schir Richard of Clar in hy,  
 Quhen Schir Eduard was passit by,  
 Send wicht yhemmen that wele couth schut  
 To bikkir the rerward apon fut.  
 55 Than twa of tham that send furth war  
 At the wodsid tham bikkirrit thar,  
 And schot emang the Scottismen.  
 The king, that had thar with him then  
 Fif thousand wicht and ek hardy,  
 60 Saw tha twa sa abandounly  
 Schut emang tham and cum sa ner;  
 He wist richt wele withouten wer  
 That tha wele ner suppowale had;  
 Tharfor ane bidding has he mad  
 65 That na man sall be sa hardy  
 To prik to tham, bot sarraly  
 Rid redy ay intill battale  
 To defend gif men wald assale,  
 'For we sall sone, I undirta,'  
 70 He said, 'haf for to do with ma.'  
 Bot Schir Colyn Cambell, that ner  
 Was by quhar tha twa yhemmen wer  
 Schutand emang tham hardely,  
 Priket on tham in full gret hy,  
 75 And sone the tane he has ourtane  
 And with his sper him sone has slane.

The tothir turnit and schot agane,  
 And at a schot his hors has slane.  
 With that the king com hastely,  
 80 And in his gret malancoly  
 With ane trunsoun intill his nef  
 To Schir Colyn sic dusch he gef  
 That he dinnit on his arsoun.  
 The king bad smertly tit him down,  
 85 Bot othir lordis that war by  
 Amesit the king in sum party.  
 He said, 'The breking of bidding  
 Micht caus be of thar discumfiting:  
 Wene yhe yhon rebaldis durst assale  
 90 Us sa ner intill our battale  
 Bot gif tha had suppowale ner?  
 I wat richt wele forouten wer  
 That we sall haf to do in hy,  
 Tharfor luk ilk man be redy.'  
 95 With that wele ner thretty or ma  
 Of bowmen com, and bikkirrit sa  
 That tha hurt of the kingis men.  
 The king has gert his archaris then  
 Schut for to put tham than agane.  
 100 With that tha enterit in ane plane,  
 And saw arait agane tham stand  
 In four battalis fourty thousand.  
 The king said, 'Lordingis, now lat se  
 Quha worthy in this ficht sall be:  
 105 On tham forouten mar abad!  
 Sa stoutly than on tham tha rad



And assemblit sa hardely  
 That of thar fais ane gret party  
 Was laid at erd at thar meting.  
 110 Thar was of speris sic bristing  
 As athir apon othir rad,  
 That it ane wele gret frusch has mad;  
 Hors com thar fruschand hed for hed  
 Sa that fele on the ground fell ded;  
 115 Mony ane wicht and worthy man,  
 As athir apon othir ran,  
 War duschit ded down till the ground;  
 The red blud out of mony ane wound  
 Ruschit in sa gret fusoun than  
 120 That of the blud the stremis ran;  
 And tha that wrath war and angry  
 Dang on othir sa hardely  
 With wapnis that war bricht and bar  
 That mony ane wicht man ded was thar,  
 125 For tha that hardy war and wicht  
 And stoutly with thar fais can ficht  
 Pressit tham formast for to be.  
 Thar micht men cruell bargane se  
 And hard battale. I undirstand  
 130 Intill all the wer of Irland  
 Sa hard ane fichting was nocht sene,  
 The quhethir of gret victoris nyntene  
 Schir Eduard had withouten wer  
 Intill les then intill thre yher,  
 135 And in sindry battalis of tha  
 He vencust twenty thousand and ma

With trappit hors richt till the fet.  
 Bot in all tymis he was yhet  
 Ay ane for fif quhen lest was he,  
 140 Bot the king into this melle  
 Had alwais aucht of his famen  
 For ane, bot he sa bar him then  
 That his gud ded and his bounte  
 Confortit sa all his menyhe  
 145 That the mast coward hardy wes,  
 For, quhar he saw the thikkast pres,  
 Sa hardely on tham he rad  
 That ay about him roun he mad.  
 And erl Thomas the worthy  
 150 Was in all tymis ner him by  
 And faucht as he war in ane rage,  
 Sa that throu thar gret vassalage  
 Thar men sic hardyment can tak  
 That tha na perill wald forsak,  
 155 Bot tham abandonit sa stoutly  
 And dang on tham sa hardely  
 That all thar fais affrait war.  
 And tha that saw wele be thar far  
 That tha eschewit sumdele the ficht,  
 160 Tha dang on tham with all thar micht,  
 And pressit tham dingand sa fast  
 That tha the bak gaf at the last:  
 And tha that saw tham tak the flicht  
 Pressit tham than with all thar micht  
 165 And in thar fleing fele can sla.  
 The kingis men has chasit sa

That tha war scalit evirilkane.  
Richard of Clar the way has tane  
To Devilling in full gret hy  
170 With othir lordis that fled him by,  
And warnist bath castell and tounis  
That war in thar possessiounis.  
Tha war sa felly fleyit thar  
That I trow Schir Richard of Clar  
175 Sall haf na will to fand his nicht  
In battale na in fors of ficht  
Quhile King Robert and his menyhe  
Is duelland into that cuntre.  
Tha stuffit strinthis on this wis,  
180 And the king that was sa to pris  
Saw in the feld richt mony slane,  
And ane of tham that thar was tane,  
That was arait jolely,  
He saw gret wondir tendirly,  
185 And askit him quhy he mad sic cher.  
He said him, 'Schir, forouten wer  
It is na wondir thouch I gret:  
I se her fele fellit to fet,  
The flour of the north of Irland  
190 That hardyast was of hart and hand  
And mast doutit in hard assay.'  
The king said, 'Thou dois wrang perfay,  
Thou has mar caus mirthis to ma  
For thou the ded eschapit sa.'

CXXI.

Richard of Clar on this maner  
 And all his folk discumfit wer  
 With few folk, as I till yhou tald.  
 And, quhen Eduard the Brus sa bald  
 5 Wist that the king had fochtin sa  
 With sa fele folk, and he tharfra,  
 Micht na man se ane wrathar man.  
 Bot the gud king said till him than  
 That it was in his awn foly,  
 10 For he rad sa unwittandly  
 Sa fer befor, and na vaward  
 Mad to tham of the rerward;  
 'For,' he said, 'quha on wer wald rid  
 In the vaward, he suld na tid  
 15 Pres fra his rerward fer of sicht,  
 For gret perill sa fall thar micht.'  
 Of this ficht will we spek na mar.  
 The king and all that with him war  
 Rad furthwardis in bettir aray  
 20 And nerar togidder than er did tha.  
 Throu all the land planly they rad,  
 Tha fand nane that tham warning mad.  
 Tha rad evin forouth Drochindra,  
 And forouth Devilling syn alsua,  
 25 Bot till gif battale nane tha fand,  
 Syn went tha furthwardis in the land,

- And south to Lynrik held thar way ;  
 That is the southmast toun perfay  
 That in Irland may fundin be.  
 30 Thar lay tha dais twa or thre,  
 And buskit syn agane to far ;  
 And, quhen that tha all redy war,  
 The king has herd ane woman cry,  
 And askit quhat that was in hy.  
 35 ' It is ane landar, schir,' said ane,  
 ' That her childryn richt now has tane  
 And mon lef now hehind us her,  
 Tharfor scho makis yhon evill cher.'  
 The king said, ' Certis it war pite  
 40 That scho in that poynt left suld be,  
 For certis I trow thar is na man  
 That he ne will rew ane woman than.'  
 His host all than arestit he,  
 And gert ane tent sone stentit be,  
 45 And gert hir gang in hastely,  
 And othir wemen to be hir by  
 Quhill scho deliver was he bad,  
 And syn furth on his wais rad,  
 And how scho furth suld caryit be  
 50 Or evir he fur than ordanit he.  
 This was ane full gret curtasy,  
 That sic ane king and sa mighty  
 Gert his men duell on this maner  
 Bot for ane full pouer lavender.  
 55 Northwardis agane tha tuk the way :  
 Throu all Irland thus passit tha,

Throu Connach richt to Devillyn,  
 And throu all Meth and Irell syn,  
 And Monester, and Lenester,  
 60 And syn haly throu Ullister  
 To Cragfergus forout battale,  
 For thar was nane durst tham assale.  
 The kingis than of the Erischry  
 Com till Schir Eduard halely,  
 65 And thar manrent till him can ma,  
 Bot gif that it war ane or twa.  
 To Cragfergus they com agane,  
 In all that way was na bargane,  
 Bot gif that ony punyhe wer  
 70 That is nocht for to spek of her.  
 The Erisch kingis than evirilkane  
 Ham till thar awn repar ar gane,  
 And undirtuk in all kyn thing  
 For till obes to the bidding  
 75 Of Schir Eduard that thir king call tha.  
 He was wele set now in gud way  
 To conquer the land halely,  
 For he had apon his party  
 The Erischry and Ullister,  
 80 And he was sa furth of his wer  
 That he was passit throu Irland  
 Fra end till end throu strinth of hand.  
 Couth he haf governit him throu skill,  
 And folowit nocht to fast his will,  
 85 Bot with mesur half led his ded,  
 It was wele lik withouten dred

That he micht haf conquerit wele  
 The land of Irland evirilk dele:  
 Bot his outrageous succudry  
 90 And will that mar was than hardy  
 Of purpos lettit him perfay,  
 As I hereftir sall yhou say.

## CXXII.

Now lef we her the nobill king  
 All at his es and his liking,  
 And spek we of the lord Douglas  
 That left to kep the Marchis was.  
 5 He gert get wrichtis that was sle,  
 And in the halch of Lyntounle  
 He gert tham mak ane far maner;  
 And, quhen the housis biggit wer,  
 He gert purvay him richt wele thar,  
 10 For he thocht for to mak infar  
 And till mak gud cher till his men.  
 In Richmond was thar wonnand then  
 Ane erl men callit Schir Thomas;  
 He had invy at the Douglas,  
 15 And said, gif that he his baner  
 Micht se displait apon wer,  
 That sone assemill on it suld he.  
 He herd how Douglas thocht to be

- At Lyntounle ane fest to ma,  
 20 And he had witting wele alsua  
 That the king and ane gret menyhe  
 War passit than of the cuntre  
 And the erl of Murref Thomas;  
 Tharfor he thocht the cuntre was  
 25 Febill of men for till withstand  
 Men that tham socht with stalward hand;  
 And of the Marchis than had he  
 The governale and the pouste.  
 He gaderit folk about him then  
 30 Quhill he was ner ten thousand men,  
 And wod-axis gert with him tak,  
 For he thocht he his men wald mak  
 Till hew doun Jedworth Forest clene  
 That na tre suld tharin be sene.  
 35 Tha held tham furthward on thar way,  
 Bot the gud lord Douglas, that ay  
 Had spyis out on ilka sid,  
 Had gud witting that tha wald rid  
 And cum apon him sudanly.  
 40 Than gaderit he richt hastely  
 Tham that he micht of his menyhe.  
 I trow that than with him wald be  
 Fifty that worthy war and wicht  
 At all poynt armit wele and dicht,  
 45 And of archaris ane gret menyhe  
 Assemblit als with him had he.  
 Ane plas than was thar in the way  
 Quhar he wist wele tha wald away,



- That had wod apon athir sid ;  
50 The entre was wele large and wid,  
And as ane scheld it narowit ay  
Quhill that intill ane plas the way  
Was nocht ane pennystane-cast of bred.  
The lord of Douglas thiddir yhed  
55 Quhen he wist tha war ner cumand,  
And in ane cleuch on the ta hand  
All his archaris enbuschit he,  
And bad tham hald tham all preve  
Quhill that tha herd him ras the cry,  
60 And than suld tha schut hardely  
Emang thar fais, and hald tham thar  
Quhill that he throu tham passit war,  
And syn with him furth hald suld tha.  
Than birkis on athir sid the way  
65 That yyoung and thik war growand ner  
He knit togidder on sic maner  
That men nicht nocht wele throu tham rid.  
Quhen this was done, he can abid  
Apon the tothir half the way ;  
70 And Richmond intill gud aray  
Com ridand in the first eschele.  
The lord Douglas has sene him wele,  
And gert his men all hald tham still  
Quhill richt at hand tha com tham till  
75 And enterit in the narow way ;  
Than with ane schout on tham schot tha,  
Cryand on hicht ' Douglas ! Douglas !'  
The Richmond than that worthy was,

Quhen he has herd sa ris the cry  
80 And Douglas baner saw planly,  
He dressit him thiddirward in hy;  
And tha com on sa hardely  
That tha throu tham mad tham gud way,  
All that tha met till erd bar tha.  
95 The Richmond born doun thar was:  
On him arestit the Douglas,  
And him reversit, and with ane knif  
Richt in that plas him reft the lif.  
Ane hat apon his helm he bar,  
90 And that tuk Douglas with him thar  
In takning, for it furrit was,  
And syn in hy his way he tais  
Quhill in the wod tha enterit war.  
The archaris wele has born tham thar,  
95 For wele and hardely schot tha.  
The Inglis rout in gret affray  
War set, for Douglas sudanly  
With all tham of his cumpany  
Or evir tha wist was in thar rout,  
100 And thrillit tham wele ner throuout,  
And had almast all done his ded  
Or tha till help tham couth tak hed.  
And, quhen tha saw thar lord was slane,  
Tha tuk him up, and went agane  
105 To draw tham fra the schot away;  
Than in ane plane assemblit tha,  
And for thar lord that thar was ded  
Tha schup tham in that ilk sted

- For till tak herbry all that nicht.  
 110 And than the Douglas that was wicht  
 Gat wittering that ane clerk Elis  
 With wele thre hundreth ennemyis  
 All straucht to Lyntounle war gane  
 And herbry for thar host had tane.  
 115 Than thiddir is he went in hy  
 With all tham of his cumpany,  
 And fand clerk Elis at the met  
 And all his rout about him set:  
 And tha com on tham stoutly thar,  
 120 And with suerdis that scharply schar  
 Tha servit tham full egirly;  
 Tha war slane doun sa halely  
 That thar wele ner eschapit nane:  
 Tha servit tham in sa gret wane  
 125 With scherand suerdis and with knifis  
 That wele ner all lesit the lifis:  
 Tha had ane feloun entremas,  
 That surchargis to chargeand was.  
 Tha that eschapit thar throu cas  
 130 Richt till thar host thar wais tais  
 And tald how that thar men war slane  
 Sa clene that ner eschapit nane.  
 And, quhen tha of the host has herd  
 How that the Douglas with tham ferd  
 135 That had thar herbryouris all slane  
 And ruschit all thamself agane,  
 And slew thar lord in mid thar rout,  
 Thar was nane of tham all sa stout

That mar will had than till assale  
 140 The Douglas. Tharfor till consale  
 Tha yhed, and till purpos has tane  
 To wend hamward, and ham is gane,  
 And sped tham sa apon thar way  
 That in Ingland sone cum ar tha.  
 145 The Forest left tha standand still,  
 To hew it than tha had na will,  
 And specialy quhile the Douglas  
 Sa nerhand by thar nichtbour was.  
 And he that saw tham turn agane  
 150 Persavit wele thar lord was slane,  
 And be the hat that he had tane  
 He wist it alsua wele, for ane  
 That takin was said him suthly  
 That the Richmond comonly  
 155 Was wont that furrit hat to wer :  
 Than Douglas blithar was then er,  
 For he wist wele that the Richmond  
 His feloun fa was brocht to ground.

## CXXIII.

Schir James of Douglas on this wis  
 Throu his worschip and gret empris  
 Defendit worthely the land.  
 This poynt of wer, I tak on hand,

- 5 Was undirtane full apertly  
 And eschevit richt hardely,  
 For he stonait withouten wer  
 The folk that wele ten thousand wer  
 With fifty armit men but ma.  
 10 I can als tell yhou othir twa  
 Poyntis that wele eschevit wer  
 With fifty men, and but all wer  
 Tha war done sa richt hardely  
 That tha war prisit soveranly  
 15 Atour all othir poyntis of wer  
 That in thar tym eschevit wer.  
 This was the first that sa stoutly  
 Was brocht till end wele with fifty.  
 In Galloway the tothir fell,  
 20 Quhen, as yhe forouth herd me tell,  
 Schir Eduard the Brus with fifty  
 Vencust of Sanct Johne Schir Amy  
 And fiften hundreth men be tale.  
 The thrid fell intill Eskisdale,  
 25 Quhen that Schir Johne the Soulis was  
 The governour of all that plas,  
 That till Schir Andro Hardclay  
 With fifty men withset the way  
 That had thar in his cumpany  
 30 Thre hundreth horsit jolely.  
 This Schir Johne into plane melle  
 Throu hardyment and soverane bounte  
 Vencust tham sturdely ilkane  
 And Schir Andro in hand has tane.

- 35 I will nocht rehers the maner,  
 For, quhasa likis, tha may her  
 Yhounge wemen, quhen tha will play,  
 Sing it emang tham ilke day.  
 Thir war the worthy poyntis thre, .  
 40 That I trow evirmar sall be  
 Prisit quhile men may on tham mene.  
 It is wele worth forouten wene  
 That thar namis for evirmar,  
 That in thar time sa worthy war  
 45 That men till her yhet has dante  
 Of thar worschip and thar bounte,  
 Be lestand ay furth in lowing;  
 Quhar he that is of hevin the king  
 Bring tham he up till hevinis blis  
 50 Quhar alwais lestand lowing is.

## CXXIV.

- Iutill this tym that the Richmond  
 Was on this maner brocht to ground  
 Men of the cost of Ingland,  
 That duelt on Hummyr or nerhand,  
 5 Gaderit tham ane gret menylie,  
 And went in schippis till the se,  
 And toward Scotland went in hy,  
 And in the Firth com hastely.

- Tha wend till haf all thar liking,  
 10 For tha wist richt wele that the king  
 Was than fer out of the cuntre,  
 With him mony of gret bounte:  
 Tharfor intill the Firth com tha,  
 And endlang furth held tha thar way  
 15 Quhill tha besid Ennerkethyne  
 On west half toward Dunfermlyne  
 Tuk land and fast begouth to ref.  
 The erl of Fif and the schirref  
 Saw till thar cost schippis approchand,  
 20 Tha gaderit till defend thar land,  
 And ay forgane the schippis ay,  
 As tha salit, tha held thar way,  
 And thocht to let tham land to tak.  
 And, quhen the schipmen saw tham mak  
 25 Sic contenans in sic aray,  
 Tha said emang tham all that tha  
 Wald nocht let for tham land to ta.  
 Than till the land they sped them sa  
 That tha com thar in full gret hy  
 30 And arivit full hardely.  
 The Scottismen saw thar cuming,  
 And had of tham sic abasing  
 That tha all sammyn rad tham fra  
 And the land letles let tham ta:  
 35 Tha durst nocht ficht with tham, forthi  
 Tha withdrew tham all halely,  
 The quhethir tha war fif hundreth ner.  
 Quhen tha away thus ridand wer

- And na defens begouth to schap,  
 40 Of Dunkelden the gud bischap,  
 That men callit Wilyham Sancier,  
 Com with ane rout in gud maner,  
 I trow on hors tha war sixty.  
 Himself was armit jolely  
 45 And rad apon ane stalward sted ;  
 Ane chemer for till hele his wed  
 Abouin his arming had he then,  
 And als wele armit was his men.  
 The erl with the schirref met he  
 50 Avaward with ane gret menyhe,  
 And askit tham wele sone quhat hy  
 Mad tham to turn sa hastely.  
 Tha said thar fais with stalward hand  
 Had in sic fusoun takin land  
 55 That tha thocht tham all out to fele  
 And tham to few with tham to dele.  
 Quhen the bischop herd it was sa,  
 He said, 'The king aucht wele to ma  
 Of yhou that takis sa wele on hand  
 60 In his absens to wer the land.  
 Certis, gif he gert serf yhou wele,  
 The gilt spuris richt by the hele  
 He suld in hy ger hew yhou fra :  
 Richt wald with cowardis men did sa.  
 65 Quha lufis his lord or his cuntre  
 Turn smertly now agane with me.'  
 With that he kest of his chemer,  
 And hynt in hand ane stalward sper,



- And rad toward his fais in hy ;  
 70 All turnit with him halely,  
 For he had tham reprofrit sa  
 That of tham all nane went him fra.  
 He rad befor tham sturdely,  
 And tha him folowit sarraly  
 75 Quhill that tha com ner approchand  
 To thar fais that had tane land ;  
 And sum war knit in gud aray,  
 And sum war set to the foray.  
 The gud bischop, quhen he tham saw,  
 80 He said, 'Lordingis, but dred or aw  
 Prik we apon tham hardely,  
 And we sall haf tham wele lichtly ;  
 Se tha us cum but abasing  
 Sa that we mak her na stinting,  
 85 Tha sall wele sone discumfit be.  
 Now dois wele, for men sone sall se  
 Quha lufis the kingis mensk today.'  
 Than all togidder in gud aray  
 Tha prikit apon tham sturdely.  
 90 The bischop that was richt hardy  
 And mekill and stark rad forouth ay.  
 Than in a frusch assemblit tha ;  
 And tha, that at the first meting  
 Of speris feld sa sar sowing,  
 95 Wandist and wald haf bene away ;  
 Toward thar schippis in hy held tha,  
 And tha com chasand felonly,  
 And slew tham sa dispitfully

That all the feldis strowit war  
100 Of Inglismen that slane was thar.  
And tha that yhet held unslane  
Pressit tham till the se agane,  
And Scottismen that chasit sa  
Slew all that evir tha micht ourta,  
105 Bot tha that fled yhet nocht forthi  
Sa till thar schippis can tham hy,  
And in sum bargis sa fele can ga,  
For thar fais tham chasit sa,  
That tha ourtumlit, and the men  
110 That war tharin all drounit then.  
Thar did ane Inglisman perfay  
Ane wele gret strinth, as I herd say,  
For, quhen he chasit was till the bat,  
Ane Scottisman that him handlit hat  
115 He hynt than be the armis twa,  
And, war him wele or war him wa,  
He evin apon his bak him flang,  
And with him till the bat can gang,  
And kest him in all magre his:  
120 This was ane wele gret strinth I wis.  
The Inglismen that wan away,  
To thar schippis in hy went tha,  
And salit ham angry and wa  
That tha had bene rebutit sa.

CXXV.

Quhen that the schipmen on this wis  
 War discumfit as I devis,  
 The bischop, that sa wele him bar  
 That he all hartit that was thar,  
 5 Was yhet intil the fichting sted  
 Quhar that fif hundreth ner war ded  
 Forouten tham that drounit war;  
 And, quhen the feld was spulyheit bar,  
 Tha went all ham to thar repar.  
 10 To the bischop is fallin far,  
 That throu his pris and his bounte  
 Has eschevit sa gret journe:  
 The king tharfor ay fra that day  
 Him luft, honorit, and prisit ay,  
 15 And held him into sic dante  
 That his awn bischop him callit he.  
 Thus tha defendit the cuntre  
 Apon bath halfis the Scottis Se  
 Quhile that the king was out of land,  
 20 That than, as I haf born on hand,  
 Throu all Irland his cours had mad  
 And agane till Cragfergus rad.  
 And, quhen his brothir as he war king  
 Had all Erischry at his bidding  
 25 And halely Ullister alsua,  
 He buskit ham his way to ta.

- Of his men that war mast hardy  
 And prisit of all chevelry  
 With his brothir gret part left he,  
 30 And syn he went ontill the se.  
 Quhen thar lefis on athir party  
 Was tane, he went to schip in hy;  
 The erl Thomas with him he had;  
 Tha rasit salis but abad,  
 35 And in the land of Galloway  
 Forout perill arivit tha.  
 The lordis of the land was fane  
 Quhen tha wist he was cumin agane,  
 And till him went in full gret hy,  
 40 And he resavit tham richt gladly  
 And mad tham fest and gladsum cher,  
 And tha sa wondirly blith wer  
 Of his com that na toung micht say:  
 Gret fest and far till him mad tha.  
 45 Quharevir he rad, all the cuntre  
 Gaderit in dante him to se;  
 Gret gladschip than was in the land;  
 All than was wonnin till his hand;  
 Fra Redis Swyr till Orkynnay  
 50 Was nocht of Scotland fra his fay  
 Outakin Berwik it alane.  
 That tym tharin wonnit ane  
 That capitane was of the toun.  
 All Scottismen in suspicioun  
 55 He held, and tretit tham richt ill.  
 He had ay till tham hevy will,

And held tham fast at undir ay,  
 Qubill that it fell apon ane day  
 That ane burges Sym of Spalding  
 60 Thocht it was richt ane angry thing  
 Ay sagat till rebutit be:  
 Tharfor intill his hart thocht he  
 That he wald slely mak covyn  
 With the marschall, quhais cosyn  
 65 He had weddit ontill his wif;  
 And as he thocht he did belif.  
 Letteris till him he send in hy  
 With ane trast man all prevely,  
 And set him tym to cum at nicht  
 70 With ledderis and gud men and wicht  
 To the Kow Yhat all prevely,  
 And bad him hald his tryst trewly,  
 And he suld met tham at the wall,  
 For his wach thar that nicht suld fall.  
 75 Quhen the marschall the letteris saw,  
 He umbethocht him than ane thraw,  
 For he wist be himselvin that he  
 Micht nocht of micht na power be  
 For till eschef sa gret ane thing,  
 80 And, gif he tuk till his helping  
 Ane, ane othir suld wrethit be.  
 Tharfor richt till the king yhed he,  
 And schawit him betuix tham twa  
 The lettir and the charge alsua.  
 85 Quhen that the king herd that this trane  
 Was spokin into sic certane

That him thoct tharin na fantis,  
 He said him, 'Certis thou wrocht has wis  
 That thou discoverit the first to me,  
 90 For, gif thou had discoverit the  
 To my nevo the erl Thomas,  
 Thou suld disples the lord Douglas,  
 And him alsua in the contrer;  
 Bot I sall wirk on sic maner  
 95 That thou at thyn entent sall be  
 And haf of nane of tham magre.  
 Thou sall tak kep wele till the day,  
 And with tham that thou purchas may  
 At evin thou sall enbuschit be  
 100 In Duns park, bot be preve,  
 And I sall ger the erl Thomas  
 And the lord alsua of Douglas,  
 Athir with ane quhene of men,  
 Be thar to do as thou sall ken.  
 105 The marschall than but mar delay  
 Tuk lef and held on furth his way,  
 And held the spek preve and still  
 Quhill the day that was set him till.  
 Than of the best of Lowdiane  
 110 He with him till his tryst has tane,  
 For schirref tharof than was he.  
 To Duns park with his menyhe  
 He com at evin prevely,  
 And syn with ane gud cumpany  
 115 Sone eftir com the erl Thomas  
 That was met with the lord Douglas:

Ane richt far cumpany tha war  
 Quhen tha war met togidder thar.  
 And, quhen the marschall the covyn  
 120 To bath the lordis lyn be lyn  
 Had tald, tha went on furth thar way,  
 Fer fra the toun thar hors left tha.  
 To mak it schort, sa wrocht tha than  
 That but seing of ony man,  
 125 Outane Sym of Spalding alane  
 That gert that ded be undirtane,  
 Tha set thar ledderis till the wall,  
 And but persaving com up all,  
 And held tham in ane nuk preve  
 130 Quhill that the nicht suld passit be,  
 And ordanit that the mast party  
 Of thar men suld gang sarraly  
 With thar lordis and hald ane stale,  
 And the remanand suld all hale  
 135 Scale throu the toun, and tak and sla  
 All the men that tha micht ourta.  
 Bot sone thar ordinans brak tha,  
 For als sone as it dawit day  
 The twa-part of thar men and ma  
 140 All scalit throu the toun can ga.  
 Sa gredy war tha till the gud  
 That tha ran richt as tha war wud,  
 And sesit housis, and slew men.  
 And tha that saw thar fais then  
 145 Cum apon tham sa sudanly,  
 Throuout the toun tha rasis the cry,

And schot togidder her and thar,  
 And ay, as tha assemblit war,  
 Tha wald abid and mak debat.  
 150 Had tha bene warnit, wele I wat,  
 Tha suld haf sald thar dedis der,  
 For tha war gud men, and tha wer  
 Fer ma then tha war that tham socht,  
 Bot tha war scalit sa that tha mocht  
 155 On na maner assemblit be.  
 Thar was gret melleis twa or thre,  
 Bot Scottismen sa wele tham bar  
 That thar fais ay ruschit war,  
 And cummerit at the last war sa  
 160 That tha haly the bak can ta.  
 Sum gat the castell, bot nocht all,  
 And sum ar slidin our the wall,  
 And sum war intill handis tane,  
 And sum war in the bargane slane.  
 165 On this wis tham contenit tha  
 Quhill it was ner none of the day;  
 Than tha that in the castell war  
 And othir that fled till tham thar,  
 That war ane richt gret cumpany,  
 170 Quhen tha the baneris saw simply  
 Sa standand stuffit with sa quhone,  
 Thar yhatis haf tha opnit sone  
 And ischit on tham hardely.  
 Than erl Thomas that was worthy,  
 175 And the gud lord als of Douglas,  
 With the few folk that with tham was,



Met tham stoutly with wapnis ser.  
 Thar men nicht se that had bene ner  
 Men abandoun tham hardely :  
 180 The Inglismen faucht cruelly,  
 And with all nichtis can tham pane  
 To rusch the Scottismen agane.  
 I trow tha had sa done perfay,  
 For tha war fewar fer then tha,  
 185 Gif it na had bene ane new mad knicht,  
 That till his nam Schir Wilyham hicht  
 Of Keth, and of the Gawlistoun  
 He hicht throu differens of surnoun,  
 That bar him sa richt wele that day,  
 190 And put him till sa hard assay,  
 And sic dintis about him dang,  
 That, quhar he saw the thikkast thrang,  
 He prikit with sa mekill nicht,  
 And sa enforsely can ficht  
 195 That he mad till his menyhe way ;  
 And tha that ner war by him ay  
 Dang on thar fais sa hardely  
 That tha haf tane the bak haly,  
 And till the castell held thar way,  
 200 And at gret mischef enterit tha,  
 For tha war pressait thar sa fast  
 That tha fele lesit of the last ;  
 Bot tha that enterit, nocht forthi,  
 Sparit thar yhatis hastely  
 205 And in hy till the wallis ran,  
 For tha war nocht all sekir than.

## CXXVI.

Thē toun was takin on this wis  
Throu gret worschip and he empris,  
And all the gud that tha thar fand  
Was sesit smertly intill hand.  
5 Vittale tha fand in gret fusoun,  
And all that fell to stuff of toun,  
That kepit tha fra distroying;  
And syn has word send till the king,  
And he was of that tithing blith,  
10 And sped him thiddirward full swith;  
And, as he throu the cuntre rad,  
Men gaderit till him quhill he had  
Ane mekill rout of worthy men.  
And the folk that war wonnand then  
15 Intill the Mers and Tevydale,  
And in the Forest als all hale,  
And the est end of Lowdiane,  
Befor that the king com ar gane  
To Berwik with sa stalward hand  
20 That nane that was that tyme wonnand  
On yhond half Twed durst wele aper.  
And tha that in the castell wer,  
Quhen tha thar fais in sic plente  
Saw forouth tham assemblit be,  
25 And had na hop of reskewing,  
Tha war abasit in gret thing.

- Bot tha the castell nocht forthi  
Held tha fif dais sturdely.  
Syn yhald it on the sext day,  
30 And till thar cuntre syn went tha.  
Thus was the castell and the toun  
To Scottismenis possessioun  
Brocht, and sone eftir the king  
Com ridand with his gadering  
35 To Berwik, and in the castele  
He herbryit is bath far and wele,  
And all his gret lordis him by;  
The remanand all comonly  
To herbry in the toun ar gane.  
40 The king has than to consale tane  
That he wald nocht brek doun the wall,  
Bot castell and the toun withall  
Stuff wele with men and with vittale  
And alkyn othir apparale  
45 That micht avale or yhet mister  
To hald castell or toun of wer.  
And Walter Steward of Scotland,  
That than was yhoung and avenand,  
And sone in law was till the king,  
50 Had sa gret will and sic yharning  
Nerhand the Marchis for to be  
That Berwik till yhemsal tuk he,  
And resavit of the king the toun  
And the castell and the dongeoun.  
55 The king gert men of gret noblay  
Rid intill Ingland for to pray,

That brocht out gret plente of fe,  
 And sum cuntreis trewit he  
 For vittale that in gret fusoun  
 60 He gert bring smertly till the toun,  
 Sa that bath toun and castell war  
 Wele stuffit for ane yher and mar.  
 The gud Steward of Scotland then  
 Send for his frendis and his men,  
 65 Quhill he had with him, but archeris.  
 But burges and but awblasteris,  
 Fif hundreth men wicht and worthy  
 That armis bar of awncestry.  
 Johne Crab ane Fleming als had he,  
 70 That was of sa gret subtilite  
 Till ordane till mak apparale  
 For till defend and till assale  
 Castell of wer or than cite,  
 That nane sleir nicht fundin be.  
 75 He gert engynis and cranis ma,  
 And purvait gret fyr alsua;  
 Springaldis and schotis on ser maneris  
 That till defend castellis efferis  
 He purvait into full gret wane;  
 80 Bot gynis for crakis had he nane,  
 For in Scotland yhet than but wene  
 The us of tham had nocht bene sene.  
 And, quhen the toun apon this wis  
 Was stuffit as I her devis,  
 85 The nobill king his way has tane  
 And ridin toward Lowdiane;

And Walter Steward that was stout  
 He left at Berwik with his rout,  
 And ordanit fast for apparale  
 90 To defend gif men wald assale.

## CXXVII.

Quhen till the king of Ingland  
 Was tald how that with stalward hand  
 Berwik was tane, and stuffit syn  
 With men and vittale and armyn,  
 5 He was anoyit richt gretumly,  
 And gert assemill hastely  
 His consale, and has tane to red  
 That he his host wald thiddir led,  
 And with all micht that he micht get  
 10 To the toun ane assege he set,  
 And gert dik tham sa stalwardly  
 That, quhile tham likit thar to ly,  
 Tha suld fer out the trastar be;  
 And, gif the men of the cuntre  
 15 With strinth of men wald tham assale  
 At thar dikis intill battale,  
 Tha suld advantage haf gretly,  
 And thocht all suth for gret foly  
 War till assale intill fichting  
 20 At his dikis sa stark ane thing.

- Quhen his consale on this maner  
 Was tane, he gert bath fer and ner  
 His host haly assemblit be ;  
 Ane gret folk than with him had he.  
 25 Of Longcastell the erl Thomas,  
 That syn was sanctit as men sais,  
 Intill his cumpany was thar,  
 And all the erlis als that war  
 In Ingland worthy for to ficht,  
 30 And barounis als of mekill nicht,  
 With him to that assege had he,  
 And gert his schippis be the se  
 Bring schot and othir apparale  
 And gret warnising of vittale.  
 35 To Berwik with all his menyhe  
 With his battalis arait com he,  
 And till gret lordis ilkane sindry  
 Ordanit ane feld for thar herbry ;  
 That men nicht se sone palyheounis  
 40 Be stentit on sindry fassounis  
 Sa fele that tha ane toun mad thar  
 Mar than bath toun and castell war.  
 On othir half syn on the se  
 The schippis com on sic plente  
 45 With vittale, arming, and with men,  
 That all the havin was stoppit then.  
 And, quhen tha that war in the toun  
 Saw thar fais in sic fusoun  
 Be land and se cum sturdely,  
 50 Tha as wicht men and richt worthy

Schup tham for till defend thar sted,  
 That tha in aventur of ded  
 Suld put tham, or than rusch agane  
 Thar fais; for thar capitane  
 55 Tretit tham sa lusumly,  
 And tharwithall the mast party  
 Of tham that armit with him wer  
 War of his blud and sibmen ner,  
 Or ellis tha war his allye.  
 60 Of sic confort men micht tham se  
 And of sa richt far contening  
 As nano of tham had abasing.  
 On dais arait wele war tha,  
 And on the nicht wele wachit ay.  
 65 Wele sex dais tha sa abad  
 That tha na full gret bargane had.

## CXXVIII.

Intill this tym that I tell her  
 That tha withouten bargane wer  
 The Inglismen sa closit had  
 Thar host with dikis that tha mad  
 5 That tha war strinthit gretumly.  
 Syn with all handis besaly  
 Tha schup tham with thar apparale  
 Tham of the toun for till assale,

- And on our Ladyis evin Mary  
10 That bar the birth that all can by,  
That men callis hir Nativite,  
Sone in the morning men nicht se  
The Inglis host arm tham in hy,  
And display baneris sturdely,  
15 And assemill to thar baneris  
With instrumentis on ser maneris,  
As scaffaldis, ledderis, and coveringis,  
Pikis, howis, and ek staf-slingis.  
Till ilk lord and his battale  
20 Was ordanit quhar he suld assale;  
And tha within, quhen that tha saw  
That menyhe range tham sa on raw,  
Till thar wardis tha went in hy  
That war stuffit richt stalwardly  
25 With stanis and schot and othir thing  
That nedit till thar defending,  
And into sic maner abad  
Thar fais that till assale tham mad.  
Quhen tha without war all redy,  
30 Tha trumpit till ane salt in hy,  
And ilk man with his apparale  
Quhar he suld be went till assale;  
Till ilk kyrnele that was thar  
Archaris to schut assignit war.  
35 And, quhen on this wis tha war boun,  
Tha went in hy toward the toun,  
And fillit dikis richt hastely,  
Syn till the wallis hardely



## THE BRUS.

- Tha went with ledderis that tha had.  
 40 Bot tha sa gret defens haf mad  
 That war abouin apon the wall,  
 That of ledderis and men withall  
 Tha gert fall flatlingis till the ground.  
 Than men nicht se in litill stound  
 45 Men assalyheand richt hardely,  
 Dressand up ledderis douchtely,  
 And sum on ledderis pressand war.  
 Bot tha that on the wall was thar  
 Till all peralis can abandoun  
 50 Tham quhill thar fais war dungin doun.  
 At gret mischef defendit tha  
 Thar toun, for, gif we suth sall say,  
 The wallis of the toun than wer  
 Sa law that a man with ane sper  
 55 Micht strik ane othir intill the faa,  
 And the schot als sa thik thar was  
 That it was wondir for to se.  
 Walter Steward with ane menyhe  
 Rad ay about for till se quhar  
 60 That for till help mast mister war,  
 And, quhar men pressit mast, he mad  
 Succouris till his that mister had.  
 The mekill folk that was without  
 Had enveronit the toun about  
 65 Sa that na part of it was fre.  
 Thar nicht men the assalyheouris se  
 Abandoun tham richt hardely,  
 And the defendouris douchtely

- With all thar michtis can tham pane  
 70 To put thar fais with fors agane.  
 On this wis tham contenit tha  
 Quhill none was passit of the da.  
 Than tha that in the schippis war  
 Ordanit ane schip with full gret far  
 75 To cum with all hir apparale  
 Richt till the wall for till assale.  
 To mid-mast up thar bat tha drew  
 With armit men tharin enew;  
 Ane brig tha had for till lat fall  
 80 Richt fra the bat apon the wall;  
 With bargis by hir can tha row,  
 And pressit tham full fast to tow  
 Hir by the brighous till the wall;  
 On that entent tha set tham all,  
 85 Tha brocht hir quhill scho com wele ner.  
 Than micht men se on ser maner  
 Sum men defend and sum assale  
 Full besaly with gret travale.  
 Tha of the toun sa wele tham bar  
 90 That the schipmen sa handlit war  
 That tha the schip on na maner  
 Micht ger cum till the wall sa ner  
 That thar fallbrig micht rek thartill.  
 Sa lang abad tha fichtand still  
 95 Quhill that scho ebbit on the ground;  
 Than micht men in ane litill stound  
 Se tham be fer of wer covyn  
 Than tha war er that war hir in.

- And, quhen the se was ebbit sa  
100 That men all dry till hir nicht ga,  
Ont of the toun ischit in hy  
Till hir ane wele gret cumpany,  
And fyr till hir has kendlit sone.  
Intill schort tym sa haf tha done  
105 That tha in fyr has gert hir brin,  
And sum war slane that war hir in,  
And sum fled and away ar gane.  
Ane engynour thar haf tha tane  
That sleast was of that mister  
110 That men wist outhir fer or ner,  
Intill the toun syn enterit tha.  
It fell tham happely perfay  
That tha gat in sa hastely,  
For thar com ane gret cumpany  
115 In full gret hy up be the se,  
Quhen tha the schip saw brinnand be;  
Bot, or tha com, the tothir war past  
The yhat and barrit it richt fast.  
The folk assalyheit fast that day,  
120 And tha within defendit ay  
On sic awis that tha that war  
With gret enfors assalyheand thar  
Micht do thar will on na maner.  
And, quhen the evin-sang tym was ner,  
125 The folk without that war wery,  
And sum woundit full cruelly,  
Saw tham within defend tham sa,  
And saw it was nocht eth to ta

The toun quhile sic defens was mad,  
 130 And tha that into stering had  
 The host saw that thar schip was brint,  
 And of tham that tharin war tynt,  
 And thar folk woundit and wery,  
 Tha gert blaw the retret in hy;  
 135 Fra the schipmen rebutit war  
 Tha let the tothir assale na mar,  
 For throu the schip tha wend ilkane  
 That tha the toun wele suld haf tane.  
 Men sais that ma schippis than sa  
 140 Pressit that tym the toun to ta;  
 Bot, for that thar was brint bot ane  
 And the gynour tharin was tane,  
 Now her tharfor mentioun mad I  
 Bot of a schip allanerly.

## CXXIX.

Quhen tha had blawin the retret,  
 Tha folk that tholit had panis gret  
 Withdrew tham haly fra the wall;  
 The assalt haf tha levit all;  
 5 And tha within that wery war,  
 And mony of tham woundit sar,  
 War blith and glad quhen that tha saw  
 Thar fais sagat tham withdraw.

- And, fra tha wist suthly that tha  
10 Held till thar palyheounis thar way,  
Tha set gud wachis till thar wall,  
Syn till thar innis went tha all  
And esit tham that wery war ;  
And othir that war woundit sar  
15 Had gud lechis, forsuth I hicht,  
That helpit tham as best tha micht.  
On athir sid wery war tha,  
That nicht tha did na mar perfay.  
Fif dais thareftir tha war still  
20 That nane till othir did mekill ill.  
Now lef we thir folk her lyand  
All still as I haf born on hand,  
And turn the cours of our carping  
To Schir Robert the douchty king,  
25 That assemblit bath fer and ner  
Ane host, quhen that he wist but wer  
That the king sa of Ingland  
Had assegit with stalward hand  
Berwik quhar Walter Steward was.  
30 To purpos with his men he tais  
That he wald nocht sa sone assale  
The king of Ingland with battale,  
And at his dikis specialy,  
For it micht wele turn till foly.  
35 Tharfor he ordanit lordis twa,  
The erl of Murref was ane of tha,  
The tothir was the lord Douglas,  
With fifteen thousand men to pas

- In Ingland for to brin and sla  
40 And sa gret ryot thar to ma  
That tha that lay segeand the toun,  
Quhen tha herd the distructioun  
That tha suld intill Ingland ma,  
Suld be sa dredand and sa wa  
45 For thar childir and for thar wifis  
That tha suld dred suld les thar lifis,  
And thar gudis alsua that tha  
Suld dred than suld be had away,  
That tha suld lef the sege in hy  
50 And wend to reskew hastely  
Thar gudis, thar frendis, and thar land.  
Tharfor, as I haf born on hand,  
Thir lordis send he furth in hy,  
And tha thar way tuk hastely,  
55 And in Ingland gert brin and sla,  
And wrocht tharin sa mekill wa,  
As tha forait the cuntre,  
That it was pite for to se  
To tham that wald it ony gud,  
60 For tha distroyit all as tha yhud.  
Sa lang tha rad distroyand sa  
As tha traversit to and fra,  
That tha ar cumin till Repoun  
And distroyit haly that toun.  
65 At Borowbrig syn thar herbry  
Tha tuk, and at Mytoun tharby.  
And, quhen the men of that cuntre  
Saw thar land sa distroyit be,

- Tha gaderit into full gret hy  
70 Archaris, burges, and yhemantry,  
Prestis, clerkis, monkis, and freris,  
Husbandis, and men of all misteris,  
Quhill that tha sammyn assemblit war  
Wele twenty thousand men and mar;  
75 Richt gud arming eneuch tha had.  
The archbischof of York tha mad  
Thar capitane, and till consale  
Has tane that tha in plane battale  
Wald assale the Scottismen  
80 That fer fewar then tha war then.  
Than he displait his baner,  
And othir bischopis that thar wer  
Gert display thar baneris alsua;  
All in a rout furth can tha ga  
85 Toward Mytoun the redy way.  
And, quhen the Scottismen herd say  
That tha war till tham cumand ner,  
Tha buskit tham on thar best maner  
And delit tham in battalis twa;  
90 Douglas the avaward can ma,  
The rerward mad the erl Thomas,  
For chiftane of the host he was;  
And sa ordanit in gud aray  
Toward thar fais tha held thar way.  
95 Quhen athir had of othir sicht,  
Tha pressit on bath halfis to ficht.  
The Inglismen com on sadly  
With gud contenans and hardy

Richt in a front with thar baner,  
 100 Quhill tha thar fais com sa ner  
 That tha thar visage wele nicht se.  
 Thre sper lenth I trow wele nicht be  
 Betuix tham, quhen sic abasing  
 Tuk tham that but mar in a swing  
 105 Tha gaf the bak and all to ga.  
 Quhen Scottismen has sene tham sa  
 Affraitly fle all thar away,  
 In gret hy apon tham schot tha,  
 And slew and tuk ane gret party :  
 110 The laf fled full affraitly  
 As tha best nicht to sek warand.  
 Tha war chasit sa ner at hand  
 That wele ane thousand deit thar.  
 Of tha ybet thre hundreth war  
 115 Prestis that deit intill that chas ;  
 Tharfor that bargane callit was  
 The chaptour of Mytoun, for thar  
 Slane sa mony prestis war.

CXXX.

Quhen thir folk thus discumfit was  
 And Scottismen had left the chas,  
 Tha went tham furthwardis in the land  
 Slayand, distroyand, and brinnand.



## THE BRUS.

- 5 And tha that at the segis lay,  
 Or it was passit the fift day,  
 Had mad tham sindry apparale  
 To gang eftsonis till assale.  
 Of gret gestis ane sow tha mad  
 10 That stalward heling owth it had,  
 With armit men enew tharin,  
 And instrumentis als for to myn.  
 Sindry scaffaldis tha mad withall  
 That war wele hear then the wall,  
 15 And ordanit als that be the se  
 The toun suld wele assalyheit be.  
 And tha within, that saw tham sa  
 Sa gret apparale schap to ma  
 Throu Crabis consale that was sle,  
 20 Ane crane tha haf gert dres up he  
 Rinnand on quhelis, that tha nicht bring  
 It quhar that ned war of helping.  
 And pik and ter als haf tha tane,  
 And lint and hardis and brinstane,  
 25 And dry treis that wele wald brin,  
 And mellit syn athir othir in,  
 And gret fagattis tharof tha mad  
 Girdit with irn bandis brad.  
 Of tha fagattis nicht mesurit be  
 30 Till ane gret tunnis quantite.  
 Tha fagattis brinnand in ane bale  
 With thar crane thocht tha till avale,  
 And, gif the sow com till the wall,  
 To lat tham brinnand on hir fall

- 35 And with stark chenyheis hald tham thar  
Quhill all war brint up that thar war.  
Engynis alsua for to kast  
Tha ordanit and mad redy fast,  
And set ilk man syn till his ward ;  
40 And Schir Walter the gud Steward  
With armit men suld rid about,  
And se quhar that thar war mast dout,  
And succour thar with his menyhe.  
And, quhen tha into sic degre  
45 Had mad tham for thar defending,  
On the Rud evin in the dawning  
The Inglis host blew till assale.  
Than nicht men with ser apparale  
Se that gret host cum sturdely ;  
50 The toun enveronit tha in hy,  
And assalit with sa gud will,  
For all thar nicht tha set thartill,  
That tha tham pressit fast of the toun.  
Bot tha that can tham abandoun  
55 To ded or than to woundis sar  
Sa wele has tham defendit thar  
That ledderis till the ground tha flang,  
And with stanis sa fast tha dang  
Thar fais that fele tha left lyand,  
60 Sum ded, sum hurt, and sum swonand.  
Bot tha that held on fut in hy  
Drew tham away deliverly,  
And skunnirrit tharfor na kyn thing,  
Bot went stoutly till assaling.

- 65 And tha abouin defendit ay  
And set tham till sa hard assay,  
How that fele of tham woundit war,  
That tha sa gret defens mad thar  
That tha stintit thar fais micht.
- 70 Apon sic maner can tha ficht  
Quhill it was ner none of the day :  
Than tha without in gret aray  
Pressit thar sow toward the wall ;  
And tha within wele sone gert call
- 75 The engynour that takin was,  
And gret manans till him mais,  
And swour that he suld de bot he  
Prufit on the sow sic sutelte  
That he to-fruschit hir ilk dele.
- 80 And he, that has persavit wele  
That the ded was wele ner him till  
Bot gif he micht fulfill thar will,  
Thocht that he all his micht wald do.  
Bendit in gret hy than was scho
- 85 That till the sow was evin set.  
In hy he gert draw the cleket  
And smertly swappit out the stane,  
That evin out our the sow is gane,  
And behind hir ane litill we
- 90 It fell, and than tha cryit he  
That war in hir, ' Furth till the wall,  
For dredles it is ouris all.'  
The gynour than deliverly  
Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy

- 95 And the stane smertly swappit out.  
 It flaw out quhedirand with ane rout  
 And fell richt evin befor the sow.  
 Thar hartis than begouth to grew,  
 Bot yhet than with thar michtis all  
 100 Tha pressit the sow toward the wall  
 And has hir set thartill juncly.  
 The gynour than gert bend in hy  
 The gyn, and swappit out the stane,  
 That evin toward the lift is gane,  
 105 And with gret wecht syn duschit doun  
 Richt by the wall in ane randoun,  
 And hit the sow in sic maner  
 That it that was the mast summer  
 And starkast for to stint ane strak  
 110 In sinder with that dusch he brak.  
 The men ran out in full gret hy,  
 And on the wallis tha can cry  
 That thar sow ferryit was thar.  
 Johne Crab, that had his ger all yhar,  
 115 In his fagattis has set the fyr,  
 And our the wall syn can tham wyr,  
 And brint the sow to brandis bar.  
 With this all fast assalyheand war  
 The folk without with feloun ficht,  
 120 And tha within with mekill micht  
 Defendit manfully thar sted  
 Intill gret aventur of ded.  
 The schipmen with gret apparale  
 Com with thar schippis till assale

- 125 With top-castellis warnist wele  
 Of wicht men armit into stele,  
 Thar batis up apon thar mast  
 Drawin wele he and festnit fast,  
 And pressit with that gret atour  
 130 Toward the wall; bot the gynour  
 Hit in the hespyn with ane stane,  
 And the men that tharin war gane,  
 Sum ded, sum dosnit, com doun wyndland.  
 Fra thine furth durst nane tak on hand  
 135 With schippis to pres tham till the wall;  
 Bot the laf war assalyheand all  
 On ilke sid sa egirly  
 That certis it was gret ferly  
 That tha folk sic defens has mad  
 140 With the gret mischef that tha had,  
 For thar wallis sa law than wer  
 That a man richt wele with ane sper  
 Micht strik ane othir up in the fas,  
 As her befor tald till yhou was,  
 145 And fele of tham war woundit sar,  
 And the laf sa fast travalit war  
 That nane had tym rest for to ta,  
 Thar adversouris assalyheit sa.  
 Tha war within sa stratly stad  
 150 That thar wardane, that with him had  
 Ane hundreth men in cumpany  
 Armit that wicht war and hardy,  
 And rad about for till se quhar  
 That his folk hardast pressit war,

155 To relef tham that had mister,  
Com sindry tymis in plasis ser  
Quhar sum of the defendouris war  
All ded, and othir woundit sar,  
Sa that he of his cumpany  
160 Behufit till lef thar party,  
Sa that, be he ane cours had mad  
About, of all the men he had  
Thar was levit with him bot ane,  
That he ne had left tham evirilkane  
165 To relef quhar he saw mister.  
And the folk that assalyheand wer  
At Mary Yhat till-hewin had  
The barras, and ane fyr had mad  
At the draw-brig, and brint it doun,  
170 And war thringand in gret fusoun  
Richt till the yhat ane fyr to ma.  
Than tha within gert smertly ga  
Ane till the wardane for to say  
How tha war set in hard assay.  
175 And, quhen Schir Walter Steward herd  
How men sa stratly with tham ferd,  
He gert cum of the castell then  
All that war thar of armit men,  
For thar that day assalyheit nane,  
180 And with that rout in hy is gane  
To Mary Yhat, and till the wall  
Is went, and saw the mischef all,  
And umbethocht him sudanly,  
Bot gif gret help war set in hy

185 Thartill, tha suld brin up the yhet,  
 That fra the wall tha suld nocht let.  
 Tharfor apon gret hardyment  
 He sudanly set his entent,  
 And gert all wid set up the yhat,  
 190 And the fyr that he fand tharat  
 With strinth of men he put away.  
 He set him in full hard assay,  
 For tha that war assalyheand thar  
 Pressit on him with wapnis bar,  
 195 And he defendit with his micht.  
 Thar micht men se ane feloun ficht;  
 With stabbing, stoking, and striking  
 Thar mad tha sturdy defending,  
 For with gret strinth of men the yhat  
 200 Tha defendit, and stud tharat  
 Magre thar fais quhill the nicht  
 Gert tham on bath halfis lef the ficht.

CXXXI.

Tha of the host, quhen nicht can fall,  
 Fra the assalt withdrew tham all,  
 Woundit and wery and forbeft  
 With mate cher the assalt tha left,  
 5 And till thar innis went in hy,  
 And set thar wachis hastely.

- The laf tham esit as tha micht best,  
 For tha had gret mister of rest.  
 That nicht tha spak all comonly  
 10 Of tham within, and had ferly  
 That tha sa stout defens has mad  
 Agane the gret assalt tha had.  
 And tha within on othir party,  
 Quhen tha thar fais sa halely  
 15 Saw tham withdraw, tha war all blith,  
 And thar wachis has ordanit swith,  
 And syn ar till thar innis gane.  
 Thar was bot few of tham was slane,  
 Bot fele war woundit wikkitley ;  
 20 The laf our mesur war wery.  
 It was ane hard assalt perfay,  
 And certis I herd nevir say  
 Quhar quhene men mar defens had mad  
 That sa richt sar assalyheing had :  
 25 And of a thing that thar befell  
 I haf ferly that I of tell,  
 That is, that intill all that day,  
 Quhen all thar mast assalyheit tha,  
 And the schot thikkast was withall,  
 30 Wemen with child and childir small  
 In armfullis gaderit up and bar  
 To tham that on the wallis war  
 Arowis, and nocht ane slane was thar  
 Na yhet woundit ; and that was mar  
 35 The mirakill of God almichty,  
 And till nocht ellis it set can I.



On athir sid that nicht tha war  
 All still, and on the morn but mar  
 Thar com tithandis out of Ingland  
 40 To tham of the host, that bar on hand  
 How that by Borowbrig and Mytoun  
 Thar men war slane and dungin doun,  
 And that Scottismen throuout the land  
 Rad yhet brinnand and distroyand.  
 45 And, quhen the king has herd this tale,  
 His consale he assemblit hale  
 To se quhethir farar war him till  
 To ly about the toun all still  
 And assale quhill it wonnin war,  
 50 Or than in Ingland for to far  
 And reskew his land and his men.  
 His consale fast discordit then,  
 For southren men wald that he mad  
 Arest thar quhill he wonnin had  
 55 The toun and the castell alsua ;  
 Bot northir men wald nathing sa,  
 That dred thar frendis for to tyn  
 And mast part of thar gudis syn  
 Throu Scottismenis cruelte ;  
 60 Tha wald he let the sege be  
 And rad for till reskew his land.  
 Of Longcastell, I tak on hand,  
 The erl Thomas was ane of tha  
 That consalit the king ham to ga,  
 65 And, for that mar inclynit he  
 To the folk of the south cuntre

Than till the northir menis will,  
He tuk it till sa mekill ill  
That he gert turs his ger in hy,  
70 And with his battale halely  
That of the host ner thrid part was  
Till Inghland ham his way he tais.  
But lef he ham has tane his gat ;  
Tharfor fell eftir sic debat  
75 Betuix him and the king, that ay  
Lestit quhill Andro Hardclay  
That throu the king was on him set  
Tuk him syn intill Pomfret,  
And on the hill besid the toun  
80 Strak of his hed but ransoun.  
Tharfor syn drawin and hangit was he  
And with him wele ane far menyhe.  
Men said syn eftir this Thomas  
That on this wis mad martyr was  
85 Was sanctit and gud mirakillis did,  
Bot invy syn gert tham be hid.  
Bot, quhethir he haly was or nane,  
At Pomfret thusgat was he alane.  
And syn the king of Inghland,  
90 Quhen that he saw him tak on hand  
To pas his way sa opinly,  
Him thocht it was perill to ly  
Thar with the laf of his menyhe,  
And his harnas tursit has he  
95 And till Inghland ham can far.  
The Scottismen that distroyand war

In Ingland herd sone tell tithing  
 Of this gret sege the departing;  
 Tharfor tha tuk westward the way,  
 100 And by Carlele ham went tha  
 With prais and with presoneris  
 And othir gudis on ser maneris.  
 The lordis till the king ar gane,  
 And the laf has thar wais tane  
 105 Ilk man till his repar agane.  
 The king, I wis, was wondir fane  
 That tha war cumin hale and fer,  
 And that tha sped on sic maner  
 That tha thar fais discumfit had  
 110 And but tynsale of men had mad  
 Rescours to tham that in Berwik  
 War assegit richt till thar dik.  
 And, quhen the king had sperit tithand  
 How tha had farin in Ingland,  
 115 And tha had tald him all thar far,  
 How Inglismen discumfit war,  
 Richt blith intill his hart was he  
 And mad tham fest with gamyn and gle.

CXXXII.

Berwik was on this maner  
 Reskewit, and tha that tharin wer,

- Throu manhed and subtilite.  
 He was worthy ane prins to be  
 5 That couth with wit sa he ane thing  
 But tynsale bring to gud ending.  
 To Berwik syn the way he tais,  
 And, quhen he herd thar how it was  
 Defendit sa richt apertly,  
 10 He lowit tham that war thar gretly.  
 Walter Stewardis gret bounte  
 Atour the laf commendit he  
 For the richt gret defens he mad  
 At the yhat quhar that men brint had  
 15 The brig, as yhe herd me devis :  
 And certis he was wele to pris  
 That sa stoutly with plane fichting  
 At opin yhat mad defending.  
 Micht he haf livit quhill he had bene  
 20 Of perfit eld, withouten wene  
 His renoun suld haf strekit fer ;  
 Bot ded, that wachis ay to mer  
 With all hir micht wak and worthy,  
 Had at his worschip sic invy  
 25 That in the flour of his yhouthed  
 Scho endit all his douchty ded,  
 As I sall tell yhou forthirmar.  
 Quhen the king had ane quhile bene thar  
 He send for masonis fer and ner  
 30 That sleast was of that mister,  
 And gert wele ten fut he the wall  
 About Berwikis toun our all,

And syn sone toward Lowdiane  
 With his menyhe his gat has gane,  
 35 And syn he gert ordane in hy  
 Bath armit men and yhemanry  
 Intill Irland in hy to far  
 Till help his brothir that was thar.  
 Bot he, that rest anoyit ay  
 40 And wald in travale be alway,  
 A day forouth thar ariving  
 That war send till him fra the king  
 He tuk his way furthwardis to far  
 Magre tham all that with him war,  
 45 For he had nocht than in that land  
 Of all men I trow twa thousand,  
 Outane the kingis of Erischry  
 That in gret routis rad him by.  
 Toward Dundalk he tuk the way ;  
 50 And, quhen Richard of Clar herd say  
 That he com with ane few menyhe,  
 All that he micht assemblit he  
 Of all Irland of armit men,  
 Sa that he had thar with him then  
 55 Of trappit hors tuenty thousand  
 But tha that war on fut gangand,  
 And held furth northwardis on his way.  
 And, quhen Schir Eduard has herd say  
 That cumin ner till him was he,  
 60 He send discourouris him to se ;  
 The Soulis and the Steward war tha,  
 And als Schir Philip the Mowbra.

- And, quhen tha sene had thar cuming,  
 Tha went agane to tell the king,  
 65 And said tha war wele mony men.  
 In hy Schir Eduard ansuerd then  
 And said that he suld ficht that day  
 Thouch triplit or quadruplit war tha.  
 Schir Johne Steward said, 'Sekirly  
 70 I red nocht yhe ficht in sic hy;  
 Men sais my brothir is cumand  
 With fiften hundreth men nerhand,  
 And, war tha knit with yhou, yhe nicht  
 The trastlyar abid to ficht.'  
 75 Schir Eduard lukit richt angirly,  
 And till the Soulis he said in hy,  
 'Quhat sais thou?' 'Schir,' he said, 'perfay  
 As my falow has said I say.'  
 And than to Schir Philip said he.  
 80 'Schir,' said he, 'sa our Lord me se,  
 Methink it na foly to bid  
 Yhour men that spedis tham to rid,  
 For we are few, our fais ar fele.  
 God may richt wele our werdis dele,  
 85 Bot it war wondir that our nicht  
 Suld ourcum sa fele in ficht.'  
 Than with gret ire, 'Alas!' said he,  
 'I wend nevir till her that of the.  
 Now help quha will, for sekirly  
 90 This day but mar bad ficht will I;  
 Sall na man say, quhile I may dre,  
 That strinth of men sall ger me fle;

God scheld that ony suld us blam  
 That we defoul our nobill nam.'  
 95 'Now be it sagat than,' quod tha,  
 'We sall tak that God will purvay.'  
 And, quhen the kingis of Erischry  
 Herd say and wist all sekirly  
 That thar king with sa quhene wald ficht  
 100 Agane folk of sa mekill nicht,  
 Tha com till him in full gret hy  
 And consalit him full tendirly  
 For till abid his men, and tha  
 Suld hald thar fais all that day  
 105 Doand, and on the morn alsua,  
 With thar saltis that tha suld ma.  
 Bot thar nicht na consale avale,  
 He wald allgat haf the battale.  
 And, quhen tha saw he was sa thra  
 110 To ficht, tha said, 'Yhe may wele ga  
 To ficht with yhon gret cumpany,  
 Bot we aquyt us utrely  
 That nane of us will stand to ficht.  
 Assuris nocht tharfor in our nicht,  
 115 For our maner is of this land  
 To folow and ficht, and ficht fleand,  
 And nocht to stand in plane melle  
 Quhill the tapart discumfit be.'  
 He said, 'Sen that yhour custum is,  
 120 I ask na mar at yhou bot this,  
 That is, that yhe and yhour menyhe  
 Wald' all togidder arait be,

And stand on fer but departing,  
 And se our ficht and our ending.'  
 125 Tha said wele that tha suld do sa,  
 And syn toward thar men can ga  
 That war wele tuenty thousand ner.  
 Eduard with tham that with him wer,  
 That war nocht fully twa thousand,  
 130 Arait tham stalwardly to stand  
 Agane fourty thousand and ma.  
 Schir Eduard that day wald nocht ta  
 His cot armour, bot Gib Harper,  
 That men held has withouten per  
 135 Of his estat, had on that day  
 All hale Schir Eduardis aray.  
 The ficht abad tha on this wis;  
 And in gret hy thar ennemyis  
 Com till assemill all redy;  
 140 And tha met tham richt hardely.  
 Tha war sa few, for suth to say,  
 That ruschit with thar fais war tha,  
 And tha that mast pressit to stand  
 War slane down, and the remanand  
 145 Fled till Erischry for succour.  
 Schir Eduard that had sic valour  
 Was ded, and Johne Steward alsua,  
 And John the Soulis als with tha,  
 And othir als of thar cumpany.  
 150 Tha vencust war sa sudanly  
 That few intill the plas war slane,  
 For the laf has thar wais tane



Till the Erisch kingis that was thar  
 That in hale battale hufand war.  
 155 Johne Thomassone that was ledar  
 Of tham of Carrik that thar war,  
 Quhen he saw the discumfiting,  
 Withdrew him till ane Erisch king  
 That of his aquentans had he,  
 160 And he resavit him in lawte.  
 And, quhen Johne cumin was till that king,  
 He saw be led fra the fichting  
 Schir Philip the Mowbra the wicht  
 That had been dosnit in the ficht,  
 165 And be the armis led was he  
 With twa men apon the cause  
 That was betuix tham and the toun  
 And strekit lang in ane randoun.  
 Toward the toun tha held thar way,  
 170 And, quhen in mid cause war tha,  
 Schir Philip of his desynes  
 Ourcom, and persavit he wes  
 Tane and sagat led with twa.  
 The tane he swappit sone him fra,  
 175 And syn the tothir in gret hy,  
 Syn drew his suerd deliverly,  
 And till the ficht the way he tais  
 Endlang the cause that than was  
 Fillit into gret fusoun  
 180 Of men that than went till the toun;  
 And he that met tham can tham ma  
 Sic payment quhar he can ga

That wele ane hundreth men gert he  
 Lef magre tharis the cause,  
 185 As Johne Thomassone said suthly  
 That saw his ded all halely.  
 Toward the battale evin he yhed :  
 Johne Thomassone, that tuk gud hed  
 That tha war vencust all planly,  
 190 Cryit on him in full gret hy,  
 And said, 'Cum her, for thar is nane  
 On lif, for tha ar ded ilkane.'  
 Than stud he still ane quhile, and saw  
 That tha war all done out of daw,  
 195 Syn went toward him sarraly.  
 This Johne wrocht syn sa wittely  
 That all that thiddir fled than wer,  
 Thouch that tha lesit of thar ger,  
 Com till Cragfergus hale and fer.  
 200 And tha that at the fichting wer  
 Socht Schir Eduard to get his hed  
 Emang the folk that thar was ded,  
 And fand Gib Harpar in his ger,  
 And for sa gud his armis wer  
 205 Tha strak his hed of, and syn it  
 Tha haf gert salt intill ane kit,  
 And send it syn intill Inghland  
 To the king Eduard in presand.  
 Tha wend Schir Eduardis it had bene,  
 210 Bot for the arming that was schene  
 Tha of the hed dissavit war,  
 Although Schir Eduard deit thar.

## CXXXIII.

On this wis war tha nobill men  
 For wilfulnes all lesit then;  
 And that was sin and gret pite,  
 For, had thar outrageous bounte  
 5 Bene led with wit and with mesur,  
 Bot gif the mar misaventur  
 Befell tham, it suld richt hard thing  
 Be till led tham till outraying:  
 Bot gret outrageous succudry  
 10 Gert tham all der thar worschip by.  
 And tha that fled fra the melle  
 Sped tham in hy toward the se,  
 And till Cragfergus cumin ar tha.  
 And tha that war intill the way  
 15 To Schir Eduard send fra the king,  
 Quhen tha herd the discumfiting,  
 To Cragfergus tha went agane;  
 And that was nocht forouten pane,  
 For tha war mony tymis that day  
 20 Assalit with Erischry, bot tha  
 Ay held togidder sarraly,  
 Defendand tham sa wittely  
 That tha eschapit oft throu nicht  
 And mony tymis als throu slicht,  
 25 For of tharis to tham gaf tha  
 To lat tham scathles pas thar way.

And till Cragfergus com tha sa  
 That batis and schippis can tha ta,  
 And salit till Scotland in hy,  
 30 And thar arivit all safly.  
 Quhen tha of Scotland had witting  
 Of Schir Eduardis discumfiting,  
 Tha menit him full tendirly  
 Our all the land all comonly,  
 35 And tha that with him slane war thar  
 Full tendirly als menit tha war.

## CXXXIV.

Eduard the Brus, as I said er,  
 Was discumfit on this maner;  
 And, quhen the feld was clengit clene  
 Sa that na resistens was sene,  
 5 The wardane than Richard of Clar  
 And all the folk that with him war  
 Toward Dundalk has tane the way,  
 Sa that richt na debat mad tha  
 At that tym with the Erischry,  
 10 Bot till the toun tha held in hy,  
 And syn has send furth till the king  
 That Inglan had in governing  
 Gib Harparis hed intill ane kit.  
 John Mawpas till the king had it,

- 15 Quhilk he resavit in gret dante.  
 Richt blith of that presand was he,  
 For he was glad that he was sa  
 Deliverit of ane feloun fa.  
 In hart tharof he tuk sic prid  
 20 That he tuk purpos for to rid  
 With ane gret host intill Scotland  
 To revenge him with stalward hand  
 Of tray, of travale, and of tene  
 That done till him tharin had bene.  
 25 And ane richt gret host gaderit he,  
 And gert his schippis be the se  
 Cum with gret fusoun of vittale,  
 For at that tym he thocht all hale  
 For till distroy sa clene Scotland  
 30 That nane suld lef tharin lifand,  
 And with his folk in gret aray  
 Toward Scotland he tuk the way.  
 And, quhen king Robert wist that he  
 Com on him with sic ane menyhe,  
 35 He gaderit men bath fer and ner  
 Quhill sa fele till him cumin wer  
 And war als for to cum him to  
 That him thocht he richt wele suld do.  
 He gert withdraw all the catele  
 40 Of Lowdiane evirilk dele,  
 And till strinthis gert tham be send,  
 And ordanit men tham till defend,  
 And with his host all still he lay  
 At Culros, for he wald assay

- 45 To ger his fais throu fasting  
 Be feblist and throu lang waking,  
 And, fra he feblist had thar micht,  
 Assemill than with tham to ficht.  
 He thocht to wirk apon this wis ;  
 50 And Inglismen with gret mastris  
 Com with thar host in Lowdiane,  
 And sone till Edinburgh ar gane,  
 And thar abad tha dais thre.  
 Thar schippis that war on the se  
 55 Had the wind contrar till tham ay,  
 Sa that apon na maner tha  
 Had power till the Firth to bring  
 Thar vittale till relef the king.  
 And tha of the host that falit met,  
 60 Quhen tha saw that tha micht nocht get  
 Thar vittalis till tham be the se,  
 Than send tha furth ane gret menyhe  
 For till foray all Lowdiane ;  
 Bot catell haf tha fundin nane  
 65 Outane ane kow that was haltand  
 That in Tranentis corn tha fand.  
 Tha brocht hir till thar host agane ;  
 And, quhen the erl of Warane  
 That kow saw anerly cum sa,  
 70 He askit gif tha gat na ma,  
 And tha haf said all till him 'Nay.'  
 Than, 'Certis,' said he, 'I dar say  
 This is the derast bef that I  
 Saw evir yhet, for sekirly

- 75 It cost ane thousand pund and mar.  
 And, quhen the king and tha that war  
 Of his consale saw tha nicht get  
 Na catell till thar host till et  
 That than of fasting had gret pane,  
 80 Till Ingland turnit tha agane.  
 At Melros schup tha for to ly,  
 And send befor ane cumpany,  
 Thre hundreth ner of armit men :  
 Bot the lord Douglas, that was then  
 85 Besid intill the Forest ner,  
 Wist of thar com and quhat tha wer,  
 And with tham of his cumpany  
 Intill Melros all prevely  
 He hufit intill ane enbuschement,  
 90 And ane richt sturdy frer he sent  
 Without the yhat thar com to se,  
 And bad him hald him all preve  
 Quhill that he saw tham cumand all  
 Richt till the cunyhe of the wall,  
 95 And than cry he, ' Douglas, Douglas !'  
 The frer furth than his way he tais,  
 That was derf, stout, and ek hardy ;  
 His mekill hud helit haly  
 The arming that he on him had ;  
 100 Apon ane stalward hors he rad,  
 And in his hand he had ane sper,  
 And abad apon that maner  
 Quhill that he saw tham cumand ner.  
 And, quhen the formast passit wer

- 105 The cunyhe, he cryit, ' Douglas, Douglas !'  
 Than till tham all ane cours he mais,  
 And bar ane doun deliverly.  
 Than Douglas and his cumpany  
 Ischit apon tham with ane schout;  
 110 And, quhen tha saw sa gret ane rout  
 Cum apon tham sa sudanly,  
 Tha war abasit gretumly  
 And gaf the bak but mar abad.  
 The Scottismen emang tham rad  
 115 And slew all that tha nicht ourta,  
 Ane gret martyrdom thar can tha ma,  
 And tha that eschapit unslane  
 Ar till thar gret host went agane,  
 And tald tham quhat kyn welcuming  
 120 Douglas tham mad at thar meting  
 Convoyand tham agane rudly,  
 And warnit tham the plane herbry.

CXXXV.

- The king of Inland and his men,  
 That saw thar herbryouris then  
 Cum rebutit on that maner,  
 Anoyit gretly in hart tha wer,  
 5 And thocht that it war gret foly  
 Intill the wod to tak herbry.



Tharfor by Dryburgh in the plane  
 Tha herbryit tham, and syn agane  
 Ar went till Ingland ham thar way.  
 10 And, quhen the king Robert herd say  
 That tha war turnit ham agane,  
 And how thar herbryouris war slane,  
 In hy his host assemblit he,  
 And went south our the Scottis Se,  
 15 And till Ingland his way he tais.  
 Quhen his host assemblit was,  
 Auchty thousand he was and ma,  
 And aucht battalis he mad of tha,  
 In ilk battale was ten thousand.  
 20 Syn went he furth ontill Ingland,  
 And in hale rout folowit sa fast  
 The Inglis king quhill at the last  
 He com approchand till Biland,  
 Quhar at that tym thar was lyand  
 25 The king of Ingland with his men.  
 King Robert that had witting then  
 That he lay thar with mekill nicht  
 Tranontit sa on him a nicht  
 That be the morn that it was day  
 30 Cumin intill plane feld war tha  
 Fra Biland bot ane litill spas.  
 Bot betuix him and it thar was  
 Ane craggy bra strekit wele lang,  
 And ane gret peth up for to gang :  
 35 Othirwais nicht tha nocht away  
 To pas to Bilandis abbay,

- Bot gif tha passit fer about.  
And, quhen the mekill Inglis rout  
Herd that king Robert was sa ner,  
40 The mast part of tham that thar wer  
Went till the peth and tuk the bra.  
Thar thocht tha thar defens to ma,  
Thar baneris thar tha gert display  
And thar battalis on brad aray,  
45 And thocht wele till defend the plas.  
Quhen king Robert persavit has  
That tha tham thocht thar till defend,  
Eftir his consale has he send  
And askit quhat was best to do.  
50 The lord Douglas ansuerd tharto  
And said, 'Schir, I will underta  
That in schort tym I will do sa  
That I sall win yhon plas planly,  
Or than ger all yhon cumpany  
55 Cum down to yhou her in this plane.'  
The king than said till him agane,  
'Do than,' he said, 'and God the sped.'  
Than he furth on his wais yhed,  
And of the host the mast hardy  
60 Put tham intill his cumpany  
And held thar way toward the plas.  
The gud earl of Murref Thomas  
Left his battale, and in gret hy  
Bot with few men in cumpany  
65 Com till the lordis rout of Douglas  
And, or he enterit in the plas,

Befor tham all the plas tuk he,  
For he wald that men suld him se.  
And, quhen Schir James of Douglas  
70 Saw that he sagat cumin was,  
He prisit him tharof gretly,  
And welcumit him full hamly,  
And syn the plas tha sammyn ta.  
Quhen Inglismen tham saw do sa,  
75 Tha lichtit and agane tham yhed.  
Twa knichtis that douchty war of ded,  
Thomas Arthy ane hat to nam,  
The tothir Schir Ralf of Cobham,  
Com doun befor all thar menyhe.  
80 Tha war bath of full gret bounte  
And met thar fais richt manlely,  
Bot tha war pressit gretumly.  
Thar micht men se men wele assale,  
And men defend with stout battale,  
85 And arowis fle in gret fusoun,  
And tha that owth war tummill doun  
Stanis apon tham fra the licht.  
Bot tha that set bath will and micht  
To win the peth tham pressit sa  
90 That Schir Ralf of Cobham can ta  
The way up till his hors in hy,  
And left Schir Thomas manfully  
Defendand with gret micht the plas  
Quhill that he sa supprisit was  
95 That he was tane throu hard fichting.  
And tharfor syn quhill his ending

## THE BRUS.

433

He was renounit for best of hand  
 Of ane knicht was in all Ingland,  
 For this ilk Schir Ralf of Cobham  
 100 In all Ingland he had the nam  
 For the best knicht of all that land,  
 And, for Schir Thomas duelt fichtand  
 Quhar Schir Ralf, as befor said we,  
 Withdrew him, prisit our him was he.

## CXXXVI.

**T**hus war tha fichtand in the plas;  
 And, quhen the king Robert that was  
 Wis in his ded and averty  
 Saw his men ay sa doughtely  
 5 The peth apon thar fais ta,  
 And saw his fais defend tham sa,  
 Than gert he all the Erischry  
 That war intill his cumpany  
 Of Argile and the Ilis alsua  
 10 Sped tham in hy ontill the bra.  
 He bad tham lef the peth haly,  
 And clym up in the craggis by,  
 And sped tham fast the hicht to ta;  
 And tha in gret hy has done sa,  
 15 And clam allgat up till the hicht,  
 And left nocht for thar fais micht;

Magre thar fais tha bar tham sa  
 That tha ar gottin abouin the bra.  
 Than men nicht se tham ficht felly  
 20 And rusch thar fais sturdely,  
 And tha that till the plas war gane  
 Magre thar fais the hicht has tane,  
 Than laid tha on with all thar nicht.  
 Thar nicht men se men felly ficht.  
 25 Thar was ane peralous bargane,  
 For ane knight hat Schir Johne Bretane  
 That lichtit was abouin the bra  
 With his men gret defens can ma,  
 And Scottismen sa can assale  
 30 And gaf tham sa feloun battale  
 That tha war set in sic affray  
 That tha that fle nicht fled away.  
 Schir Johne of Bretane thar was tane,  
 And richt fele of his folk war slane.  
 35 Of Frans thar tane was knichtis twa;  
 The lord of Souly was ane of tha,  
 The tothir was the marschall Bretane  
 That was ane wele gret lord at ham.  
 The laf sum ded war and sum tane,  
 40 And the remanand fled ilkane.  
 And, quhen the king of Ingland  
 That yhet at Biland was lyand  
 Saw his men discumfit planly,  
 He tuk his way in full gret hy  
 45 And southwardis fled with all his nicht.  
 The Scottismen chasit him hard, I hicht,

And in the chas has mony tane.  
 The king quytlly away is gane  
 And the mast part of his menyhe.  
 50 Walter Steward of gret bounte,  
 Set ay apon he chevelry,  
 With fif hundreth in cumpany  
 To Yorkis yhatis chas can ma,  
 And thar sum of thar men can sla,  
 55 And abad thar quhill ner the nicht  
 To see gif ony wald isch to ficht.  
 And, quhen he saw nane wald cum out,  
 He turnit agane with all his rout,  
 And till the host is went in hy,  
 60 That than tane had thar herbery  
 Intill the abbay of Biland  
 And Riveus that was by nerhand.  
 Tha delt emang tham that war ther  
 The king of Inglandis ger  
 65 That he had levit intill Biland;  
 All gert tha lep out our thar hand,  
 And mad tham all glad and mery.  
 And, quhen the king had tane herbry,  
 Tha brocht till him the presoneris  
 70 All unarmit as it efferis.  
 And, quhen he saw Johne of Bretane,  
 He had at him richt gret disdane,  
 For he was wont to spek hely  
 At ham and our dispitfully,  
 75 And bad haf him away in hy  
 And luk he kepit war stratly,

And said, ' War it nocht that he war  
 Sic ane catiff, he suld by sar  
 His wordis that war sa angry.'  
 80 And mekly he him cryit mersy.  
 Tha led him furth forouten mar  
 And kepit him wele ay quhill tha war  
 Cumin ham till thar awn cuntre.  
 Lang eftir syn ransounit was he  
 85 For tuenty thousand pund to pay,  
 As I haf herd mony men say.

## CXXXVII.

Quhen that the king this spek had mad,  
 The Franch knichtis men takin had  
 War brocht richt thar befor the king,  
 And he mad tham far welcuming,  
 5 And said, ' I wat richt wele that yhe  
 For yhour gret worship and bounte  
 Com for to se the fichting her,  
 For, sen yhe in the cuntre wer,  
 Yhour strinth, yhour worschip, and yhour micht  
 10 Wald nocht thole yhou eschew the ficht,  
 And, sen that caus yhou led thartill,  
 And nouthir wreth na evill will,  
 As frendis ye sall resavit be,  
 Quhar welcum all tym her be yhe.'

- 15 Tha knelit and thankit him gretly,  
And he gert tret tham curtasly,  
And lang quhile with him tham had he,  
And did tham honour and bounte,  
And, quhen tha yharnit till thar land,  
20 To the king of Frans in presand  
He send tham quyt but ransoun fre,  
And gret giftis to tham gaf he.  
His frendis thusgat curtasly  
He couth resaf and hamely,  
25 And his fais stoutly stonay.  
At Biland all that nicht he lay,  
For thar victor all blith tha war,  
And on the morn forouten mar  
Tha haf furthwardis tane thar way.  
30 Sa fer at that tyme travailit tha,  
Brinnand, slayand, and distroyand,  
Thar fais with thar micht noyand,  
Quhill till the Wald cumin war tha.  
Syn northwardis tuk tha ham thar way,  
35 And distroyit in thar repar  
The vale haly of Beauvar,  
And syn with presoneris and catell,  
Riches and mony far jowell,  
To Scotland tuk tha ham thar way  
40 Blith and glad, joyfull and gay;  
And ilk man went to thar repar,  
And lowit God tham fell sa far  
That tha the king of Ingland  
Throu worschip and throu strinth of hand



45 And throu thar lordis gret bounte  
Discumfit in his awn cuntre.

## CXXXVIII.

Thus was the land ane quhile in pes ;  
Bot covatis, that can nocht ces  
To set men apon felony  
To ger tham cum to senyhory,  
5 Gert lordis of full gret renoun  
Mak ane fell conjuracioun  
Agane Robert the douchty king.  
Tha thocht to bring him till ending,  
And for to bruk eftir his ded  
10 The kinrik and ring in his sted.  
The lord of Soulis Schir Wilyham  
Of that purchas had mast defam,  
For principall tharof was he.  
Bath of assent and cruelte  
15 He had gert be with him sindry ;  
Gilbert Maleherbe, Johne of Logy,  
Thir war knichtis that I tell her,  
And Richard Broun als ane squyer.  
And gud Schir David the Brechyn  
20 Was of this ded arettit syn,  
As I sall tell yhou forthirmar.  
Bot tha ilkane discoverit war

Throu ane lady, as I herd say,  
 Or till thar purpos cum nicht tha,  
 25 For scho tald haly till the king  
 Thar purpos and thar ordaning,  
 And how that he suld haf bene ded,  
 And Soulis ring intill his sted,  
 And tald him verray takinning  
 30 That this purchas was suthfast thing.  
 And, quhen the king wist it was sa,  
 Sa sutell purchas can he ma  
 That he gert tak tham evirilkane.  
 And, quhar the lord Soulis was tane,  
 35 Thre hundreth and sixty had he  
 Of squyaris cled in his livere  
 At that tym in his cumpany,  
 Outane knichtis that war joly.  
 Intill Berwik takin was he.  
 40 Than nicht men all his menyhe se  
 Sary and wa, for, suth to say,  
 The king let tham all pas thar way,  
 And held tham that he takin had.  
 The lord Soulis sone eftir mad  
 45 Playn granting of all that purchas.  
 Ane parliament tharfor set thar was,  
 And thiddir brocht thir menyhe war.  
 The lord the Soulis has grantit thar  
 The ded intill playn parliament;  
 50 Tharfor sone eftir was he sent  
 Till his penans to Dunbertane,  
 And deit in that tour of stane.

Schir Gilbert Maleherbe and Logy  
 And Richard Broun, thir thre planly  
 55 War with ane assis than ourtane;  
 Tharfor tha drawin war ilkane  
 And hangit and hedit als tharto.  
 As men had demit tham to do.  
 And gud Schir David the Brechyn  
 60 Tha gert chalans richt stratly syn;  
 And he grantit that of that thing  
 Was mad till him discovering,  
 Bot he thartill gaf na consent.  
 And, for he helit thar entent  
 65 And discoverit nocht till the king  
 That he held of all his halding  
 And had mad till him his fewte,  
 Jugit till hang and draw was he.  
 And, as tha drew him for till hing,  
 70 The pepill ferly fast can thring  
 Him and his mischef for to se,  
 That till behald was gret pite.  
 Schir Ingeram Umphravill, that than  
 Was with the king as Scottisman,  
 75 Quhen he that gret mischef can se,  
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'quhartill pres yhe  
 To se at mischef sic ane knicht,  
 That was sa worthy and sa wicht  
 That I haf sene ma pres to se  
 80 Him for his richt soverane bounte  
 Than now dois for to se him her?'  
 And, quhen thir wordis spokin wer,

With sary cher he held him still  
 Quhill men had done of him thar will,  
 85 And syn with the lef of the king  
 He brocht him menskfully till erding,  
 And syn to the king thus said he,  
 'A thing I pray yhou grant to me,  
 That is, that yhe of all my land  
 90 That into Scotland is lyand  
 Wald gif me lef to do my will.'  
 The king than sone has said him till,  
 'I will wele grant that it sa be,  
 Bot tell me quhat anoyis the.'  
 95 He said agane, 'Grant me mersy,  
 And I sall tell yhou it planly.  
 Myn hart gifis me na mar to be  
 With yhou duelland in this cuntre;  
 Tharfor, bot that it nocht yhou gref,  
 100 I pray yhou hartly of yhour lef,  
 For, quhar sa richt worthy ane knicht  
 And sa chevelrous and sa wicht  
 And sa renounit of worschip syn  
 As gud Schir David the Brechyn,  
 105 And sa fulfillit of all manhed,  
 Was put to sa feloun ane ded,  
 Myn hart forsuth may nocht gif me  
 To duell for nathing that may be.'  
 The king said, 'Sen that thou will sa,  
 110 Quhenevir the likis thou may ga,  
 And thou sall haf gud lef tharto  
 Thy liking of thy land to do.'

And he him thankit gretumly,  
 And of his land in full gret hy  
 115 As him thocht best disponit he,  
 Syn at the king of gret bounte  
 Befor all tham that with him war  
 He tuk his lef for evirmar,  
 And went in Ingland till the king,  
 120 That mad him richt far welcuming,  
 And askit him of the north tithing.  
 And he him tald all but lesing  
 How tha knichtis distroyit war,  
 And all as I tald till yhou ar,  
 125 And of the kingis curtasy  
 That levit him debonarly  
 To do of his land his liking.  
 In that tym was send fra the king  
 Of Scotland messingeris to tret  
 130 Of pes, gif that tha micht it get,  
 As tha oftsis befor war send  
 Quhar that tha couth nocht bring till end;  
 For the gud king had in entent,  
 Sen God sa far gras till him sent  
 135 That he had wonnin all his land  
 Throu strinth of armis till his hand,  
 That he pes in his tym wald ma  
 And all the landis stabill sa  
 That his ar eftir him suld be  
 140 In pes gif men held thar lawte.

## CXXXIX.

In this tym now that Umphravile,  
 As I bar yhou on hand er quhile,  
 Com till the king of Ingland,  
 The Scottis messingeris thar he fand  
 5 Of pes and rest till haf tretis.  
 The king wist Schir Ingeram was wis  
 And askit his consale tharto  
 Quhat he wald red him for to do,  
 For him he said thocht hard to ma  
 10 Pes with king Robert Brus his fa  
 Quhill that he of him vengit war.  
 Schir Ingeram till him mad ansuar,  
 And said, 'He delt sa curtasly  
 With me that on na wis suld I  
 15 Gif consale till his merring.'  
 'The behufis nedwais,' said the king,  
 'To this thing her say thyn avis.'  
 'Schir,' said he, 'sen yhour willis is  
 That I say, wit yhe sekirly  
 20 For all yhour gret chevelry  
 To dele with him yhe haf na micht.  
 His men ar worthin all sa wicht  
 For lang usage of gret fichting,  
 That has bene nurist in sic thing  
 25 That ilk yheman is sa wicht  
 Of his that he is worth ane knicht.

Bot, and yhe think yhour wer to bring  
 To yhour purpos and gud liking,  
 Lang trewis with him tak sall yhe,  
 30 Than sall the mast of his menyhe,  
 That ar bot simpill yhemanry,  
 Be distrenyheit all comonly  
 To win thar met with thar travale,  
 And sum of tham nedis but fale  
 35 With pleuch and harow for to get  
 And othir ser craftis thar met,  
 Sa that thar arming sall worth ald,  
 And sall be rottin, distroyit, or sald,  
 And fele that now of wer ar sle  
 40 Intill the lang trewis sall de,  
 And othir in thar sted sall ris  
 That sall cun litill of sic mastis,  
 And, quhen tha thus disusit er,  
 Than may yhe move on tham yhour wer,  
 45 And sall richt wele, as I suppos,  
 Bring yhour entent to gud purpos.  
 To this assentit tha ilkane,  
 And eftir sone war trewis tane  
 Betuix the twa kingis, that wer  
 50 Talyheit to lest for thretten yher,  
 And on the Marchis gert tham cry.  
 The Scottismen kepit tham lely,  
 Bot Inglismen apon the se  
 Distroyit throu gret inquite  
 55 Marchand schippis that saland war  
 Fra Scotland till Flandris with war,

And distroyit the men ilkane,  
 And till thar us thar gud has tane.  
 The king send oft till ask redres,  
 60 Bot nocht tharof redres thar wes,  
 And he abad all tym askand;  
 The trewis on his half gert he stand  
 Apon the Marchis stabilly,  
 And gert men kep tham lelely.

## CXL.

**I**n this tym that the trewis war  
 Lestand on Marchis, as I said ar,  
 Walter Steward that worthy was  
 At Bathket ane gret seknes tais.  
 5 His evill it wox ay mar and mar  
 Quhill men persavit be his far  
 That him worthit ned pay the det  
 That na man for to pay may let.  
 Schrevin and als repentand wele,  
 10 Quhen all was done till him ilkdele  
 That nedit Cristin man till haf,  
 As gud Cristin the gast he gaf.  
 Than nicht men her folk gret and cry,  
 And mony ane knicht and ek lady  
 15 Mak in apert richt evill cher,  
 Sa did tha all that evir thar wer;



All men him menit comonly,  
 For of his eld he was worthy.  
 Quhen tha lang tym thar dule had mad,  
 20 The cors to Paslay haf tha had,  
 And thar with gret solemnite  
 And with gret dule erdit was he.  
 God for his micht his saul he bring  
 Quhar joy ay lestit but ending.

## CXLI.

**E**ftir his ded, as I said ar,  
 The trewis that sa takin war  
 For till haf lestit thretten yher,  
 Quhen twa yher of tham passit wer  
 5 And ane half as I trow alsua,  
 King Robert saw men wald nocht ma  
 Redres of schippis that war tane  
 And of the men als that war slane,  
 - Bot continuit thar mavite  
 10 Quhenevir tha met tham on the se.  
 He send and aquyt him planly  
 And gaf the trewis up opinly,  
 And in vengeans of this trespas  
 The gud erl of Murref Thomas,  
 15 And Donald erl of Mar alsua,  
 And James of Douglas with tha twa,

And James Steward that ledar wes  
Eftir his gud brothiris disces  
Of all his brothiris men in wer,  
20 He gert apon thar best maner  
With mony men boun tham to ga  
In Ingland for to brin and sla.  
And tha held furth sone till Ingland,  
Tha war of gud men ten thousand,  
25 Tha brint and slew intill thar way,  
Thar fais fast distroyit tha,  
And sagat furthward can tha far  
To Werdale quhill tha cumin war.  
That tym Eduard of Carnavirname  
30 The king was ded and laid in stane,  
And Eduard his sone that was yhing  
In Ingland crounit was for king  
And surnam had of Wyndissor.  
He had in Frans bene of befor  
35 With his modir dam Isabell,  
And was weddit, as I herd tell,  
With ane yhoung lady far of fas  
That the erlis dochtir was  
Of Hennaut, and of that cuntre  
40 Brocht with him men of gret bounte ;  
Schir Johne of Hennaut was thar leder,  
That was richt wis and wicht in wer.  
And that tym that Scottismen war  
At Werdale, as I said yhou ar,  
45 Intill York was the new mad king,  
And herd tell of the distroying

- That Scottismen mad in his cuntre.  
 Ane gret host till him gaderit he,  
 He was wele ner fifty thousand,  
 50 Than held he northwardis in the land  
 In hale battale with that menyhe;  
 Auchten yher ald that tym was he.  
 The Scottismen a day Cokdale  
 Fra end till end had heryit hale,  
 55 And till Werdale agane tha rad.  
 Thar discourouris, that sicht has had  
 Of cuming of the Inglismen,  
 To thar lordis tha tald it then.  
 Than the lord Douglas in ane ling  
 60 Rad furth for till se thar cuming,  
 And saw that sevin battalis war tha  
 That com ridand in gud aray.  
 Quhen he that folk behaldin had,  
 Toward his host agane he rad.  
 65 The erl sperit gif he had sene  
 The Inglis host. 'Yha, Schir, but wene.'  
 'Quhat folk ar tha?' 'Schir, mony men.'  
 The erl his ath has sworn then,  
 'We sall ficht with tham, thouch tha war  
 70 Yhet ma eftsonis then tha ar.'  
 'Schir, lowit be God,' he said agane,  
 'That we haf sic ane capitane  
 That sa gret thing dar undirta.  
 Bot be Sanct Bryd it beis nocht sa  
 75 Gif my consale may trowit be,  
 For ficht on na maner sall we

Bot be it at our advantage,  
 For methink it war na outrage  
 To fewar folk aganis ma  
 80 Advantage quhen tha may to ta.'  
 As tha war on this wis spekand,  
 Our anc he rig tha saw ridand  
 Toward tham evin ane battale brad,  
 Bancris displait enew tha had,  
 85 And ane othir com eftir ner,  
 And richt apon the samin maner  
 Tha com quhill sevin battalis brad  
 Out our that he rig passit had.  
 The Scottismen war than lyand  
 90 On north half Wer toward Scotland.  
 The dale was strekit wele I hicht,  
 On athir sid thar was ane hicht  
 And till the watir doun sumdele stay.  
 The Scottismen in gud aray,  
 95 On thar best wis buskit ilkane,  
 Stud in the strinth that tha had tane,  
 And that was fra the watir of Wer  
 Ane quartir of ane mile wele ner.  
 Tha stud thar battale till abid;  
 100 And Inglismen on othir sid  
 Com ridand downward quhill tha wer  
 To Weris watir cumin als ner  
 As on othir haf thar fais war.  
 Than haf tha mad arest richt thar,  
 105 And send out archaris ane thousand  
 With hudis of and bowis in hand,

- And gert tham drink wele of the wyn,  
 And bad tham gang to bikkir syn  
 The Scottis host in abandoun,  
 110 And luk gif tha nicht ding tham doun,  
 For, nicht tha ger tham brek aray,  
 To haf tham at thar will thocht tha.  
 Armit men doun with tham tha send  
 Tham at the watir till defend.  
 115 The lord Douglas has sene thar far,  
 And men that richt wele horsit war  
 And armit, ane gret cumpany,  
 Behind the battalis prevely  
 He gert huf till bid thar cuming,  
 120 And, quhen he mad to tham takning,  
 Tha suld cum prikand fast and sla  
 With speris all that tha nicht ourta.  
 Donald of Mar thar chiftane was,  
 And Archebald with him of Douglas.  
 125 The lord Douglas toward tham rad,  
 Ane gown on his arming he had,  
 And traversit alwais up agane  
 Tham ner his battalis for to trane;  
 And tha, that drunken had of the wyn,  
 130 Com ay up endlang in ane lyn  
 Quhill tha the battale com sa ner  
 That arowis fell emang tham ser.  
 Robert of Ogill ane gud squyer  
 Com prikand than on ane courser,  
 135 And on the archaris cryit agane,  
 'Yhe wat nocht quha mais yhou that trane;

That is the lord Douglas, that will  
Sum of his plais ken yhou till.'  
And, quhen tha herd speck of Douglas,  
140 The hardyast affrait was  
And agane turnit halely.  
His takin mad he than in hy,  
And the folk that enbuschit war  
Sa stoutly prikit on tham thar  
145 That wele thre hundreth haf tha slane,  
And till the watir ham agane  
The remanand all can tha chas.  
Schir Wilyham of Erskyn, that was  
Newlingis makin knicht that day,  
150 Wele horsit into gud aray,  
Chasit with othir that war thar  
Sa fer furth that his hors him bar  
Emang the lump of Inglismen,  
And with strang hand he tane was then.  
155 Bot of him wele sone change was mad  
For othir that men takin had.  
Fra thir Inglis archaris war slane  
Tha folk rad till thar host agane,  
And richt sa did the lord Douglas.  
160 And, quhen that he reparit was,  
Tha nicht emang thar fais se  
The palyheounis sone stentit be.  
Than tha persavit sone in hy  
That tha that nicht wald tak herbry  
165 And schap to do na mar that day;  
Tharfor alsua tham herbryit tha

And stentit palyheounis in hy ;  
 Tentis and lugis als tharby  
 Tha gert mak and set all on raw.  
 170 Twa novelryis that day tha saw  
 That forouth in Scotland had bene nane.  
 Tymbris for helmis was the tane,  
 That tham thocht than of gret beaute  
 And alsua wondir for to se ;  
 175 The tothir crakis war of wer  
 That tha befor herd nevir er ;  
 Of thir twa thingis tha had ferly.  
 That nicht tha wachit stalwardly ;  
 The mast part of tham armit lay  
 180 Quhill on the morn that it was day.

## CXLII.

The Inglisinen tham umbethocht  
 Apon quhat maner that tha mocht  
 Ger Scottis lef thar advantage,  
 For tham thocht foly and outrage  
 5 To gang up till tham till assale  
 Tham at thar striuth in plane battale.  
 Tharfor of gud men ane thousand  
 Armit on hors bath fut and hand  
 Tha send behind thar fais to be  
 10 Enbuschit intill ane vale,

And schup thar battalis as tha wald  
Apon tham till the fichting hald,  
For tham thocht Scottismen sic will  
Had that tha nicht nocht hald tham still,  
15 For tha knew tham of sic curage  
That tha trowit strinth and avantage  
Tha suld lef and met tham planly ;  
Than suld thar buschement hastely  
Behind brek on tham at thar bak,  
20 Sa thocht tha wele tha suld tham mak  
For till repent tham of thar play.  
Thar enbuschement furth send haf tha  
That tham enbuschit prevely,  
And on the morn sumdele arly  
25 Intill the host syn trumpit tha  
And gert thar battalis brad aray,  
And all arait for to ficht  
Tha held toward the watir richt.  
Scottismen, that saw tham do sa,  
30 Boun on thar best wis can tham ma,  
And in battale planly arait,  
With baneris till the wind displait,  
Tha left thar strinth and all planly  
Com down to met tham hardely  
35 In als gud maner as tha mocht,  
Richt as thar fais befor had thocht.  
Bot the lord Douglas, that ay quhar  
Set out wachis her and thar,  
Gat wit of thar enbuschement.  
40 Than intill gret hy is he went



Befor the battalis, and stoutly  
 He bad ilk man turn him in hy  
 Richt as he stud, and turnit sa  
 Up till thar strinth he bad tham ga  
 45 Sa that na let tharin be mad.  
 And tha did as he biddin had  
 Quhill till thar strinth tha com agane,  
 Than turnit tha tham with mekill mane,  
 And stud redy to gif battale,  
 50 Gif thar fais wald tham assale.  
 Quhen Inglismen has sene tham sa  
 Toward thar strinth agane up ga,  
 Tha cryit he, 'Tha fle thar way.'  
 Schir Johne of Hennaut said, 'Perfay  
 55 Yhon fleing is richt degyse.  
 Thar armit men behind I se  
 And thar bancris, sa that tha thar  
 Bot turn tham as tha standand ar  
 And be arait for the ficht,  
 60 Gif ony pressit tham with micht.  
 Tha haf sene our enbuschement  
 And agane till thar strinth ar went.  
 Yhon folk ar governit wittely,  
 And he that ledis tham war worthy  
 65 For avis, worschip, and wisdom,  
 To govern the empyr of Rome.'  
 Thus spak that worthy knicht that day,  
 And the enbuschement, fra that tha  
 Saw that tha sa discoverit war,  
 70 Toward thar host agane tha far.

And the battale of Inglismen,  
 Quhen tha saw tha had falit then  
 Of thar purpos, to thar herbry  
 Tha went and lugit tham in hy.  
 75 On othir half richt sa did tha,  
 Tha mad na mar debat that day.

## CXLIII.

Quhen tha the day ourdrifin had,  
 Fyris in gret fusoun tha mad  
 Als sone as the nicht fallin was.  
 And than the gud lord of Douglas,  
 5 That spyit had ane plas tharby  
 Twa mile fra thine, quhar mast trastly  
 The Scottis host nicht herbry ta  
 And defend tham bettir alsua  
 Than ellis in ony plas tharby;  
 10 It was ane park all halely  
 Was enveronit about with wall,  
 It was ner full of treis all,  
 Bot aue gret plane intill it was;  
 Thiddir thocht the lord of Douglas  
 15 Be nichtirdale thar host to bring.  
 Tharfor forouten mar duelling  
 Tha bet thar fyris and mad tham mar,  
 And syn all sammyn furth tha far,

- And till the park without tynsele  
20 Tha com, and herbryit tham wele  
Apon the watir and als ner  
Till it as tha beforouth wer.  
And on the morn, quhen it was day,  
The Inglis host missit away  
25 The Scottismen, and had ferly,  
And gert discurrouis hastely  
Prik to se quhar tha war away,  
And be thar fyris persavit tha  
That tha in the park of Werdale  
30 Had gert herbry thar host all hale.  
Tharfor thar host but mar abad  
Buskit and evin anent tham rad,  
And on othir half the watir of Wer  
Gert stent thar palyheounis als ner  
35 As thar befor stentit war tha.  
Aucht dais on bath halfis sa tha lay  
That Inglismen durst nocht assale  
The Scottismen with plane battale  
For strinth of erd that tha had ther.  
40 Thar was ilk day justing of wer,  
And scrymming mad full apertly,  
And men tane on athir party,  
And tha that tane war on a day,  
On ane othir changit war tha ;  
45 Bot othir dedis nane war done  
That gretly is apon to mone,  
Quhill it fell on the nynt day  
The lord Douglas has spyit ane way

How that he nicht about tham rid  
 50 And cum apon the ferrast sid.  
 And at evin him purvait he  
 And tuk with him ane gud menyhe,  
 Fif hundreth on hors was richt hardy,  
 And in the nicht all prevely  
 55 Forout noys sa fer he rad  
 Quhill that he ner enveronit had  
 Thar host, and on the ferrar sid  
 Toward tham slely can he rid.  
 And half the men that with him war  
 60 He gert in hand haf suerdis bar,  
 And bad tham hew rapis in twa  
 That tha the palyheounis nicht ma  
 To fall on tham that in tham war;  
 Than suld the laf that folowit thar  
 65 Stab down with speris sturdely,  
 And, quhen tha herd his horn, in hy  
 To the watir hald down the way.  
 Quhen this was said that I her say,  
 Toward thar fais fast tha rad  
 70 That on that sid na wachis had.  
 And, as tha ner war approchand,  
 Ane Inglisman that lay bekand  
 Him by ane fyr said till his fer,  
 'I wat nocht quhat may tid us her,  
 75 Bot ane richt gret growing me tais,  
 I dred sar for the blak Douglas.'  
 And he, that herd him, said, 'Perfay  
 Thou sall haf caus, gif that I may.'

With that with all his cumpany  
 80 He ruschit on tham hardely,  
 And proud palyheounis down he bar,  
 And with speris that scharply schar  
 Tha stekit men dispitwisly.  
 The noys wele sone ras and the cry.  
 85 Tha stabit, stekit, and tha slew,  
 And mony palyheounis down tha drew,  
 Ane feloun slauchtir mad tha thar,  
 For tha that lyand nakit war  
 Had na power defens to ma,  
 90 And tha but pite can tham sla ;  
 Tha gert tham wit that gret foly  
 Was ner thar fais for to ly  
 Bot gif tha trastly wachit war.  
 The Scottismen war slayand thar  
 95 Thar fais on this wis, quhill the cry  
 Ras throu the gret host comonly  
 That lord and othir war on ster.  
 And, quhen the Douglas wist tha wer  
 Armand tham all comonly,  
 100 He blew his horn for till rely  
 His men, and bad tham hald thar way  
 Toward the watir, and sa did tha,  
 And he abad henmast to se  
 That nane of his suld levit be.  
 105 And, as he sa abad hufand,  
 Sa com ane with ane club in hand,  
 And sa gret routis till him raucht  
 That, had nocht bene his mekill maucht

And his richt soverane gret manhed,  
110 Intill that plas he had bene ded.  
Bot he, that na tym was affrait,  
Thouch he wele oft was hard assait,  
Throu mekill strinth and gret manhed  
Has brocht the tothir till the ded.  
115 His men, that till the watir doun  
War ridin intill ane randoun,  
Missit thar lord quhen tha com thar.  
Than war tha dredand for him sar,  
Ilkane at othir sperit tithing,  
120 Bot yhet of him tha herd nathing.  
Than can tha consale sammyn ta  
That tha to sek him up wald ga,  
And, as tha war in sic affray,  
Ane tutling of his horn herd tha,  
125 And tha, that has it knawin swith,  
War of his cuming wondir blith,  
And sperit at him of his abad ;  
And he tald how ane carl him mad  
With his club sic ane feloun pay,  
130 That met him stoutly in the way,  
That, had nocht ure helpit the mar,  
He had bene in gret perill thar.  
Thusgat spekand tha held thar way  
Quhill till thar host cumin ar tha  
135 That on fut armit tham abad  
For till help gif tha mister had.  
And, als sone as the lord Douglas  
Met with the erl of Murref was,

The erl sperit at him titthing  
 140 How he had farn in his outing.  
 'Schir,' said he, 'we haf drawin blud.'  
 The erl that was of mekill mud  
 Said, 'And we had all thiddir gane,  
 We had discumfit tham ilkane.'  
 145 'It micht haf fallin wele,' said he,  
 'Bot sekirly enew war we  
 To put us in yhon aventur,  
 For, had tha mad discumfitur  
 On us that yhondir passit wer,  
 150 It suld all stonay that ar her.'  
 The erl said, 'Sen that it sa is  
 That we may nocht with juperdyis  
 Our feloun fais fors assale,  
 We sall it do in plane battale.'  
 155 Lord Douglas said than, 'Be Sanct Bryd  
 It war gret foly at this tid  
 Till us with sic ane host to ficht  
 That ilke day growis of micht  
 And vittale has tharwith plente,  
 160 And in thar cuntre her ar we  
 Quhar thar may cum us na succouris,  
 Hard is to mak us her rescours,  
 Na we may foray till get met,  
 Sic as we haf her mon we et.  
 165 Do we with our fais tharfor  
 That ar her lyand us befor  
 As I herd tell this othir yher  
 That ane fox did with ane fischer.'

- 'How did the fox?' the erl can say.  
 170 He said, 'Ane fischar quhilom lay  
 Besid ane river for to get  
 His nettis that he thar had set.  
 Ane litill luge thar had he mad,  
 And tharwithin ane bed he had  
 175 And ek ane litill fyr alsua.  
 Ane dur thar was withouten ma.  
 A nicht his nettis for to se  
 He ras, and thar wele lang duelt he,  
 And, quhen that he had done his ded,  
 180 Toward his luge agane he yhed,  
 And with licht of the litill fyr  
 That in the luge was brinnand schyr  
 Intill the luge ane fox he saw  
 That fast can on ane salmond gnaw.  
 185 Than till the dur he went in hy,  
 And drew ane suerd deliverly,  
 And said, refar, thou mon her out.  
 The fox that was in full gret dout  
 Lukit about sum hole to se,  
 190 Bot nane isch thar persave couth he  
 Bot quhar the man stud sturdely.  
 Ane lauchtane mantill than him by  
 Lyand apon the bed he saw,  
 And with his teth he can it draw  
 195 Atour the fyr; and, quhen the man  
 Saw his mantill ly brinnand than,  
 To red it ran he hastely.  
 The fox gat out than in gret hy



And held his way his warand till.  
 200 The man let him begilit ill  
 That he his salmond sa had tynt,  
 And alsua had his mantill brint,  
 And the fox scathles gat away.  
 This ensampill I may wele say  
 205 Be yhon folk and us that ar her ;  
 We ar the fox, and tha the fischer  
 That stekis forouth us the way ;  
 Tha wene we may nocht get away  
 Bot richt quhar tha ly. Bot, perde,  
 210 All as tha think it sall nocht be,  
 For I haf gert spy us ane gat,  
 Suppos that it be sumdele wat,  
 A page of ouris we sall nocht tyn.  
 Our fais for this small tranontyn  
 215 Wenis wele we sall prid us sa  
 That we planly on hand sall ta  
 To gif tham opinly battale ;  
 Bot at this tym thar thocht sall fale,  
 For we tomorn her all the day  
 220 Sall mak als mery as we may,  
 And mak us boun agane the nicht,  
 And than ger mak our fyris bricht,  
 And blaw our hornis and mak far  
 As all the warld our awn it war,  
 225 Quhill that the nicht wele fallin be ;  
 And than with all our harnas we  
 Sall tak our way hamward in hy ;  
 And we sall gyit be richt grathly

230 Quhill we be out of thar danger  
 That lyis now enclosit her ;  
 Than sall we all be at our will,  
 And tha sall let tham trumpit ill  
 Fra tha wit wele we be away.'  
 To this haly assentit tha,  
 235 And mad tham gud cher all that nicht  
 Quhill on the morn that day was licht.

## CXLIV.

Apon the morn all prevely  
 Tha turst harnas and mad redy,  
 Sa that or evin all boun war tha.  
 Thar fais that agane tham lay  
 5 Gert haf thar men that thar was ded  
 In cartis till ane haly sted.  
 All that day caryand tha war  
 With cartis men that slane war thar.  
 That tha war fele men nicht wele se  
 10 That in carying sa lang suld be.  
 The hostis bath all that day wer  
 In pes, and, quhen the nicht was ner,  
 The Scottis folk that lyand war  
 Intill the park mad fest and far,  
 15 And blew hornis, and fyris mad,  
 And gert tham brin bath bricht and brad,

Sa that thar fyris that nicht war mar  
 Than ony tym befor tha war,  
 And, quhen the nicht was fallin wele,  
 20 With all thar harnas ilke dele  
 All prevely tha rad thar way.  
 Sone in ane mos enterit ar tha  
 That had wele a lang mile on bred.  
 Out our that mos on fut tha yhed,  
 25 And in thar hand thar hors led tha.  
 It was richt ane noyous way,  
 And nocht forthi all that thar wer  
 Com wele out our it hale and fer,  
 And tynt bot litill of thar ger,  
 30 Bot gif it war ony summer  
 That in the mos was left lyand.  
 Quhen all, as I haf born on hand,  
 Out our the mos that was sa brad  
 War cumin, ane gret gladschip tha had,  
 35 And rad furth hamwardis on thar way.  
 And on the morn quhen it was day  
 The Inglismen saw the herbry  
 Quhar Scottismen war wont to ly  
 All voyd. Tha wonderit gretly then,  
 40 And send furth sindry of thar men  
 To spy quhar tha war gane away,  
 Quhill at the last thar tras fand tha  
 That till the mekill mos tham had  
 That was sa hidwis for to wad  
 45 That aventur tham tharto durst nane  
 Bot till thar host agane ar gane

- And tald how that tha passit war  
 Quhar nevir man was passit ar.  
 Quhen Inglismen herd it was sa,  
 50 In hy to consale can tha ta  
 That tha wald folow tham na mar.  
 Thar host richt than tha scalit thar,  
 And ilk man till his awn he rad.  
 King Robert than, that wittering had  
 55 That his men in the park sa lay  
 And at quhat mischef thar war tha,  
 Ane host assemblit he in hy,  
 And twenty thousand richt hardy  
 He send furth has with erlis twa,  
 60 Of March and Angus war tha,  
 The host in Werdale till relef,  
 And, gif tha nicht sa wele eschef  
 That samin nicht be tha and tha,  
 Tha thoct thar fais till assay.  
 65 Sa fell that on the samin day,  
 That the mos, as yhe herd me say,  
 Was passit the discurrouis that thar  
 Ridand befor the hostis war  
 Of athir host has gottin sicht,  
 70 And tha that worthy war and wicht  
 At thar meting justit of wer.  
 Eusenyheis he tha cryit ther,  
 And be thar cry persavit tha  
 That tha war frendis and at a fay.  
 75 Than nicht men se tham glad and blith,  
 And tald it till thar lordis swith.

The hostis bath met sammyn syn.  
 Thar was richt hamly welcumyn  
 Mad emang tha gret lordis thar ;  
 80 Of thar meting joyfull tha war.  
 The erl Patrik and his menyhe  
 Had vittale with tham gret plente,  
 And tharwith wele relevit tha  
 Thar frendis, for, the suth to say,  
 85 Quhile tha in Werdale lyand war,  
 Tha had defalt of met, bot thar  
 Tha war relevit with gret plente.  
 Toward Scotland with gamyn and gle  
 Tha went, and ham wele cumin ar tha,  
 90 And scalit syn ilk man thar way.  
 The lordis ar went ontill the king,  
 That mad tham richt far welcuming,  
 For of thar com richt glad was he  
 And that tha sic perplexite  
 95 Forout tynsale eschapit had :  
 Tha war all blith and mery mad.

## CXIV.

Sone eftir that the erl Thomas  
 Fra Werdale thus reparit was  
 The king assemblit all his micht  
 And left nane that was worth to ficht.

- 5    Ane gret host than assemblit he,  
     And delt his host in partis thre.  
     A part to Norham went but let,  
     And thar ane strat assege has set,  
     And held tham in richt at thar dik  
10   The tothir part ontill Anwik  
     Is went, and thar ane sege set tha.  
     And, quhile that thir assegis lay  
     At the castellis I spak of ar,  
     Apert assaltis mad tha thar,  
15   And mony far gud chevelry  
     Eschevit war full douchtely.  
     The king at tha castellis lyand  
     Left his folk, as I bar on hand,  
     And with the thrid host held his way  
20   Fra park to park him for to play  
     Huntand as all his awn it war,  
     And till tham that war with him thar  
     The landis of Northumbirland  
     That nest to Scotland war lyand  
25   In fe and heritage gaf he,  
     And tha payit for the selis fe.  
     On this wis rad he distroyand  
     Quhill that the king of Ingland,  
     Throu consale of the Mortymar  
30   And his modir that that tyme war  
     Ledaris of him that than yhoung wes,  
     To king Robert to tret of pes  
     Send messingeris. And sa sped tha  
     That tha assentit on this way

- 35 Than ane perpetuall pes to tak,  
 And tha ane mariage suld mak  
 Of king Robertis sone Davy,  
 That than bot fif yher had scarsly,  
 And of dam Johne als of the Tour  
 40 That syn was full of gret valour.  
 Sistir scho was to the yhoung king  
 That Ingland had in governing,  
 That than of eld had sevin yher.  
 And monimentis and letteris ser  
 45 That tha of Ingland that tyn had  
 That ocht agane Scotland mad  
 Intill that tretis up tha gaf,  
 And all the clam that tha nicht haf  
 Intill Scotland on ony maner.  
 50 And king Robert, for scathis ser  
 That he to tham of Ingland  
 Had done of wer with stalward hand,  
 Full tuenty thousand pund suld pay  
 Of silver into gud monay.  
 55 Quhen men thir thingis forspokin had,  
 And with selis and athis mad  
 Festning of frendschip and of pes  
 That nevir for na chans suld ces,  
 The mariage syn ordanit tha  
 60 To be at Berwik, and the day  
 Tha haf set quhen that it suld be,  
 Syn went ilk man till his cuntre.  
 Thus mad was pes quhar wer was ar,  
 And syn the assegis rasit war.

- 65 The king Robert ordanit to pay  
The silver, and agane the day  
He gert wele for the maujory  
Ordane quhen that his sone Davy  
Suld weddit be ; and erl Thomas  
70 And the gud lord als of Douglas  
Intill his sted ordanit he  
Devisouris of that fest to be,  
For ane male es tuk him sa sar  
That he on na wis nicht be thar.  
75 His male es of ane fundying  
Begouth, for throu his cald lying,  
Quhen in his gret mischef was he,  
Him fell that hard perplexite.  
At Cardros all that tym he lay,  
80 And, quhen ner cumin was the day  
That ordanit for the wedding was,  
The erl and the lord of Douglas  
Com till Berwik with mekill far  
And brocht yhoung Davy with tham thar.  
85 And the quene and the Mortymar  
On othir party cumin war  
With gret affer and rialte.  
The yhoung lady of gret beaute  
Thiddir tha brocht with rich affer.  
90 The wedding haf tha mad richt ther  
With gret fest and solemnite.  
Thar nicht men mirth and gladschip se,  
For full gret fest tha mad richt thar,  
And Inglismen and Scottis war



- 95 Togidder in joy and in solas ;  
 Na feloun spek betuix tham was.  
 The fest ane wele lang tym held tha,  
 And, quhen tha buskit to far away,  
 The quene has left hir dochtir thar  
 100 With gret riches and riall far.  
 I trow that lang quhile na lady  
 Till hous was gifin sa richly.  
 And the erl and the lord Douglas  
 Hir in dante resavit has  
 105 As it was worthy sekirly,  
 For scho was syn the best lady  
 And the farast that men nicht se.  
 Eftir this gret solemnite,  
 Quhen on bath halfis lefis was tane,  
 110 The quene till Ingland ham is gane,  
 And had with hir the Mortymar.  
 The erl and tha that levit war,  
 Quhen tha ane quhile convoyit hir had,  
 Toward Berwik agane tha rad,  
 115 And syn with all thar cumpany  
 Toward the king tha went in hy,  
 And had with tham the yhoung Davy  
 And als dam Johne the yhoung lady.  
 The king mad tham far welcuming,  
 120 And eftir but langar delaying  
 He has gert set ane parliament  
 And thiddir with mony men is went,  
 For he thocht he wald in his lif  
 Croun his yhoung sone and his wif,

- 125 And at that parliament sa did he  
With gret far and solemnite.  
The king Davy was crounit thar,  
And all the lordis that thar war  
And als of the comunitie  
130 Mad him manrent and fewte.  
And forouth that tha crounit war  
The king Robert gert ordane thar,  
Gif it fell that his sone Davy  
Deit but ar male of his body  
135 Gottin, Robert Steward suld be  
King and bruk all the rialte,  
That his dochtir bar Marjory.  
And that this tale suld lelely  
Be haldin all the lordis swar,  
140 And it with selis affermit thar,  
And, gif it hapnit Robert the king  
To pas to God quhile tha war yhing,  
The gud erl of Murref Thomas  
And the lord alsua of Douglas  
145 Suld haf tham into governing  
Quhill tha had wit to ster thar thing,  
And than the lordschip suld tha ta.  
Hertill thar athis can tha ma,  
And all the lordis that was thar  
150 To thir twa wardanis athis swar  
Till obes tham intill lawte,  
Gif tham hapnit wardanis to be.

CXLVI.

Quhen all this thing thus tretit wes  
 And affermit with sekirnes,  
 The king to Cardros went in hy,  
 And thar tuk him sa felonly  
 5 His seknes, and him travalit sa  
 That he wist him behufit to ma  
 Of all this lif the comoun end,  
 That is the ded, quhen God will send.  
 Tharfor his letteris sone send he  
 10 For the lordis of his cuntre,  
 And tha com as he biddin had.  
 His testament than has he mad  
 Befor bath lordis and prelatis,  
 And till religioun of ser statis  
 15 For hele of his saul gaf he  
 Silver intill gret quantite.  
 He ordanit for his saul richt wele,  
 And, quhen that this was done ilk dele,  
 'Lordingis,' he said, 'sa is it gane  
 20 With me that thar is nocht bot ane,  
 That is the ded withouten dred  
 That ilke man mon thole of ned,  
 And I thank God that has me sent  
 Spas in this lif me till repent,  
 25 For throu me and my warraying  
 Of blud thar has bene gret spilling,

Quhar mony sakles men was slane.  
 Tharfor this seknes and this pane  
 I tak in thank for my trespas,  
 30 And my hart fischit feruly was,  
 Quhen I was in prosperite,  
 Of my sinnis to savit be  
 To travale apon Goddis fais;  
 And, sen he now me till him tais  
 35 Sa that the body may na wis  
 Fulfill that the hart can devis,  
 I wald the hart war thiddir sent  
 Quharin consavit was that entent.  
 Tharfor I pray yhou evirilkane  
 40 That yhe emang yhou ches me ane  
 That be honest, wis, and wicht,  
 And of his hand anc nobill knicht,  
 On Goddis fais my hart to ber  
 Quhen saul and cors disseverit er,  
 45 For I wald it war worthely  
 Brocht thar, sen God will nocht that I  
 Haf power thiddirward to ga.  
 Than war thar hartis all sa wa  
 That nane micht hald him fra greting.  
 50 He bad tham lef thar sorowing,  
 For it he said micht nocht relef  
 And micht tharselg gretly engref.  
 He prayit tham in hy to do  
 The thing that tha war chargit to.  
 55 Than went tha furth with drery mud,  
 And emang tham tha thoct it gud

That the worthy lord of Douglas,  
 Quham in bath wit and worschip was,  
 Suld tak this travale apon hand.  
 60 Hertill tha war all accordand,  
 Syn till the king tha went in hy,  
 And tald him that tha thocht trewly  
 That the douchty lord Douglas  
 Best schapin for that travale was.  
 65 And, quhen the king herd that tha sa  
 Had ordanit him his hart to ta  
 That he mast yharnit suld it haf,  
 He said, 'Sa God himself me saf,  
 I hald me richt wele payit that yhe  
 70 Haf chosin him, for his bounte  
 And his worschip set my yharning  
 Ay sen I thocht to do this thing  
 That he it with him thar suld ber,  
 And, sen yhe all assentit er,  
 75 It is the mar likand to me.  
 Lat se now quhat thartill sais he.'  
 And, quhen the gud lord of Douglas  
 Wist that thing thus spokin was,  
 He com and knelit till the king  
 80 And on this wis mad him thanking:  
 'I thank yhou gretly, lord,' said he,  
 'Of mony larges and gret bounte  
 That yhe haf done to me fele sis  
 Sen first I com to yhour servis.  
 85 Bot our all thing I mak thanking  
 That yhe sa digne and worthy thing

As yhour hart that enlunynit wes  
 Of all bounte and worthynes  
 Will that I in my yhemsale tak.  
 90 For yhou, schir, I will blithly mak  
 This travale, gif God will me gif  
 Lacer and spas sa lang to lif.  
 The king him thankit tendirly.  
 Thar was nane in that cunpany  
 95 That tha na wepit for pite :  
 Thar cher anoyous was to se.

## CXLVII.

Quhen the lord Douglas on this wis  
 Had undirtane sa he empris  
 As the gud kingis hart to ber  
 On Goddis fais apon wer,  
 5 Prisit for his empris was he.  
 And the kingis infirmite  
 Wox mar and mar, quhill at the last  
 The dulfull ded approchit fast.  
 And, quhen he had gert till him do  
 10 All that gud Cristin man fell to,  
 With verray repentauns he gaf  
 The gast, that God till hevin couth haf  
 Emang his chosin folk to be  
 In joy, solas, and angell gle !

- 15 And, fra his folk wist he was ded,  
 The sorow ras fra sted to sted.  
 Thar nicht men se men rif thar har,  
 And cumly knichtis gret full sar,  
 And thar nefis oft sammyn drif,  
 20 And as wud men thar clathis rif,  
 Regratand his worthy bounte,  
 His wit, strinth, and his honeste,  
 And our all the gret cumpany  
 That he oft mad tham curtasly.  
 25 'All our defens,' tha said, 'alas !  
 And he that all our confort was,  
 Our wit and all our governing,  
 Is brocht, alas ! her till ending.  
 His worschip and his mekill nicht  
 30 Mad all that war with him sa wicht  
 That tha nicht nevir abasit be  
 Quhile forouth tham tha nicht him se.  
 Alas ! quhat sall we do or say ?  
 For, in lif quhile he lestit ay,  
 35 With all our fais dred war we,  
 And into mony fer cuntre  
 Of our worschip ran the renoun,  
 And that was all for his persoun.'  
 With sic wordis tha mad thar mane ;  
 40 And sekirly wondir was nane,  
 For bettir governour then he  
 Micht in na cuntre fundin be.  
 I hop that nane that is on lif  
 The lamentacioun suld discrif

- 45 That tha folk for thar lord mad.  
 And, quhen tha lang thus sorowit had,  
 And he debowalit was clenly  
 And balmit syn full richly,  
 And the worthy lord of Douglas  
 50 His hart, as it forspokin was,  
 Has resavit in gret dante  
 With gret far and solemnite,  
 Tha haf him had to Dunfermlyn,  
 And him solemnly erdit syn  
 55 In ane far tumb intill the quer.  
 Bischopis and prelatis that thar wer  
 Assolyheit him, quhen the servis  
 Was done as tha couth best devis,  
 And syn apon the tothir day  
 60 Sary and wa ar went thar way.

## CXLVIII.

- Quhen that the gud king beryit was,  
 The erl of Murref Schir Thomas  
 Tuk all the land in governing;  
 All obesit till his bidding.  
 5 And the gud lord of Douglas syn  
 Gert mak ane cas of silver fyn  
 Enamalit throu subtilite.  
 Tharin the kingis hart did he,



- And ay about his hals it bar,  
 10 And fast him bounit for his far.  
 His testament devisit he,  
 And ordanit how his land suld be  
 Governit quhill his agane cuming;  
 Of frendis and all othir thing  
 15 That till him pertenit ony wis  
 With sa gud forsicht and sa wis  
 On his furth passing ordanit he  
 That nathing nicht amendit be.  
 And, quhen that he his lef has tane,  
 20 To schip to Berwik is he gane,  
 And with ane nobill cumpany  
 Of knichtis and of squyary  
 He put him thar intill the se.  
 Ane lang way furthwardis salit he,  
 25 For betuix Cornwale and Bretanyhe  
 He salit and left the ground of Spanyhe  
 On northhalf him, and held thar way  
 Quhill till Seville the graunt com tha.  
 Bot gretly war his men and he  
 30 Travalit with tempestis of the se;  
 Bot, thouch tha gretly travalit war,  
 Hale and fer ar tha cumin thar.  
 Tha arivit at graunt Seville,  
 And eftir in ane litill quhile  
 35 Thar hors to land tha drew ilkane  
 And in the toun has herbry tane,  
 And him contenit richt richly,  
 For he had ane far cumpany

- And gold eneuch for till dispend.  
40 The king alsone eftir him send  
And him richt wele resavit he,  
And perofferit him in gret plente  
Gold and tresour, hors and arming.  
Bot he wald tak tharof nathing,  
45 For he said he tuk that viage  
To pas intill his pilgrimage  
On Goddis fais, that his travale  
Micht eftir till his saul avale,  
And, sen he wist that he had wer  
50 With Sarasenis, he wald duell ther  
And help him at his micht lely.  
The king him thankit curtasly,  
And betaucht him gud men that wer  
Wele knawin of that landis wer  
55 And the maner tharof alsua,  
Syn till his innis can he ga.  
Quhen the king him levit had,  
Ane wele gret sojorn thar he mad.  
Knichtis that com of ser cuntre  
60 Com in gret routis him to se  
And honorit him full gretumly,  
And our all men mast soveranly  
The Inglis knichtis that war thar  
Honour and cumpany him bar.  
65 Emang the strangeris was ane knicht  
That was haldin sa wondir wicht  
That for ane of the gud was he  
Prisit of all the Cristiante.

Sa fast till-hewin was his fas  
 70 That it our all ner wemmit was.  
 Or he the lord Douglas had sene  
 He wend his fas had wemmit bene,  
 Bot nevir ane hurt in it had he.  
 Quhen he unwemmit can it se,  
 75 He said that he had gret ferly  
 That sic ane knicht and sa worthy  
 And prisit of sa gret bounte  
 Micht in the fas unwemmit be.  
 And he ansuerd thartill mekly,  
 80 And said, 'Lowe God, all tym had I  
 Handis my hed for to wer.'  
 Quha wald tak tent to this ansuer  
 Suld se in it undirstanding,  
 That, and he that mad that asking  
 85 Had had handis to wer his fas,  
 That for defalt of fens sa was  
 To-fruschit into plasis ser  
 Suld haf may-fall left hale and fer.  
 The gud knichtis that than war by  
 90 Prisit his ansuer gretumly,  
 For it was mad with mek speking  
 And had richt he undirstanding.  
 Apon this maner still tha lay  
 Quhill throu the cuntre tha herd say  
 95 That the be king of Balmerlyne  
 With mony ane muddy Sarasyne  
 Was enterit in the land of Spanyhe  
 All hale the cuntre for to manyhe.

"The king of Spanyhe on othir party  
 100 Gaderit his host deliverly,  
 And delt tham into battalis thre,  
 And to the lord Douglas gaf he  
 The vaward for to led and ster;  
 All hale the strangeris with him wer;  
 105 And the Gret Mastir of Sanct Jak  
 The tothir battale gert he tak;  
 The rerward mad himselvin thar.  
 Thusgat devisit furth tha far  
 To met thar fais that in battale  
 110 Arait, redy till assale,  
 Com agane tham full sturdely.  
 The Douglas than that was worthy,  
 Quhen he to tham of his leding  
 Had mad ane far amonesting  
 115 To do wele and na ded to dred,  
 For hevinis blis suld be thar med  
 Gif that tha deit in Goddis servis,  
 Than as gud warrayouris and wis  
 With tham stoutly assemblit he.  
 120 Thar nicht men feloun fichting se,  
 For tha war all wicht and hardy  
 That war on the Cristin party,  
 And faucht sa fast with all thar mane  
 That of Sarasenis war mony slane.  
 125 The quhethir with mony fell falchoun  
 Mony Cristin tha dang thar doun.  
 Bot at the last the lord Douglas  
 And the gret rout that with him was

- Pressit the Sarasenis sa  
 130 That tha haly the bak can ta,  
 And tha chasit with all thar mane,  
 And mony in the chas has slane.  
 Sa fer chasit the lord Douglas  
 With few folk that he passit was  
 135 All the folk that was chasand then.  
 He had nocht with him atour ten  
 Of all men that war with him thar.  
 Quhen he saw all reparit war,  
 Toward his host than turnit he.  
 140 And, quhen the Sarasenis can se  
 That the chasaris turnit agane,  
 Tha relyit with mekill mane.  
 And, as the gud lord of Douglas,  
 As I said er, reparand was,  
 145 Sa saw he richt besid him ner  
 Quhar Schir Wilyham the Sancler  
 With ane gret rout enveronit was.  
 He was anoyit, and said, 'Alas!  
 Yhon worthy knicht will sone be ded,  
 150 Bot he haf help throu our manhed.  
 Sen that we ar sa ner him by,  
 God biddis us help him in gret hy,  
 And God wat wele our entent is  
 To lif or de in his servis.  
 155 His will in all thing do sall we,  
 Sall na perill eschewit be  
 Quhill he be put out of yhon pane  
 Or than we all be with him slane.'

With that with spuris spedaly  
 160 Tha strak the hors, and in gret hy  
 Emang tha Sarasenis tha rad  
 And roun about tham haf tha mad.  
 Tha dang on fast with all thar nicht  
 And fele of tham to ded has dicht.  
 165 Gretar defens mad nevir sa quhone  
 Agane sa fele as tha haf done,  
 Quhile tha nicht lest tha gaf battale.  
 Bot nicht na worschip thar avale  
 That tym, for ilkane war slane thar,  
 170 For Sarasenis sa mony war  
 That tha war tuenty ner for ane.  
 The gud lord Douglas thar was slane,  
 And Wilyham Sancier syn alsua,  
 And othir worthy knichtis twa,  
 175 Schir Robert Logane hat the tane.  
 And the tothir Walter Logane :  
 Quhar our Lord for his mekill nicht  
 Thar saulis haf till hevinis licht !

## CXLIX.

**T**he gud lord Douglas thus was ded.  
 And Sarasenis in that sted  
 Abad na mar, bot held thar way,  
 Tha knichtis ded thar levit tha.

- 5 Sum of the lord Douglas men,  
 That thar lord ded has fundin then,  
 Yhed wele ner wud for dule and wa.  
 Lang quhile our him tha sorowit sa,  
 And with gret dule syn ham him bar.  
 10 The kingis hart haf tha fundin thar,  
 And that ham with tham haf tha tane,  
 And ar toward thar innis gane  
 With greting and with evill cher:  
 Thar sorow angir was till her.  
 15 And quhen of Keth gud Schir Wilyham,  
 That all that day had bene at ham,  
 For at sa gret mischef was he  
 That he com nocht to the journe  
 For his arm was brokin in twa,  
 20 Quhen he that folk sic dule saw ma,  
 He askit quhat it was in hy,  
 And tha tald him all opinly  
 How that thar douchty lord was slane  
 With Sarasenis that relyit agane.  
 25 And, quhen he wist that it was sa,  
 Atour all othir he was mast wa,  
 And mad sa wondir evill cher  
 That all wonderit that by him wer.  
 Bot till tell of thar sorowing  
 30 Anoyis, and helpis litill thing.  
 Men may wele wit, thouch nane tham tell  
 How angry, sorowfull, and how fell  
 Is till tyn sic ane lord as he  
 To tham that war of his menyhe;

- 35 For he was swet and debonar,  
And wele couth tret his frendis far,  
And his fais richt felonly  
Stonay throu his gret chevelry.  
The quhethir of litill effer was he,  
40 Bot our all thing he lufit lawte.  
At tresoun grewit he sa gretly  
That na tratour micht be him by  
That he micht wit, na he suld be  
Wele punist of his cruelte.  
45 I trow the lele Fabricius,  
That fra Rome till warray Pyrrus  
Was send with ane gret menyhe,  
Lufit tresoun na les then he.  
The quhethir, quhen this Pyrrus had  
50 On him and on his menyhe mad  
Ane outrageous discumfitur,  
Quhar he eschapit throu aventur  
And mony of his men war slane,  
And he gaderit ane host agane,  
55 Ane gret mastir of medicyn  
That Pyrrus had in governyn  
Perofferit to this Fabricius  
In tresoun for to sla Pyrrus,  
For in his first potacioun  
60 He suld him gif dedly pusoun.  
Fabricius than, that wondir had  
That he sic peroffer till him mad,  
Said, ' Certis Rome is wele of micht  
Throu strinth of armis into ficht



- 65 To vencus wele thar fais, thouch tha  
 Consent to tresoun be na way ;  
 And, for thou wald do sic tresoun,  
 Thou sall to get thy warisoun  
 Ga to Pyrrus, and lat him do  
 70 Quhatevir in hart him lyis the to.  
 Than till Pyrrus he send in hy  
 This mastir, and gert opinly  
 Fra end till end tell him this tale.  
 Quhen Pyrrus had it herd all hale,  
 75 He said, ' Was nevir man that sa  
 For lawte bar him till his fa  
 As her Fabricius dois to me.  
 It is als evill to ger him be  
 Turnit fra way of richtwisnes  
 80 Or ellis consent to wikkitnes  
 As at midday to turn agane  
 The sone that rinnis his cours all plane.  
 Thus said he of Fabricius,  
 That syn vencust this ilk Pyrrus  
 85 In plane battale throu hard fichting.  
 His honest lawte gert me bring  
 In this ensampill her, for he  
 Had soverane pris of his lawte,  
 And richt sa had the lord Douglas,  
 90 That honest, lele, and worthy was,  
 That ded was, as befor said we :  
 All menit him strangis and preve.  
 Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,  
 Tha debowalit him, and syn

- 95 Gert seth him sa that nicht be tane  
 The flesch all haly fra the bane.  
 The carioun thar in haly plas  
 Erdit with richt gret worschip was;  
 The banis haf tha with tham tane,  
 100 And syn ar till thar schippis gane.  
 Quhen tha war levit of the king  
 That dule had of thar sorowing,  
 To se tha went, gud wind tha had,  
 Thar cours till Ingland haf tha mad,  
 105 And thar safly arivit tha,  
 Syn toward Scotland held thar way  
 And thar ar cumin in full gret hy.  
 And the banis richt honorabilly  
 Intill the kirk of Douglas war  
 110 Erdit with dule and mekill car.  
 Schir Archebald his sone gert syn  
 Of alabast bath far and fyn  
 Ordane anc tumb full richly,  
 As it behufit to sa worthy.

CL.

Quhen that on this wis Schir Wilyham  
 Of Keth had brocht his banis ham,  
 And the gud kingis hart alsua,  
 And men had richly gert ma

- 5 With far affer his sepultur,  
 The erl of Murref, that the cur  
 That tym of Scotland had haly,  
 With gret worschip has gert bery  
 The kingis hart at the abbay  
 10 Of Melros, quhar men prais ay  
 That he and his haf paradis.  
 Quhen this was done that I devis,  
 The gud erl governit the land,  
 And held the pouer wele till warand.  
 15 The law sa wele mantemit he,  
 And held in pes sa the cuntre,  
 That it was nevir led or his day  
 Sa wele, as I herd ald men say.  
 Bot syn, alas! pusonit was he,  
 20 To se his ded was gret pite.  
 Thir lordis deit apon this wis.  
 He that he Lord of all thing is  
 Up till his mekill blis tham bring,  
 And grant us gras that thar ofspring  
 25 Led wele the land, and ententif  
 Be till folow in all thar lif  
 Thar nobill elderis gret bounte :  
 Quhar afald God in Trinite  
 Bring us he up till hevinis blis  
 30 Quhar alwais lestand liking is !

**VARIOUS READINGS,**  
**WITH NOTES OF**  
**SOME ERRORS AND CORRECTIONS.**



## VARIOUS READINGS, &c.

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IT is to be observed generally, that, for the commencement of the Poem (to p. 76) the authorities are, *first*, the Edinburgh MS.; *secondly*, Hart's editions; and, *lastly*, Freebairn's edition. Where the reading is silently changed from Jamieson's edition (that is, from the Edinburgh MS.) it is to be understood that the alteration rests on Hart; which is preferred to the MS., however, only where the sense renders it necessary, or where it is evident that Hart has drawn from better sources not now accessible.

"Edin." indicates the MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh: "Cantab." the MS. in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge.

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|------|----|-----|--|
| CAP. | P. | L.  |  |
| i.   | 3  | 9.  | <i>Suth</i> , Dr. Jamieson reads <i>such</i> .   |
| ii.  | 4  | 3.  | <i>Sex</i> , Jamieson reads <i>sax</i> , the Angus pronunciation. In the MS. it is <i>vi</i> . Hart has <i>sex</i> .   |
|      | 5  | 25. | <i>How that in his even descendand</i> . This line, which stands so in the MS., and is not improved in Hart, is made sense by Wyntown, who quotes this passage from Barbour. He gives, <i>That be lyn wer descendand</i> . <i>Wynt., B. viii., Ch. ii., l. 25.</i> |
|      | 6  | 41. | <i>Suld</i> , wanting in the MS., is supplied from Hart and Wyntown.   |
|      | 6  | 60. | <i>Alwais</i> Wyntown reads <i>of Wales</i> , which gives a needless repetition.   |
|      |    | 68. | <i>Ony</i> is from Hart and Wyntown. The MS. gives <i>our</i> .  |
| iii. | 9  | 31. | <i>Wrethit</i> is <i>wreth</i> in MS.  |
|      |    | 35. | <i>Assentit sone till all his will</i> . This line in the MS. is— <i>Assentyt till him in all his will</i> .   |

- | CAP.    | P.     | L.     |   |
|---------|--------|--------|---|
| iv.     | 10     | 10.    | <i>Mulsnuk</i> . In MS. <i>Mullyrsnuk</i> . In Hart and Freebairn <i>Mulesnuk</i> . The place is the point of the Mull of Galloway.   |
|         | 12     | 75.    | <i>Wif</i> . The MS. and Hart read <i>Lordis</i> , which Dr. Jamieson has followed; contrary to the sense.  |
| ix.     | 22     | 35.    | <i>Pujoun</i> , a dagger. I have ventured, by a change of one letter, to alter <i>pusoun</i> of the MS. into this word, without authority. In Hart it is <i>botkins</i> . In Freebairn <i>punsoun</i> . The other editions have <i>bodkins</i> .              |
| xiii.   | 34     | 69-71. | <i>Als was gud Cristol of Setoun</i><br><i>And Robert Boyd of gret renoun</i><br><i>And othir fele men of mekill micht.</i><br>These three lines, omitted in MS., necessary both for the sense and rhyme, are supplied from Hart and Freebairn.               |
| xv.     | 38     | 5.     | <i>All</i> . At in MS. is made <i>all</i> by Hart, Freebairn, and Jamieson.   |
|         | 3 & 7. |        | <i>Thar</i> of the MS., is in these lines and elsewhere modernised by Jamieson into <i>their</i> .  |
|         | 41     | 93.    | <i>Turn but</i> So in MS. and Dr. Jamieson. Hart and Freebairn give <i>combat</i> .   |
| xvi.    | 42     | 1.     | <i>On this maner rebutyt was</i> .<br>This line stands in MS.— <i>On this maner Robert was</i> . Jamieson has altered <i>Robert</i> after Hart and Freebairn to <i>rebutyt</i> , and probably rightly. <i>On</i> he has changed to <i>In</i> , unnecessarily. |
| xvii.   | 45     | 22.    | <i>Adrastus</i> after Hart, is <i>Aristas</i> in the MS.  |
|         |        | 33.    | <i>Ne</i> , which is required for the sense, is <i>Than</i> in MS. and Jamieson. Hart changes it to <i>War not</i> , the right meaning.   |
|         |        | 35.    | <i>Toun</i> is <i>Tour</i> in MS.   |
|         |        | 36.    | <i>Ransoun</i> is in MS. <i>Recour</i> . Both here from Hart.   |
| xviii.  | 48     | 26.    | <i>The King his men saw</i> . This reading, required by the sense, is adopted by Dr. Jamieson from Hart. In the MS. it is <i>Kingis</i> .   |
| xix.    | 49     | 9.     | <i>Fingal</i> from Hart. In MS. <i>hym all</i> .  |
|         | 50     | 20.    | <i>Abandonit</i> . This word, so common in Barbour, has a meaning very different from 'deserted.'   |
| xxiv.   | 63     | 69.    | For <i>Quilkis</i> , read <i>guhilis</i> .  |
| xxvii.  | 71     | 26.    | <i>Stycht</i> . It is <i>Stycht</i> or <i>Styht</i> in MS. Dr. Jamieson has read <i>flycht</i> .  |
|         |        | 50.    | <i>Midwart</i> . The MS. has <i>Mydwatt</i> ; Hart the <i>Midway</i> . Freebairn reads <i>Midwart</i> , which seems to be the true reading.   |
| xxviii. | 75     | 8.     | <i>On</i> is <i>Or</i> in MS.   |
|         |        | 9.     | <i>It</i> is <i>At</i> in MS. Both these are corrected by Dr. Jamieson.   |

The Cambridge MS. begins here, and from henceforward *silent* alterations of Jamieson's text may be understood to be readings from the Cambridge MS., preferred to the Edinburgh MS. and Jamieson.

- |  | CAP.     | P.  | L.     |  |
|--|----------|-----|--------|--|
|  | xxix.    | 78  | 35.    | <i>Ofi.</i> So in Cantab. Dr. Jamieson has <i>Ost</i> .  |
|  |          | 80  | 87.    | <i>Rusit.</i> The Edin. MS. has <i>Rusflyt</i> . Cantab., <i>Ruscht</i> . But the latter authorises the spelling here used which suits the rhyme.  |
|  | xxxii.   | 89  | 23-4.  | <i>Thing . . . Arming.</i> So in Cantab. Edin. has <i>Things . . . Arming</i> .  |
|  |          | 90  | 61.    | <i>That sa he gert the land-brist rie.</i> So in Edin. In Cantab. it is— <i>That it gert sa the land-brist ris</i> .   |
|  | xxxiii.  | 91  | 1.     | <i>On this wise.</i> So in Cantab. In Edin. it is— <i>Quhen this</i> .   |
|  |          |     | 3.     | <i>Releyit</i> in Cantab. In Edin. <i>releuit</i> .  |
|  |          |     | 5.     | <i>Strat</i> in Cantab. is <i>strinth</i> in Edin.   |
|  |          |     | 16-18. | <i>Strange</i> in Cantab. is <i>strang</i> in Edin. in both places.  |
|  |          | 92  | 56.    | <i>Salusit</i> in Cantab. <i>Inclynit</i> in Edin.   |
|  |          | 93  | 60.    | <i>Huntyn.</i> So in Edin. In Cantab. it is <i>Outyne</i> , and perhaps correctly. The word occurs afterwards, cxliii., 140, p. 460.   |
|  | xxxvi.   | 100 | 92.    | <i>Ay quhar ane gat is.</i> From Cantab. The Edin. reading is perhaps better— <i>ay quhar agatis</i> , i.e., everywhere in one way.  |
|  | xxxviii. | 107 | 15.    | <i>Fyften.</i> In Cantab. <i>xv</i> , and apparently right. Edin. MS. and Hart have <i>fourty</i> .  |
|  |          | 108 | 46-7.  | <i>Was to litill till him and me</i><br><i>Tharfor I will it all myn be.</i> In Edin. these lines stand—<br><i>Wes to litill to thaim and me</i><br><i>Tharfor he will it myn all be</i> ,—which seems contrary to the sense.  |
|  | xxxix.   | 110 | 27.    | <i>Schonand</i> , from Cantab. In Edin. it is <i>Skowrand</i> , which Dr. Jamieson in his Dictionary explains as if he had read here <i>Skowrand</i> .   |
|  |          |     | 31.    | <i>Schavalduris</i> , from Cantab. This uncouth spelling of 'Chevaliers' has led to the change in the Edin. MS. and all the editions which read <i>sodjouris</i> .   |
|  | xli.     | 114 | 63-4.  | <i>He suld ane mantill haf, and ber</i><br><i>Ane flaill, as he ane taskar wer.</i><br>This reading is not warranted entirely by either MS. Both have the word <i>auld</i> after <i>haf</i> , and Edin. inserts <i>and</i> at the beginning of the second line. <i>Taskar</i> of Cantab. is <i>thresscher</i> in Edin. |



- CAP. P. L.
- xliv. 119 5. *Galloway*. So in Edin. and all the editions. Cantab. has *Currik*.
- 120 31. *Ony man* is from Hart. Both MSS. have *Off the men*.
- xliv. 121 50. *Forsuth that this was na gabing*.  
Edin. has *this* ; Cantab. *that*. The sense seems to require both
- xlvi. 126 4. *That thoct his sutelte and gile*  
*Had all fulyheit into that plas*.  
So in Cantab. The first line as given in Edin.—*That thoct with sutelte and throw gyle*—has been altered by Dr. Jamieson from Hart.
- xlvi. 129 18. *That thu sammyn the land nicht ta*.  
This line is from Cantab. In Edin. it now stands—*That thai togidder nicht lang ta ga*—where the last word has evidently been added subsequently to the writing of the rest of the line.
- 19-26. These eight lines, not in Edin. nor in the editions, are from Cantab. They seem essential for the story.
- 130 29. *Qubistling*, the word in Cantab., here, and some lines lower, for *questing* of a hound, is in Edin. *Questionyng*.
42. After l. 42 the Edin. MS. has the following six lines, and is followed by Hart and Dr. Jamieson :—  
*So lang he stude that he mycht her*  
*The noyis off thaim that cummand wer.*  
*Than his twa men in hy send he*  
*To warne and walkyn his menyne,*  
*And thai ar furth thair wayis gane ;*  
*And he left thar all hym allane.*
- They are superfluous, if the eight lines given above from Cantab. are adopted, which tell the story more consistently.
- xlvi. 135 74. *Anciente*. This is the reading of Cantab., not a very good one, but better than the Edin.—*That throw gret a marcyte*.
- xlix. Hitherto the present and past of the verb “come,” and its compounds “become” and “overcome,” have been printed indiscriminately *cum*. It would seem, however, that the Scribe of the MSS., though far from uniform, usually gives *com* or *come* for the past ; and that distinction has been observed in printing the subsequent part of the poem.
- In like manner the verbs “luf,” *amare*, and “lowe,” *laudare*, which are constantly confounded by the Scribe, and which have been spelt similarly in the preceding part of the text, are distinguished in spelling after p. 126, l. 105.

- CAP. P. L.
- i. 138 9. *But*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *For*.  
 139 33. *It wald*. In Edin. *I wald*. In Cantab. *It will*.
- ii. 141 33. *Ky*. So in Cantab., which Hart follows. In Edin. it is *Cry*.
- iii. 145 13. *Cumnok*. So in Edin. and editions. Cantab. has *Carrik*.  
 144 29. *Loudiane*. So spelt in Cantab. In Edin. *Lowthiane*.  
 37. *Strecour*. So in Cantab., apparently a hound for the chase. Edin. and editions have *Traytour*, with no meaning.
- 145 64. *Thre*. So in Cantab. and Hart. Edin. has *four*.
- 150 206. *But to gret part . . tuk yhe*. In Edin. it is *But the gret part*. Hart reads *Bot our gret part*. Cantab. has *Bot till gret part*, a mistaken and unmeaning reading, that seems to point at the one here adopted, which at least expresses the sense.
207. *That slew four or I slew ane*. So in Cantab. In Edin. the line is—*That slew fif of the four yow ane*.
- iv. 156 80. *But he said he wad anerly  
 Betuix him and his fulow be  
 At a fyr, and tha all thre  
 In the end of the hous suld ma  
 Ane othir fyr*.  
 So in Cantab. In Edin. the passage stands—  
*Bot he said he wald anerly  
 At a fyr, and tha all thre  
 On na wis with tham togidder be  
 In the end of the hous tha suld ma  
 Ane othir fyr*.
- lvi. 161 71. This and the four lines following, from the Cantab. MS., are not in the Edin. MS. They are given in Hart and Freebairn; affording one among many proofs that Hart used the MS. now at Cambridge.
- 162 98. *Twa hundreth*. So in Edin. and editions. In Cantab. it is *Twa thousand*.
107. *And sum thar armis till thim drew*. In the MSS. it is—*And sum his armis with him drew*. Hart gives—*And some their harnesse to them drew*.
- lvii. 165 25. *Umbestount* is from Cantab.
26. *He* is from Edin., though Dr. Jamieson gives *And*. The two lines (25-6) are here as in Cantab., with the single change of *He* for *And*. In Edin. they run—  
*Was in Carrik guhar he was wont  
 He wald went with his men to hunt*.
- 166 78. *The King's hund*. So in both MSS., which mention but one

- CAP. P. L. hound as assisting Bruce. Hart and Freebairn make it two throughout.
- lvii. 167 84. *Saw he sa far succour him mad.* So in both MSS. The meaning is, *When he saw, &c.*
- 4x. 174 31. *Sexty*, Cantab. Edin. has fourty.
32. *Machyrnokis*. In both places Edin. has *Makyrnokis*. In 28 Cantab. has *Mochyrn noxis*, and in 33 *Marchyrn noxis*.
34. *Edryffurd*. So in Cantab. Edin. has *Nethirford*. The latter place I have printed as in Cantab., relying on Godscroft, though without much confidence, who names it *Ederfoord*. The former is fixed more satisfactorily. Blaeus's map gives *Macharnock moore* on the heights between Renfrew and Cuninghame; and flowing thence, *Macharnock fluvius*, apparently a stream joining the Irvine near Kilmarnock.
- lxi. 177 2. *Yhet*. Both MSS. give *that*, with no meaning. Perhaps in the original the word was written *y<sup>t</sup>*.
- lxii. 181 12. *Eschelis*. So in Edin. It is useful to observe that this word (old French *eschelles*—squadrons) is *Battalis* in Cantab., both here and three lines lower.
19. This and the next line are verbatim from Cantab., except *war* omitted after *basnetis* on the authority of Edin. The Edin. MS. has—  
*Thar bassynettis burnyst all*  
*Agyne the son glemand of lycht all.*  
 Dr. Jamieson has thought it necessary to attempt their correction.
- 182 51. *Thar*. Dr. Jamieson gives *char*, which reading the Edin. MS. will bear; and in his Dictionary he guesses the words *char doute* to mean “murmur, distrust.” Cantab. has *thar* plainly; and the sense seems to be, ‘For there are none that we need fear’—*quos oportet nos timere*.
- lxiii. 183 26. *Sarray*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *Sarra'y*. Dr. Jamieson thinks it means “artfully.” He and the other editions take the concluding word of the line to mean “rode”:  
*And richt sarray togidder raid.*  
 But the meaning is rather, “And right closely together arrayed.” The word was used even down to the time of Milton—“Serried shields in thick array.” *Par. Lost*.
- lxiv. 187 42. *Frendis*. So in Cantab., meaning perhaps “relations,” as the word in Scotland still means. In Edin. it is *Cosyngis*.
- lxv. 189 39. *Lanrik* in Cantab is *Lanark* in Edin.
- 190 82. *Awmener*. So in Cantab. (Armoire, Aumry.) In Edin. it is *Coffetr*.

- CAP. P. L.
- lxvi. 192 12. *Contenans*. In Edin. *Contentance*. Here and generally Cantab. spells this word *counternans* or *councernans*.
- 195 108. *Slevach*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *Slenauch* (as Dr. Jamieson reads it) or *Sleuauch*. It is believed to be Sliach, a place in the parish of Drumblate in the Garioch, where a consistent local tradition concurs with chronicle and history.
- lxix. 201 10. *Merdale*. So in Cantab. In Edin. a space is left blank where this word should be, which Dr. Jamieson has filled with *poweraill*. *Merdaille* in old French means a dirty crew.
- lxxi. 204 15. *Mushet—Olifard*. These are the names in Cantab. In Edin. they are given *Moffat* and *Olyfard*. Hart has, 'the *Methwenes* and the *Olyphands*.' Muschet (Montefix) and Olifard, now Oliphant, are old Stratherne names and neighbours to Perth.
- 205 51. *Toward the toun, &c.*  
This and the three next lines have been omitted by mistake in the Edin. MS. They are found in Cantab., and Hart gives them.
- lxxiii. 211 51. *Buttill*. So in Cantab. Edin. and the editions have *Bothwell* in contempt of geography.
62. *Off Buttill tour*. So Cantab. Edin. has *Owt of Bothwell*.
- lxxiv. 216 15. *Herd thar sawis ilke dele*. So Cantab., which Hart has followed. Edin. has—  
*Herd ane say tharin "The Dewill!"*
- 218 65. *Cuming* is from Cantab. Edin. has *presand* (present.)
- 218 76. *Wordis*, which is the reading in Cantab., is *Cowardis* in Edin.
- lxxv. 221 48. After this line in Cantab. are found two lines—  
"And whan into the plas war thai  
The King and his menye held vay."  
Almost the same with ll. 53-54.
- lxxvi. 223 9-11. These three lines are here given altogether as in Cantab.
22. *But tarying*. In Edin. it is *But mar duelling*. In Cantab., *Without tarying*.
- 225 75-8. Edin. here gives the words of the cry, *Call all! Call all!* anticipating the narrative, l. 47 of next chapter.
- lxxvii. 226 3. *All fully*. From Edin. In Cantab. it is *Assouerit*.
8. *That samin tym as I devis*. So in Cantab. In Edin. *In this suete tyme that I dewyss*.
- 227 28. *Dress*, from Edin., is *Drif* in Cantab.
- lxxviii. 229 29-32. These lines are from Edin. In Cantab. they are thus—  
*Tharfor I think of him to red  
And to schaw part of his gud ded,*

- | CAP.      | P.   | L.   |
|-----------|------|--|
|           |      | <i>And to descriſe yhou his fuſſoun<br/>With part of his condicioun.</i>   |
| lxxix.    | 230  | 14. <i>ficht.</i> So in both MSS. Hart changes to <i>nicht</i> .   |
| lxxx.     | 231  | 3. <i>Ane Gascour.</i> So in Cantab. Edin. reads <i>of Gascone</i> , against the metre. Both MSS. agree in the name of <i>Sir Peris Lumburd</i> , in this place. Later, (lxxxv. p. 247, 6.) the same person is named <i>Lubant</i> in Edin., but <i>Lumbard</i> again in Cantab.                                 |
| lxxxi.    | 232  | 10. <i>Treyn</i> , from Cantab. In Edin. it is <i>Irne</i> : very good sense, yet I think manifestly wrong.  |
|           | 233  | 31. <i>That war unbandonit left tharout.</i> So in Cantab. The reading of Edin. (Jamieson, p. 200, l. 683) being unmeaning. Hart has thought it necessary to read— <i>That were unbounden</i> , &c.  |
| lxxxii.   | 236  | 4. <i>Bath he and law</i> in Cantab. is <i>Be cleue and law</i> in Edin.   |
|           | 237  | 14. <i>Tretit tham</i> from Cantab., which I read as a verb active, is <i>tretit than</i> in Edin.   |
| lxxxiii.  | 238. | 11. <i>Throu body</i> in Edin. is <i>throu victory</i> in Cantab., which Hart follows.   |
|           |      | 24. This line is in Edin., <i>Or that a sege on him mysfur.</i> In Cantab., <i>Or at that sege him forfure.</i> Hart has taken part of each as here.   |
|           |      | 25. The name is spelt <i>Fransas, Francas, Francuss, Francoys, Francous, Frawonsois, Francois, and Frawonsoys.</i> The first spelling seems best to suit the quibbling prophecy.   |
| lxxxiv.   | 245  | 125. <i>Lap fra ane berfrois on the wall.</i> So Cantab., only without <i>ane</i> . In Edin. this line is <i>Lap on bar fors fra the wall</i> , contrary to the meaning. Hart supplies the article, but did not recognise <i>Berfrois</i> —old French for a tower—from which we have the modern <i>Beffroi</i> . |
|           | 246  | 164. The French words are spelt in Cantab., <i>Gardris wous de Francois</i> ; in Edin., <i>Gardys wouuys de Fransais.</i>  |
| lxxxvi.   | 248  | 6. For <i>won</i> , read <i>wonnin</i> .   |
|           |      | 12. For <i>wonnin</i> , read <i>won</i> .  |
|           |      | 23. <i>Stithly</i> is from Edin. In Cantab. it is <i>suthly</i> .  |
| lxxxvii.  | 251  | 34-5. <i>Tham—tha</i> , from Edin. In Cantab. <i>ws—we</i> .<br><i>We of that purpos ger tham fale.</i><br>For this line, read with the MSS. and Dr. Jamieson—<br><i>That we of purpos ger tham fale.</i>  |
| lxxxviii. | 252  | 26. <i>Of Duche als and of Bretanyhe</i> , from Cantab. Edin. and Hart have— <i>And of the worthyast of Bretanyhe</i> .  |
|           | 253  | 35. <i>Pouty</i> from Cantab., which is followed by Hart, reading <i>Poytowr</i> . Edin. has <i>Poutyne</i> .  |

- CAP. P. L.  
 lxxxviii. 253 37-40. These four lines are not in Edin. Cantab. has them, which Hart follows.  
 45. *Intill playn male.* So in Cantab. Edin. has *in plate and maillyhe*. The distinction between the two kinds of armour, if known, was not so specific in Barbour's age.  
 254 61. *Charre* from Cantab., a dissyllable. Edin. has *char*, which, not rhyming with *se* at the end of the next line, led Dr. Jamieson to suppose a line wanting (p. 218, l. 126.)  
 xci. 259 13. *How we may let tham of thair purpos.*  
 So in Edin. I have let slip the true reading, which is that of Cantab.—*How we may lat tham of purpos.*  
 xcii. 262 2-4. These lines are from Cantab. In Edin. they run—  
*And rycht awise at diuis*  
*Ordanyt his men for the fechting*  
*In gud aray in alkin thing.*  
 262 9. *New Park* is from Edin. In Cantab. it is *New werk*. Hart makes it *North Park*.  
 263 27. *Sonday*, from Edin. Cantab. gives *Settirday*.  
 29-30. From Cantab., with which Hart nearly corresponds.  
 xciii. 264 17. After this line, Hart, apparently without authority, inserts two lines—  
*Out of sicht of the great battalyhe*  
*Of men of armis wicht and hardy.*  
 265 35. *Forout debat to the castele.* So Cantab., much better than Edin., *For to debate the castell*.  
 266 62. *Cristindome.* So in Edin. Cantab. has a word which may be read *Crissidoune* or *Cassidoune*. The rest of the line is from Cantab., and better than Edin.  
 267 70. *Beaute.* This is the spelling of Edin. In Cantab. it is spelt *Bewte*.  
 xciv. 268 22. *Thre banrentis.* So in Cantab. In Edin., *Four lordis*. The rest of the passage, as here given, is from Cantab.  
 29. *The best of all the host*, from Cantab. Edin. reads unaccountably, *Off best of ywill the ost*.  
 269 40-1. These two lines, not satisfactory in Cantab. (as here printed) are still worse in Edin.  
 50. *Faldin* from Cantab. In Edin. *fallyn*. "Fald" means to 'shed' or 'drop' as withered flowers. The same verb occurs again, thus spelt in Cantab., and spelt *fading* in Edin. cx. 2, p. 317.  
 56. *Or tha wend.* So in Cantab., where the reading *or than end* is given alternatively on the margin. The latter is the reading of the Edin. MS.

- CAP. P. L.  
 xciv. 270 76. *Schir Wilyham Dencort.* So in this place in Cantab. The name is given elsewhere by the same MS. Dancort. Edin. gives here *De Amecout*, and elsewhere *Damecourt*.  
 88. Read at end of line a comma instead of a full point.  
 273 158. *That of his fais sum sall it fele.* Cantab. has—  
*That of his fais sum sall fele.* Edin.—*That all his fayis sall it feill.* From both, the reading here given is obtained.  
 xciv. 273 8. This line is from Cantab. Edin. has—*And othir alsua to tak consuill*, which Hart has changed to—*And alsua fir to tak consale*.  
 18. *He rad apon ane gay palfray Litill and joly.* So Cantab. Edin. has—*He raid apon a litill palfray Laucht and joly.* Hart for some unknown reason reads—*proper and joly, Himsel rad on ane gray palfray*.  
 274 21-2. *And on his basnet he he bar*  
*Ane hat of quyrbolle* So in Cantab. Edin., followed by Dr. Jamieson, gives—*And on his bassinett he bar*  
*Ane hat of tyre aboune.*  
 Hart, mis-reading Cantab., has printed—  
*And on his basnet heght he bar*  
*Ane hat with carbuncle.* 'Quyrbolle' is the French "cuir bouilli," which Dr. Jamieson in his Dictionary explains "Leather greatly thickened and hardened—jacked leather" (voc "Corbuyle.")  
 33. *Bowschot*, from Edin., is *merkschot* in Cantab., with the same meaning.  
 xcvi. 277 24. *Reling.* In both MSS. this word is *relying*, contrary to the sense. To *rele* or "reel," and *rely* to "rally," are both of frequent occurrence in Barbour. The Scribe has confounded them.  
 47. *Tham*, from Hart. The MSS have *him*.  
 278 57. *Men*, omitted in both MSS., and necessary for the sense, supplied from Hart.  
 59. *Hat* in Cantab. is *Wat* in Edin.  
 62. *Fandit thar fais*, from Cantab. Edin. has *fadyt thair force*, contrary to the sense.  
 xcvi. 280 21. *The quhethir.* The MSS. give *And quhethir*, which seems unmeaning. Hart has *And yet*—probably the right sense. Freebairn, *The where*—which may, perhaps, at some time have had the meaning of the expression commonly used by Barbour, "the whether"—"nevertheless."  
 xcvi. 280 2. After this line Hart inserts four,—

- CAP. P. L. *Sayand that no uther lif nor ded  
To sic discomfort suld tham led  
That tha suld eschew the fichting,  
In hart he had gret rejosing.  
And changes the next line thus—  
And till him gret gladschip can ta.*
- xcviii. 281 21. *And wreik on tham,* from Cantab. Edin. has—*And think  
than on.*
30. *Ay God will ficht.* So in Edin. Cantab. has—*ilk man suld  
ficht*—scarcely to be accounted among the “advantages” of  
the Scots.
- 282 41-2. The first of these two lines is from Cantab. The second from  
Edin. In Cantab. the latter is more rhythmical—*Stoutly  
in battale for to stand.*
- 283 72. *The contrar* from Edin., is *the cuntre* in Cantab.
94. *Thar.* Jamieson here again reads *char*, which the Edin. MS.  
will bear. *Thar* seems to give the sense. See above,  
p. 182, l. 51.
- 284 102. *Cummerit.* So in Cantab. In Edin. *contraryit.*
103. *That the feld planly ouris be,* from Cantab. In Edin. it is  
—*That the feld anerly yowris be.*
- xcix. 285 20. *Tham* is from Hart. The MSS. have *all*, which Jamieson  
follows, to the prejudice of the sense.
- 286 26. *Rounand,* from Cantab. Edin. gives *Routand.* The former  
means ‘whispering,’ the latter ‘bellowing.’
51. *Strakis,* from Cantab., is *hart* in Edin.
- 287 59. *Mak,* from Cantab., is *maid* in Edin.
71. *War passit our evirilkane  
And the hard feld on hors has tane  
All redy for to gif battale  
Arait intill thar apparale.* These four lines are from  
Cantab., only reading (with Hart) *hard* for *herll* of the  
MS. Edin. compresses them into two—  
*War passyt our ilkane all hale  
Arayit in till thair apparail.*
- c. 287 2. *Thar mes devotly herd tha say.* So in Cantab. *Herd* is *gert*  
in Edin.
- 288 23. *Schiltrum,* nearly so spelt here and elsewhere in Edin., which  
Hart follows. In Cantab. it is *Cheldrome.*
25. This line in Cantab. is—*That tha war rad till byd fichting.*
32. *And till the battale mad tham yhar.* So in Cantab. In Edin.,  
followed by Hart, the line is—  
*Quha had bene by, nicht haf sene thar.*



- | CAP.  | P.  | L.  |   |
|-------|-----|-----|---|
|       | 289 | 44. | <i>Yha sekirly schir said ane knicht.</i> In Cantab. the line is <i>Yha sekirly schir than said ane knicht.</i> In Edin., <i>Ya sekyrly said a knycht.</i> Hart gives it as here printed.   |
|       |     | 47. | <i>All the mast,</i> from Cantab. <i>It is the mast,</i> Edin. neglecting the grammar.  |
|       | 290 | 70. | <i>The Scottismen all full devoutly</i><br><i>Tha knelit down,</i> from Cantab. In Edin.—<br><i>The Scottismen comounaly</i><br><i>Knelyt all doune.</i> Hart, giving the sense of Cantab. in other words, has— <i>The Scottismen richt reverently, &amp;c.</i> |
|       |     | 78. | <i>Nocht,</i> Cantab. <i>Nane,</i> Edin.  |
|       |     | 82. | <i>Tha sall-nocht fle.</i> So in Edin. In Cantab., <i>Thar sall nane fle.</i>   |
|       |     | 85. | <i>He</i> in Cantab. is <i>Thai</i> in Edin.  |
| ci.   | 291 | 12. | <i>Thar,</i> Cantab. <i>That,</i> Edin.   |
|       |     | 15. | <i>And mony ane hardymen douchtely</i><br><i>Was thar eschevit.</i> So in Cantab. In Edin. it is—<br><i>And mony hardy men and douchty</i><br><i>Was thar eschevyt</i> —quite missing the meaning.  |
| cii.  | 293 | 24. | <i>Power,</i> from Cantab. In Edin. it is <i>hap.</i>   |
|       |     | 34. | <i>The,</i> which seems necessary for the sense, is not in either MS. Hart changes the phrase.  |
|       | 294 | 50. | <i>Wissill,</i> in Cantab., is <i>Wyssyllyt</i> in Edin. After that word both MSS. have <i>thar,</i> which Hart omits, and, as it seems, correctly.   |
| ciii. |     | 9.  | <i>For till help him tha held thar way</i><br><i>With thar battale in gud aray.</i> The second line is found in both MSS., (Edin. only reading <i>and for with</i> ) but has been omitted by Dr. Jamieson.  |
|       | 295 | 20. | <i>Flussis,</i> from Edin., is <i>flus it</i> in Cantab., and perhaps better.   |
|       | 296 | 48. | <i>Ony,</i> Edin. In Cantab., <i>had.</i>   |
|       |     | 70. | <i>Strikand,</i> Cantab. Edin. has <i>Stekand.</i>  |
|       |     | 78. | This line in Edin. is— <i>And with all thair mycht schot egrely.</i> In Cantab., <i>With all thair micht tha schot full egirly.</i> Each having a foot redundant.   |
| civ.  | 299 | 40. | <i>Pressit,</i> Edin. Cantab. has <i>previt.</i>  |
|       |     | 42. | After this line, Hart gives fourteen lines, which are not in either MS., and which are merely a repetition of some of the motives to courageous exertion used before.   |
|       |     | 51. | <i>Enkirly,</i> Cantab. In Edin., <i>Archery.</i> The body were armed with “axes.”  |
|       | 300 | 76. | From Cantab. In Edin. the line is perhaps as good— <i>A mighty God! how douchtely.</i>  |

- CAP. P. L.
- civ. 300 84. *Than*, Cantab., is *tane* in Edin.  
 89. *Sall* is from Hart. The word is *suld* in both MSS. Perhaps the change was unnecessary.  
 95. *Armouris and quentis that tha bar*. So in Cantab. "Quentis" (cointise O. F.) seem to be the cognizances or heraldic devices of warriors. Edin. has *Armys and quhytss*, and Dr. Jamieson translates the latter word "hats" (Dict. "quhytss.")
- cv. 302 1. The first six lines are from Cantab., except only the word *and* after *yhemmen* (l. 5) which is found in Edin. The other readings of Edin. here are inferior.
- 303 26. *Apon tham, on tham hardely!* So in Cantab. In Edin., *Sla! sla! apon thaim hastily!*  
 41. *Reling*. Both MSS. have *relying*, which is Barbour's spelling of "Rallying;" but the sense requires *reeling*, which Hart has given.  
 43. *Ensenyhe* of Edin., is *Menyhe* in Cantab.
- 304 51. *Tropellis* in Cantab., *troplys* in Edin. (troops.)
- 305 84. *Then to lif schamfully and fle*. Not wholly warranted by either MS. In Cantab. it is *Than to lif her and schamfully fle*. In Edin., *Than for to lyve schamly and fley*.  
 85. *Than*, to fill the rhythm, from Hart. Not in either MS.
- 306 114. *Of hors and men sa chargit was*. So in Cantab. In Edin., *Off men off hors swa stekyt was*.
- 307 150. *Knit yhou als sadly as yhe may*. From Cantab. The sense is nearly as good in Edin.—*Richt als sadly as ye may*. "Sadly" means "compactly."
- cvi. 308 12. *Schir Walter Gilbertson*. So in Edin. In Cantab., *Gilbertstoun*.  
 18. *Mastry*, from Cantab. Edin. gives *mersy*.  
 23. In Cantab., *Schir Moris de Berclay*. In Edin., *Schyr Mawrice the Berclay*.
- cvii. 310 5. The four lines within brackets are from Hart, which Freebairn also has followed.  
 25. *Sevin*, in Cantab. In Edin., *twa*.
- 311 30. *Payn Typtot*, in Cantab. In Edin., *Payn Typont*.
- 312 57. *Schir Wilyham of Herth*. So in Cantab. In Edin., *Schyr Wilyam off Keth*. Hart has *Airth*.
- cviii. 313 23. In Cantab. the name is *Mermadak be Twng*. In Edin., *Marmeduk the Twemgue*. In record this personage occurs as "Marmaducus de Thweng" (Rotul. Scot.)  
 44. *Becom* in Cantab., is *belewynt* in Edin., which Dr. Jamieson translates "delivered up," I know not on what authority.

- CAP. P. L.
- cix. 314 8. *Four scor*, from Cantab. Edin. has *twenty-four*. Hart, *sextie*.
- 315 30. *Schap him*, Edin. Cantab. has *purpos*, which Hart follows.
35. *Nocht ane stane cast*, Cantab. Edin. has *A pennystane cast*.
42. *Tha* is from Hart.
- 316 77. From Cantab. Edin. gives instead—*Stad thai war full narrowly*.
- cx. 317 2. *Fal ding*, Cantab.; *fuding*, Edin.
12. *Haf*, Edin.; *has*, Cantab.
15. *Serintene*, Cantab.; *few men*, Edin.
19. This and the following line, from Cantab. Edin. has—  
*For on his syd the quheyle on hycht*  
*Raiss quhen the tothyr doun gan lycht.*
- 21 & 26. These two lines from Cantab. They are not in Edin., but Hart gives them.
- 319 83. *Sex and fourty*, from Cantab., which Hart follows. Edin. gives *Fyre and fourty*.
- cx. 320 10. *Throu red of his consale preve*. Edin.  
*Throu consell of his folk preve*. Cantab.
- 321 28. The MSS. have—*was done na chevelry*. Hart omits *done*.
- cxii. 322 9. *Erischry*, Cantab.; *Hyrsery*, Edin.; *Irshry*, Hart.
- 322 33. *In Wokingis firth arivit thai*. So Edin. Cantab. has—  
*In Vaveryng furth arivit thai*. Hart gives *Wolyngs firth*.
- 323 47. *Besat*, Edin.; *Byset*, Cantab.
49. *The Savagis*, Edin.; *De Sawagis*, Cantab.
69. *Rerit*, Cantab.; *Relit*, Edin. and Hart. I am not sure how early “to rear” became a *vox signata* for the action of a horse.
- 324 100. *Forthir mar*, Cantab., followed by Hart. *Furth*, *forthyr*, in Edin.
- 325 105. *Maksulchiane*, Cantab.; *Makgullane*, Edin.; *Makgoulchane*, Hart.
106. *Makartane*, Edin.; *Macarthane*, Hart; *Makmartane*, Cantab.
113. *Endirwillane*, Cantab.; *Innermallane*, Edin.; *Endnellane*, Hart.
- 326 143. Edin., *The Berman and Wodoune*. Cantab., *The Bremayne with the Wardoune*. Hart, *The Bryane eke and the Wardane*. The same names occur afterwards (cxv. 69.)
146. *Schir Moris le fiz Thomas*, from Edin. In Cantab. it is—  
*Schir Moris besy Thomas*, evidently a desperate leap in the dark.
- 329 233. *Levere*, Edin.; *lewerie*, Hart; *lufre*, Cantab—the last a mere mistake.
- cxiii. 2. *Thre dais but mar*, Edin; *and mar*, Cantab.; *or mar*, Hart.

- CAP. P. L.
- cxiv. 332 13. *Odymsy*, Cantab—the true reading. *Ydymsy*, Edin. Hart makes it *Endrossy*.
- 3f3 36. *Owth*. So in Cantab., meaning, apparently, a shelter or hiding-hole. In Edin. the space for the word is left blank. Hart gives *Ane litill south*, which Jamieson adopts.
- 334 59. *Scummar*, Cantab.: *scowmar*, Edin.
60. *Thomas of Dwn*, Cantab.: *Thomas of Downe*, Edin.
62. *Sulit*, Edin.: *sovit* (*f. rouit*) Cantab.
- 335 90. *Schir Robert Boyd*, Edin.: *Schir Gilbert*, Cantab.
- cxv. 337 24. *Ilkane*, Edin.: *agane*, Cantab.
- 338 48. *And tham that war the toun without*, Cantab. Edin has—  
*And thaim that war to cum without*.
- 339 69. These names here are in Cantab., *Broman*, *Wardwn*, and *Syr Waryn*. In Edin., *Brynrame*, *Wedoune*, and *Fyve Waryne*. See above, cxii.
76. *Schir Michel of Kilkenane*, without doubt the true reading. In Edin. it is *Schir Nycholl of Kylkenane*: In Cantab., *Schir Nycholl of Kilbranane*. Hart gives *Schir Michel of Kylcalane*.
- cxvi. 342 39. *Barellferis*. So Cantab. In Edin., *Barell ferraris*, which Dr. Jamieson derives from Fr. “ferriere,” a large leathern bottle.
49. *Stane*. Edin has *stayne*: Cantab., *stare*. This and the following line are dropt out by Hart.
54. *Routis rid*. So Edin. Cantab. has—*voundis vyde*.
60. *Campioun*. So MSS. Hart thinks he improves it, changing to *scorpioun*!
- 343 75. Dr. Jamieson reads the *syvewarine wes takyn thar*; and says it is a corruption of “Sovereign,” a name given to the first Magistrate of towns in Ireland. The Edin. MS., however, has *Fyvewarine*, here and elsewhere, for this person, and Cantab. gives *Fizwaryne*, the true reading.
- 346 160-2. These three lines are from Cantab. *Hy*, perhaps, means a shout. In Edin. the lines are—  
*Schyr Eduuard wes commonaly*  
*Callyt the King of Irland*.  
*And quhen he hard sic thing on hand*.
178. *His men*, Cantab. Edin. gives *his twelff*.
- 228-231. These four lines omitted in Cantab.
- cxvii. 349 15-18. From Cantab. The same sense somewhat better expressed than Edin.
- 350 38. *Lownit*, Cantab. Edin. has *lompnyt*, which Dr. Jamieson explains “laid with trees.” Hart gives *loned*.

- CAP. P. L.  
 cxviii. 352 7. *Edmond de Caliou*, Cantab. *Edmound de Cailow*, Edin.  
*Culhow*, Hart.  
 23-30. These seven lines from Cantab. They are omitted in Edin.,  
 but supplied by Dr. Jamieson from Hart. The word *stalk*,  
 which occurs in them, and lower, l. 47, may be read *scale*.  
 It seems to mean an eschelle or squadron. It occurs, spelt  
*steill*.  
 33-4. These two lines from Cantab. They have again been omitted  
 by the scribe of Edin., misled by 'omoioleuton.'  
 353 48. From Cantab. In Edin. this line is—*The Dowglas saw thair*  
*lump all hale*, which Hart follows.  
 57. *Lat ilk man on his luf than mene*, from Cantab. Edin. gives—  
*Lat ilkane on his leman mene*. Hart strangely reads—*of*  
*his lif than mene*.  
 359 228. *Contenans*, Cantab.: *wansement* (or *awansement*) Edin.  
 cxix. 360 12-13. These two lines missed in Edin. and omitted by Hart.  
 17. *Grewit*, Cantab.: *growit*, Edin., meaning 'to make shudder.'  
 cxx. 362 13. *Furthwardis*, Cantab. Edin. has *southwart*.  
 14. Edin. has—*And sone ar passit* —, leaving a blank for a word  
 not understood. Dr. Jamieson has filled the blank from  
 Hart, *evirilkane*. Cantab. gives *Endirwillane*, very legible.  
 363 25. *Furthward*, Cantab.: *southwart*, Edin.  
 30. *Irland*, Edin.: *Ingland*, Cantab.  
 31. From Cantab. In Edin. thus—*assemblit he*  
*Bath burges and cheicalry*  
*And hobilleris and yhumanry*.  
 364 63. This line in Cantab. is—*That thai weill ner sum power had*.  
 365 86. *Amesit*, Edin.: *avisit*, Cantab. Dr. Jamieson explains *amesit*  
 mitigated, appeased.  
 366 136. *Tuenty*, Cantab.: *thretty*, Edin.  
 367 161-4. These lines are not in Edin., but Hart gives them with  
 slight variation from Cantab.  
 368 188. *Fellit to fet*, Cantab.: *lossyt the suet*, Edin.  
 cxxi. 369 22. *Warning*, Cantab.: *obstakill*, Edin.  
 26. *Furthwardis*, Cantab.: *southwart*, Edin.  
 370 27. *South*, Cantab.: *rycht*, Edin.  
*Lynrik*. Edin. has *Kynrike*: Cantab. *Lwnyk*. Hart reads  
*Lynrik*. The place intended is Limerick.  
 36. *Childryn*, Cantab.: *childill*, Edin.  
 371 57. *Connach*, Edin.: *conagis*, Cantab.  
 58. *All Meth*: in Cantab, *Almyth*: in Edin., *All Methy*. Hart  
 gives *All Mich*.

- CAP. P. L.
- cxxi. 371 58. *Irell* from Cantab.: in Edin. *Ireby*. Hart gives *Irrelle*.
- cxxii. 372 6. *Lyntounle*, Cantab.: *Lyntaile*, Edin.
- 374 61. *Hald tham thar*, Cantab. *Sow tham sar*, Edin.
- 376 127. *Entremas*, Cantab.: in Edin., *eftremas*.
128. *Surchargis*: in Edin., *souwerchargis*: in Cantab., *suchargis*.  
Hart makes it *subcharge*.
- cxxiii. 13-16. These lines not in Edin. Dr. Jamieson has given them from Hart.
- cxxv. 385 49. *Redis Swyr*, Cantab. Edin. has *the Red Sicyr*.
- 386 81. This line in Edin. is—*Ane othyr lettre suld writtyn be*, affording no meaning. In Cantab.—*Ane or othir suld wrethit be*. Hart gives the line as here printed, and, I think, as Barbour wrote it, while it differs only in one syllable from Cantab. Freebairn gives—*One another should witting be*.
- cxxvi. 393 58. *Trewit he*, Cantab., which Hart modernises into *trewis tuk he*. Edin. has—*tholit he*.
66. *Burges*, Cantab. In Edin. *Burdowys*, which Dr. Jamieson explains “club-men.”
- cxxvii. 394 7-11. The MSS. here agree in confusing the counsel of the King with his acts. I have not thought it allowable to correct the readings conjecturally.
18. *And thoct all suth for gret foly*. Edin. has—*Thought all Scottis for gret foly*. In Cantab. the middle letter of the word *s.th* is blotted. It may have been *suth* or *such*—assuredly not *Scottis*. Hart cuts the knot, printing *forsooth*. It must be confessed none of the readings is satisfactory.
- 395 25. *Of Longcastell the Erl Thomas*. Cantab. gives *Lacister*, the Scribe having copied from “Lancaster,” and without observing the *n* superscribed.
- 396 59. *Allye*, Cantab.: *elye*, Edin.
- cxxviii. 399 93. *Rek*, Cantab (reach) *reych*, Edin.
94. In Edin.—*Foroucht thai mycht gud or ill*.
- cxxix. 407 45. This line is in Edin.—*Had mad tham for defending*: in Cantab.—*Had mad tham for thar assaling*, which Hart follows.
63. *Skunnerit*, Cantab.: *scounryt*, Edin.
- 409 101. *Gentilly*, Edin. In Cantab. it may be read *jinctly*, *jintly*, *juntly*, or as here printed.
- cxxx. 108. *Summer*, Cantab.: Edin., *Sower*.
110. *He*, Cantab.: *it*, Edin.
- 410 133. In Cantab.—*Sum ded dosnit sum ded vyndland*.
- cxxxi. 412 4. *Mate* (weary) Cantab.: *mad*, Edin.
- 413 19. *Wikkitly*, Cantab.: *utrelly*, Edin.: *cruelly*, Hart.

- | CAP.    | P.  | L.  |
|---------|-----|---|
| cxv.    | 413 | 33. From Cantab.: in Edin.— <i>Arrowys and stanys nane slayn war.</i>   |
|         | 414 | 66-7. <i>South . . . northir.</i> So in Edin. Cantab. has <i>North . . . Southren</i> , which Hart follows, but the inclination was the King's, not the Earl's.   |
| cxvii.  | 419 | 64. <i>To tell the king</i> , Cantab.: <i>to tell tithing</i> , Edin.   |
|         |     | 72. <i>Fiften hundreth</i> , Cantab.: <i>fiften thousand</i> , Edin.  |
|         | 421 | 127. <i>Twenty thousand</i> , Edin.: <i>fourty</i> , Edin.: <i>thretty</i> , Hart.  |
|         |     | 131. <i>Fourty thousand</i> , Edin. and Cantab. Hart has <i>thretty</i> .   |
|         | 422 | 168. <i>Strekut</i> , Cantab. (stretched): <i>stickit</i> , Edin.   |
| cxviii. | 424 | 8. <i>Outraying</i> , Cantab.: <i>outrayng</i> , Edin. The meaning is "destruction."  |
| cxix.   | 437 | 65. Cantab. has <i>kow</i> throughout: Edin., <i>bule</i> .   |
|         |     | 73. <i>Def</i> , Cantab.: <i>best</i> , Edin.   |
|         |     | 121-2. From Cantab. In Edin. these two lines are—<br><i>That conwoyit thaim agayn rudly</i><br><i>And warnyt planly herbery.</i>  |
| cxv.    | 431 | 56-7. From Cantab. In Edin.—<br><i>The king said than till him agayn</i><br><i>Do than, quhar mychty God the speid.</i>   |
|         |     | 64. Cantab., <i>thre</i> : Edin., <i>four</i> . Hart gives <i>few</i> , which I have ventured to follow.  |
|         | 432 | 72. <i>Hamlyly</i> , Edin.: <i>full humylly</i> , Cantab., and, perhaps, better. Hart gives <i>honorably</i> .  |
|         |     | 77. <i>Thomas Arthy</i> , Cantab.: <i>Auchtre</i> , Edin.: <i>Thomas of Struthers</i> , Hart.   |
|         |     | 85. <i>Arrovis</i> , Cantab.: <i>Harnis</i> , Edin.   |
|         |     | 91. <i>Up till his hors</i> , Edin.: in Cantab., <i>richt til his host</i> .  |
| cxvi.   | 433 | 14. From Cantab. In Edin. this line is—<br><i>Than mycht men se thaim stoutly ga.</i>   |
|         |     | 15-18. These four lines are not in Cantab. <i>Clymb</i> and <i>lere</i> of Edin. are changed by Hart to <i>clam</i> and <i>left</i> , in accordance with the reading of l. 14. Hart, for <i>all gat</i> , gives <i>as gutis</i> . |
|         |     | 21-24. Hart omits these four lines, which, indeed, seem a new version of the preceding. They are found in both MSS.   |
|         | 434 | 36. <i>The lord of Souly</i> , Cantab.: <i>the lord the Sule</i> , Edin.: <i>of Souellie</i> , Hart.  |
|         |     | 48. <i>Quytlly</i> , Cantab. Edin. has <i>quilty</i> , which Hart and Dr. Jamieson read "quickly."  |
|         | 435 | 62. <i>Riveus</i> , Cantab.: <i>Ryfuowis</i> , Edin.: <i>Rewes</i> , Hart. Rievaulx Abbey.  |
|         |     | 72. <i>Disdane</i> , Cantab. Edin. has <i>engage</i> .  |
| cxvii.  | 437 | 15 25. Much of these omitted in Cantab., which gives—   |

CAP. P. L.

*Tha knelit and thankit him gretly  
Of the gras he tham did suthly  
And he gert tret tham curtasly.  
Frendis he coude resaif hamely  
And his fuis stoutly till stonay.*

- cxvii. 437 33. *Wald.* So in both MSS. Hart reads *wall*.  
cxviii. 438 16. *Maleherbe*, Edin.: *Mayle Erl'*, Cantab.  
19. *Schir David the Brechyn*, Cantab. Edin. has *Schyr Darcy off Breichyn*.  
441 94. *Anoyis*, Cantab.: *Amowis*, Edin.  
106. *Feloun*, Cantab.: *Welanys*, Edin.  
cxix. 443 15. *Merring*, Cantab.: *nethring*, Edin.: *hurting*, Hart.  
444 50. *Thretten*, Cantab.: *aucht*, Edin.  
xli. 447 19. *Bruderys*, Edin.: *Brothir*, Cantab.: *Brandane*, Hart.  
450 110. This line is from Cantab. In Edin. it is—  
*Thai ger thaim cum apon thaim down.*  
130. *Endlang*, Cantab.: in Edin., *lingand*.  
xli. 451 149-50. These two lines from Cantab.; not in Edin., which spoils the sense by joining *thar was* to *chasyt*. Erskyn was the pursuer, not the pursued.  
xlii. 454 55. *Deggyse*, from Cantab. The space for this word is left blank in Edin. Hart has supplied *tragedie*, which Dr. Jamieson has followed without consideration.  
xliii. 455 15. *Nichtirdale*, Cantab.: *Nichtirtale*, Edin. The derivation given in Jamieson's Dictionary favours the former spelling.  
17. Both MSS. have *mar*. Hart, not satisfied with that sense, has substituted *yhar*.  
457 60-3. These lines not in Cantab.  
73. Both MSS. have *fyr sid*. Hart gives *said*, which is evidently right.  
458 86. *And mony palyheounis doun tha drew*. So Cantab. Edin. has—*And palyheounis doun yarne tha drew*. Dr. Jamieson gives a meaning to *yarne* in his Dictionary, showing, perhaps, the danger of an Editor being also a Dictionary maker.  
460 163. *Foray*, Cantab. Edin., *ferrar*.  
cxliv. 464 23. *A lung mile*, Cantab.: *twu mile lang*, Edin.  
26. After this line Hart gives four, for which he may have had good authority, though they are not in either of the extant MSS.:—  
*But flaikis in the wood they made  
Of wands, and them with them had:  
And sykes therewith brigged they  
And so had well their horse away.*



- CAP. P. L.
- cxliv. 465 58. *Twenty thousand*, Cantab. Edin. has *ten thousand*.  
 60. This line from Cantab. Edin. has—*Of the Merse*: Hart, *Of Stratherne*. He did not know even by name the once great earldom of the Dunbars.
- cxlv. 467 14. *Apert assaltis mad tha thar*. Edin. has—*Apert escheuis*. Cantab.—*Part of assaltis*, which Hart follows.  
 469 73, 75. *Male es* (malaise) from Cantab. Edin. has *malice*.  
 75. *Ane fundying*, Cantab., enfundeyng.  
 470 107. *Men nicht se*, Cantab.: *men thurst se*, Edin.  
 471 130. *Munrent*, Cantab. Edin., *Manredyn*.
- cxlvi. 474 58-63. These six lines, from Cantab, omitted in Edin., where the Scribe has been misled by the word *Douglas* ending line 57, and also line 63.
- cxlvii. 476 35. *Fais*, Cantab.: *nichtbouris*, Edin.  
 477 47-60. The eight lines which here, as in Cantab., end the chapter, are in Edin. placed before the six lines which here precede them, injuring the sense.
- cxlviii. 478 33. *Sevill*. In Cantab. *Sevell*: Edin, *Sabill*: Hart., *Sibille*.  
 479 40. *The King alsone*. So the MSS. Hart gives *King Alphons*, which Freebairn follows.  
 480 98. *For till manyhe*, from Cantab. The space for the last word is blank in Edin. Dr. Jamieson, following Hart, has supplied *demainye*.  
 481 122. After this line Hart adds—  
 “But ere they joynd in battell,  
 What the Dowglas did I shall you tell.  
 The Bruce’s heart than on his brest  
 Was hinging, in the field he kest  
 Upon a stone-cast and well more before,  
 And said, ‘Now passe thou foorth before  
 As thou was wont in field to bee,  
 And I shall follow or else die.’  
 And so hee did withoutten ho,  
 He faught even while he came it to  
 And took it up in greit daintie;  
 And ever in field thus used hee.”  
 These lines are not in either of the extant MSS. Pinkerton thinks them genuine; and Dr. Jamieson, in support of that opinion, quotes “*the Houlate*” (II., 14, 15) which contains the same story of Bruce’s heart, and was written about eighty years after Barbour’s poem.
- cxlix. 484. 11, 12. These lines are ordered here as in Hart. In the MSS. they are transposed.

- | CAP.    | P.      | L.  |
|---------|---------|---|
| cxlix.  | 484     | 17. <i>Mischef</i> , Cantab. : Edin. has <i>malice</i> : Hart, <i>dises</i> , all meaning the same.   |
|         |         | 20-5. These six lines from Edin., not in Cantab.  |
| 485     | 35.     | <i>Sweet</i> , Edin. : <i>stout</i> , Cantab.   |
|         | 48.     | <i>Lufit tresoun</i> , as in MSS. Hart and Freebairn give <i>Hatit tresoun</i> .  |
|         | 59.     | <i>Potatioune</i> in both MSS. Dr. Jamieson, without even Hart's authority, has substituted <i>potioun</i> .  |
| 486     | 68-70.  | From Cantab. In Edin. thus :—<br><i>I sall the get a warysoun</i><br><i>Ga to Pyrrus : and lat him do</i><br><i>Qhat euir him lyis on hart thar to.</i> |
|         | 92.     | <i>Strangis</i> , Cantab. : <i>strang</i> , Edin.   |
| 487     | 95.     | <i>Seth</i> , Cantab. : <i>scher</i> , Edin.  |
| cl. 488 | 14, 15. | <i>Power</i> , Edin. Cantab. has <i>pure</i> ; and <i>law</i> in the next line where Edin. has <i>lave</i> .  |
|         | 29.     | From Cantab. In Edin.-- <i>Bring ws hey till his mekill blis.</i>   |



## N O T E S .

*p.* 4, *l.* 2. Andrew of Wyntown quotes this whole chapter, with thirty-six lines at the beginning of cap. III.; also chapter IV., l. 9-37; only correcting his author by distinguishing the three generations of Bruces, whom Barbour runs into one, and stopping as if careful to avoid the noble apostrophe to freedom. It may be observed that the MS. of Wyntown used by Macpherson (Royal Library, British Museum, 16 (or 17) D. xx.<sup>a</sup>) is undoubtedly of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and thus affords the means of comparing Ramsay's transcripts of Barbour with one at least half a century earlier. The change is exceedingly slight.—*Wyntown Cronykil*, VIII., ii., and xviii.

*p.* 8, *l.* 20. "Gif thou will had in chief of me

I sall do sa thou sall be king."

In making Edward offer the crown to Bruce, and Bruce reject it—"bot gif it fall of richt to me," the poet only follows the tradition of his time. Fordun tells the same story.

*p.* 19, *l.* 20. "Tha war lik to the Machabeis."

The middle age writers were fond of the Maccabees. Judas Maccabeus was numbered among the Nine Worthies. Fordun

<sup>a</sup> Innes refers to it by the former, M'Pherson by the latter number.

likens Bruce to him in a higher strain of feeling than he usually shows—"Misericors Deus Scottorum miseriis continuis clamoribus compassus et doloribus solito more paternæ pietatis suscitavit eis salvatorem et propugnatorem, unum scilicet de suis confratribus nomine Robertum de Bruce, qui eos in lacu miseriæ prostratos et omni spe salutis et auxilii totaliter destitutos videns . . . tanquam alter Machabeus manum mittens ad fortia pro fratribus liberandis, innumeros et importabiles diei oestus frigoris et famis in terra et in mari subiit labores . . . inedias et pericula lætanter amplectando."—*Scotichron*, XII., 4.

*p.* 25, *l.* 57-60 "And thartill into burch draw I myn heritage."

"Sen he in burch his landis dreuch."

'Burch' or 'Borgh' is a pledge, and to 'draw in burch' was the technical phrase for finding caution to stand as pursuer or defender in a suit at law.

*p.* 27, *l.* 44. 'That gaf na gerth to the awter.'

i. e. 'Who did not respect the sanctity of the altar.' "Girth" is the place of sanctuary, and also (as here) the privilege of sanctuary, which was inherent in every church, though held more sacred and enforced by more solemn sanctions in particular places.

*p.* 32, *l.* 5. And syn to Scone in hy rad he  
And was mad king.

Bruce was crowned at Scone on the Feast of the Annunciation, 27th March, 1306. Robert Wischard, Bishop of Glasgow, who had previously given him absolution for the slaughter of Cumyn, now prepared in his own wardrobe the robes of state for his coronation, and produced for the solemnity from his treasury, where it had long lain concealed, a banner of the arms of the late king, Alexander III. \*

The crown was placed on the new king's head by the Countess

\* Palgrave Scotch Documents, p. 346.

of Buchan, apparently\* a lady of the house of the Earls of Fife, to whom that honour belonged hereditarily. The crown itself we hear of accidentally, when, a year afterwards, a writ of pardon passed the Great Seal of England in favour of Geoffrey of Coigners—"de eo quod detinuit et concealavit quendam coronettam auream cum qua Robertus le Brus rebellis Regis fecit se coronari," dated at Carlisle, 20 Mar., 15, Edw. I.—*Patent Rolls*.

p. 33, l. 25. "Out of his wit he went wele ner  
And callit till him Schir Amer  
The Vallanch."

Lord Hailes observes that "the letters patent to Pembroke are drawn up in an enraged and vindictive style." Edward's ferocity, which is not the mere creation of the poet, was caused without doubt partly by the weight of years and disease rendering him unfit to meet the never-ending opposition of the Scots.

"Schir Amer the Vallanch"—"Odomarus de Valance" of Fordun—"Eymur de Valoins" of the Norman chroniclers—"Adomarus de Valencia" of the English records—Earl of Pembroke and near kinsman to the King of England, a faithful servant of his sovereign, and, as such, odious to the Scots; but Barbour shows him as the honourable, brave knight, able to appreciate knightly qualities in his adversaries.

p. 40, l. 60. "Schir Thomas Randol thar was tane  
That than was ane young bachelor,  
And Schir Alexander Fraser," &c.

Thomas of Randolph, Bruce's nephew, here taken prisoner, was pardoned on the request of Adam of Gordon, and "continued English" (*demora Engles*<sup>b</sup>) till he was again taken prisoner by Douglas and brought to his duty.

Barbour does not inform us of the capture of Sir Simon Fraser, which, however, made more noise in England than his brother Sir

\* The English chroniclers, whom Hailes follows, ascribe the bold act to Isobel, sister of the young Earl of Fife, wife of John Cumyn, Earl of Buchan. The author of the *Scala*

*Cronica* says, the Countess acted for her son, who had the right, failing the Earl of Fife.

<sup>b</sup> *Scala Cron.*, p. 131.

Alexander's. An English contemporary ballad, not of great merit, takes his execution for its chief subject, but has some verses of more interest:—

“Thourh counsall of thes blisshopes y-nemmed byfore  
 Sir Robert the Bruytz furst kyng wes y-core  
 He mai everuche day ys fon him se byfore  
 Gef hee mowen him hente, ichot he biþh forlore  
     Sauntz fayle.  
     Soht for te sugge  
     Duere he shal abugge  
     That he bigon batayle.  
 Hil that him crownede, proude were ant bolde  
 Hii maden kyng of somere, so hil ner ne sholde  
 Hil setten on ys heved a croune of rede golde  
 And token him a kyne-yrde so me kyng sholde  
     To deme  
     Tho he wes set in sec  
     Lutel god couthe he  
     Kyne-riche to yeme.  
 Now Kyng Hobbe in the mures gongeth  
 For te come to tounne nout him ne longeth  
 The barouns of Engelond, myhte hue him gripe  
 He him wolde techen on Englysshe to pype.  
 Sire Edward of Carnarvan Jesu him save ant see!  
 Sire Emer de Valence, gentil knyht ant free  
 Habbeth y-suore huere oht that par la grace Dee  
 Hee wollith ous delyvren of that false contree  
     Gef hil conne.

The subject of the ballad was taken at “Kyrkenclyf, beside Stirling,” before Saint Bartholomew’s masse (Aug. 24.) He was brought in chains to London, and, with reproach and derision, executed, to the great triumph of the ballad-writer, who concludes thus:—

“The traytours of Scotland token hem to rede  
 The barouns of Engelond to brynge to dede;  
 Charles of Fraunce, so moni mon tolde  
 With myht ant with streynthe hem helpe wolde;  
     His thonkes!  
     Tprot Scot for thi strif!  
     Hang up thyn hachet ant thi knyht  
     Whil him lasteth the lyf  
     with the longe shonkes.” \*

\* Wright's Political Songs of England, p. 212.

p. 195, l. 108. "And till the Slevach held thar way."

The conjecture of D. Macpherson, followed by Tytler, that Slains was the place of the King's retreat, in itself extremely improbable, as being in the middle of the Cumins' territories, is exploded by the more accurate investigations of recent inquirers. In an early publication (*Book of Bon-accord*, p. 355) Mr. Joseph Robertson, already co-operating with Mr. John Stuart, both subsequently to be the illustrators of northern history, had showed cause to believe that the place meant is the "Slioch," in the parish of Drumblate, in the Garioch, in the midst of Bruce's hereditary possessions. In support of his opinion, Mr. Robertson afterwards quoted an anonymous authority, which should not have been unknown to D. Macpherson—"In this paroch (Drumblade) is the park of Sliach, noted for being the place where King Robert Bruce encamped in his sickness before the battle of Old Meldrum, where he defeat the Cummins." *Collections on the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff*, p. 476.

p. 260, l. 2-6. "And methink that richt spedfull war

To gang on fut to this fechtng."

The change of warfare thus slightly noticed by Barbour was of infinite importance to the fortunes of Scotland. Thomas Gray, the author of the *Scala Cronica*, who was himself in the battle, tells us that the Scots took example of the Flemings, that, on foot, a little before, had discomfited the power of France at Courtray; and at sun-rise they issued from the wood in three battles *on foot*, and held their way stoutly towards the English host, who had passed the night under arms, with their horses saddled and bridled, and who now mounted in great fear, for they had never been used to dismount to combat on foot.\* This was the strategy which gave Bruce the victory, and not the "pots," nor the army of camp followers, nor the other tricks, like Hannibal's vinegar, to which the popular mind loves to attribute such great success. Gray's account of the matter is assuredly true. The Swiss, afterwards the best infantry of Europe, and who so long formed

\* *Scala Cronica*, p. 142.



its chief mercenary force, were not yet heard of beyond their mountains; but, just twelve years before Bannockburn, the burghers of Bruges, warlike no doubt from their habitual resistance of the exactions of their lords, and well armed from their wealth,\* but altogether a force of infantry, withstood the shock of the best chivalry of France at Courtray, where the number of gilt spurs of knights rivalled the cargo of rings sent from Cannæ. After the success at Bannockburn, the Scots continued preeminently a nation of foot soldiers. The borderers, indeed, mounted on the active nags of their glens, having their store of provisions for many days slung at their saddle bows, formed an efficient light cavalry, admirable for driving a prey, and for annoying an enemy; but the strength of the battle was in the spearmen. The Scotch spear was six elns long, or five elns "before the burr" "of a clyft," that is, of one piece, a length which, at least in later times, obliged the spear staves to be drawn from foreign countries. A fully armed Scotch soldier had one of these formidable pikes, an axe, with a knife for finishing the work which these might leave imperfect, and a large shield of hide, "to resist the shot of England."

p. 291, l. 9. "Sa that at the assemble thar  
Sic ane frusching of speris war  
That fer away men nicht it her."

Here is the Lanercost chronicler's account of this charge, as told him by a trust-worthy person, "qui fuit presens et vidit." I will not venture to translate it.

"Quando vero ambo exercitus se mutuo conjunxerunt et magni equi Anglorum irruerunt in lanceas Scottorum sicut in unam densam sylvam, factus est sonus maximus et horribilis ex lanceis fractis et ex dextrariis vulneratis ad mortem; et sic steterunt in pace ad tempus. Anglici autem sequentes non potuerunt attingere ad Scottos . . . et ideo nihil restabat nisi ordinare de fuga."  
—p. 225.

\* When Joan of Navarre (wife of Philip le Bel, King of France) visited Bruges in 1302, she was astonished at the opulence displayed by the burgesses. "I had imagined," she

said, "I was the only queen here, but I find more than 600 women in this city who queen it in apparel as sumptuous as mine."

p. 322, l. 33. "In Wokingis firth arivit tha."

This name has disappeared, if it ever existed—"Apud Glondonne appulit classis Scotiæ," says Grace, "quam duxit Edouardus Brus frater Roberti regis et cum eo comes de Morrey, Johannes Mentieth, Johannes Steward, Johannes Cambel, Thomas Candiff, Fergus Ardressam, Johannes de Bosco, Johannes Bisset," p. 62. The Irishman is as careless of Scotch names as Barbour of the Irish; and even the "Glondonne" of his own country is as little known as "Wokingis firth." Olderfleet, which is the name for Larne Harbour in books and maps of the seventeenth century, is set down by Lodge, a diligent writer, as the place of Bruce's disembarkation. (*Peerage, Athenry.*)

p. 323, l. 47. "Mandwell, Besat, and Logane,  
Thar men assemblit evirilkane;  
The Savagis was alsua thar."

The Mandevilles were lords of the barony of Dufferin.

After the murder of Patrick, Earl of Athol, at Haddington in 1242, the Bissets, then a numerous and powerful family, fled from Scotland and took refuge in the Glynnns of Antrim, where they obtained a settlement under the De Burghs, Earls of Ulster. The Macdonnells of Antrim are said to owe their possessions there to a marriage with the heiress of the Bissets.

The Logans were considerable proprietors in the North of Ireland; and two parishes in the Diocese of Connor had the names respectively of *Ecclesia villæ Hugonis de Logan*, and *Ecclesia villæ Walteri de Logan*, now Templepatrick and Ballywalter. (*Dr. Reeves's Down and Connor.*)

The Savages had the manors of Rathmore, Duntorsy, and others, in Ulster. A townland in the parish of Donegore, called Ballysavage, preserves this family name. They are lineally represented by Mr. Nugent of Portaferry in the Ards. (*Dr. Reeves's Down and Connor.*)

p. 324, l. 100. "Of the kingis of that cuntre  
Thar com till him and mad fewte  
Wele ten or tuelf, as I herd say,  
Bot tha held him schort quhile thar fay."

Of the Reguli of Uladh or Ulster, see Reeves's *Down and Connor*, p. 364-9. One no doubt was that Douenaldus Oneyl Rex Ultoniæ, and claiming yet higher style, who was the head of the Cinel Owen, or Tyrone Oneills, from 1283 to 1325, and who is known to us from the remarkable appeal which he made to the Pope, in the name of the whole Irish people, against the dreadful oppression of the English in 1318. (*Fordun*, xii. 26.)

Edward Bruce did not succeed in attaching the Irishry any more than the English had done. O'Neil complained, that, in the court and presence of a noble lord, Edward de Bruce, Earl of Carrick, a malignant friar, brother to the Bishop of Connor, uttered such impudent words as these—"that it was no sin to slay an Irishman, and, if he should himself happen to do so, he would still feel free to celebrate mass." (*Fordun*, xii. 30.) It seemed to be a custom for churchmen to put on armour and sally forth and slay the native Irish!

*p.* 325, *l.* 105. "For twa of thame, ane Maksulchiane  
And ane othir hat Makartane."

The uncouth name in the first line is not Mac Quillan of 'the Route' as has been conjectured, but Mac Coolechan of Clann-brassil—"a very fast country of wood and bogg."

"The principal seat of the Mac Cartanes, says Harris, was at a place called Annadorn, on an eminence, near which, now called *Castle-Hill*, it stood." It is in the parish of Loughin-island. (*Reeves's Down and Connor*.)

*p.* 325, *l.* 113. "Men callis that plas Endirwillane."

Dr. Reeves believes this to be an old garbled name for that pass, known later as *Bealach an Maghre*, or Moyry Pass. It was on the old road, indeed the only passable one, from Leinster to Ulster, and was always regarded as a place of extreme importance. It is in the parish of Killeavy, county of Armagh, but only a few perches from the boundary of Lowth. A small square castle in ruins still marks the place. Grace relates (a. 1343) how the Justiciary of Ireland going into Ulster, "suffered great loss from Mac Cartan in the pass of Emerdullam, having lost his clothes, his

money, his vessels of silver, and some of his horses, and also some of his men, yet by the help of the men of Uriel (Lowth) he at last made his escape into Ulster." It was evidently the favourite pass for Mac Cartan and his light friends to waylay a regular army whether going to or from Ulster.

*p.* 325, *l.* 133. "At Kilsagart Schir Eduard lay."

About a quarter of a mile from Moiry Castle is Kilnasaggart, where there are traces of a cemetery, and a curious tall stone monument in memory of Ternohe Mac Ceran.

*p.* 326, *l.* 135. "At Dundalk was assemble  
Mad of the lordis of that cuntre."

Dundalk was within the pale, and a strong hold of the Anglo-Irish in those days.

*p.* 326, *l.* 138. . . . "Schir Richard of Clar  
That in all Irland was luftenand."

Barbour everywhere calls Richard de Clare the King's Lieutenant. Edmund Butler was Justiciary. Richard Clare, however, was one of the chiefs of the English party in Ireland.

*p.* 326, *l.* 143. "The Breman with the Wardoun."  
"Breman" is plainly Bermingham. "Wardoun" is Verdon.

*p.* 330, *l.* 14. "Kilros it hat."  
'Kilros' (Cell-rois of Adamnan) is now Magheross, or Carrickmacross. The territory of Ros (lying south-west of Dundalk) comprehended the southern part of the barony of Farney in Co. Monaghan, part of the barony of Slane in Meath, and a little of Cavan.

*p.* 332, *l.* 13. "Toward Odymsey syn tha rad."  
O-Dempsy was the name of the hereditary lords of Clanma-liere, a territory on either side of the Barrow, comprising the baronies of Portnahinch in Queen's County, and Upper Philipstown in King's County.

p. 333, l. 21. "Ane gret river he gert him pass.  
Probably the Barrow.

p. 334, l. 53. "And tha betuix riveris twa  
War set."  
Apparently the Ban and the Foyle, eastward of Londonderry.

p. 334, l. 55. "The Ban that is anc arm of se  
That with hors may nocht passit be,  
Was betuix tham and Ullister."

Ulster is here used in its limited acceptation, as including only the counties of Antrim and Down. The English had built a bridge over the lower Bann at Coleraine in 1248 (An. Four Masters) which had been broken down by Bruce to prevent the pursuit of the Earl of Ulster (An. of Clonmacnoise).

p. 335, l. 76, &c. "The toun of Coigneris,"  
called afterwards "the City," is Connor, the seat of the Bishop, now a poor village, which the neighbours still call "Con-ycr." Grace and Pembridge relate that on this occasion the Bishop fled to the Castle of Carrickfergus.

p. 339, l. 76. "Ane  
Hat Schir Michel of Kilkenane."

Kilkenane was, before the Reformation, a church and parish in Island Magee in the county of Antrim. In 1310, Michael of Kylkenan was summoned to a parliament at Kilkenny. (Cal. Canc. Hib.)

p. 370, l. 55. "Throw all Irland thus passit tha."

The mischief inflicted by the Scotch invasion of Ireland was dreadful, and not confined to the temporary damage of an army passing through a country, which, perhaps, of necessity destroys growing corn and cattle. In the Red Book of Ossory are two taxations of the Diocese, one of them Pope Nicholas's (c. 1293) the other is titled "Nova Taxatio Episcopatus Ossoriensis post guerram Scotorum." The following taxations of the Deanries serve

to show the depreciation of property (as our own early *Retours* show the miserable poverty of Scotland after the War of Independence, in contrast with the prosperity, *tempore pacis*, in the days of good King Alexander).

Deanries.	Tax. c. 1293. Decimæ.		Tax. post Guerr. Decimæ.
Kenlys, . . . . .	£22 12 0	...	£10 3 4
Obargoiu, . . . . .	6 0 4½	...	1 11 0
Overk, . . . . .	7 9 1	...	2 11 2
Kilkenny, . . . . .	9 4 7½	...	1 7 0
Claragh, . . . . .	11 0 7¼	...	4 9 8
Siller, . . . . .	6 4 8	...	2 19 4
Aghthour, . . . . .	6 17 0	...	2 14 8
Odogh, . . . . .	11 4 4½	...	5 9 8
Aghebo, . . . . .	13 0 0	...	1 16 0
Bishop and rel. houses,	30 17 10¾	...	25 11 6¼
Sum, . . . . .	104 18 5¾	...	58 13 4½

p. 371, l. 58. Throu all Meth and Irell.

Uriel was the district now comprised in the counties of Louth and Monaghan. It joined Meath on the north-east, and through it lay the road northward.

p. 372, l. 13. Ane Erl men callit Schir Thomas.

p. 375, l. 85. The Richmond born down thar was.

He was no "Earl," but Sir Thomas of Richmond, a knight of Yorkshire: "En meisme le temps le roy Dengleter envoya le count de Aroundel chevetayn sur la marche Descoce qi fust rebukez a Lintelly en la forest de Jedeworth par James de Douglas, et, mort Thomas de Richemond, le dit count se retrey devers le sew saunz plus faire.—*Scalu Cronica*, p. 143.

p. 415, l. 83. Men said syn eftir this Thomas  
That on this wis mad martyr was  
Was sanctit and gud mirakillis did.

Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the popular leader, executed by his cousin, the unlucky Edward II., was soon canonized by the people's favour, and a regular office was instituted to commemorate him, like other popular English martyrs from Thomas of Canterbury and Simon de Montfort downwards.—*Political Songs of England*, p. 268.

p. 467, l. 22. And till tham that war with him thar  
The landis of Northumberland  
That nest to Scotland war lyand  
In fe and heritage gaf he.

It was not only to his Scotch followers that Bruce gave Northumbrian lands. Nothing serves better to mark his success and great ascendancy than the number of native lords of Northumberland and the Bishoprick who now professed adherence to him, and whose subsequent forfeiture for that cause appears in the English records.—*Patent Rolls*, &c.

p. 477, l. 59. And him solemnly erdit syn  
In ane far tumb intill the quer.

The expenses of Bruce's funerals are very minutely recorded in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland. The marble tomb was brought from Paris. A large part of it must have been gilded, if we are to judge from the quantity of leaf gold (*foliorum aureorum*) entered among the articles purchased.

REPORT,]

[1854.

# **The Spalding Club,**

FOR THE PRINTING OF THE

**HISTORICAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, GENEALOGICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL,  
AND LITERARY REMAINS**

OF THE

**NORTH-EASTERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND.**

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# REPORT

## BY THE COUNCIL OF THE SPALDING CLUB.

TO THE  
SIXTEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS, HELD AT ABERDEEN  
ON FRIDAY THE 22ND DECEMBER, 1854.

IN the course of the past year the Members have received a large volume, containing SELECTIONS FROM THE RECORDS OF THE UNIVERSITY AND KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN. This work has been printed at the expense of the noble President of the Club, the Earl of Aberdeen, and must be regarded with great interest as a contribution of materials, not merely for the history of one of our venerable Academical Institutions, but as furnishing many curious illustrations of ancient manners, and giving many aids to the student of Northern Genealogy.

The Council feel satisfied that they only anticipate the united wish of the Members, in recording the grateful sense which they entertain of this munificent mark of continued interest in the Society, shewn by its President.

The Members have been made aware, in several previous Reports, of the progress of a Collection of Drawings of the Ancient Sculptured Stone Monuments of Scotland; and, in the Report of last year, a hope was expressed that the volume would be ready for delivery at no distant period. Various causes have hitherto concurred to prevent the completion of the work, particularly the desire to make the collection complete, by including several interesting monuments in Aberdeenshire, which were disinterred by recent railway operations, and various pillars in other districts, which, having been but little known, were only recently reported to the Editor.

Drawings of the former have been already obtained and lithographed; and Mr. Gibb, the artist employed by the Club, is at present engaged in obtaining drawings of the rest, so that there is now no reason to doubt of the speedy issue of the volume, which has assumed a magnitude and importance beyond what was originally contemplated, but which, as the Council believe, amply justify them in appropriating so large a portion of the funds of the past year to this undertaking.

They beg to direct attention to a handsome contribution, by Cosmo Innes, Esq., of Twenty Pounds, towards the expense of this volume.

The Council have to report that a Selection of Papers, from the Charter-room at Cawdor, is to be presented to the Members by their noble owner, the Earl of Cawdor, and that the work is at press, under the charge of Mr. Innes.

The curious Extracts from the Diary of Alexander Brodie of Brodie, who was a Senator of the College of Justice in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, have now been arranged; and the first portion of the work has been sent to press under the charge of Joseph Robertson, Esq.

Mr. Robertson has also agreed to edit, for the Club, Selections from the Diary of General Patrick Gordon, of which a transcript was sometime ago obtained from the original work in the Royal Library at St. Petersburg, through the good offices of the noble President of the Club.

The Editor of "The Bruce," by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, reports, that in the course of the ensuing spring months he hopes to be able to complete his Preface, and other illustrations of that work.

Several small historical papers have been obtained, which will be suitable for a volume of Miscellanies; and the Council will feel obliged to Members, who may be in possession of such documents, to communicate them to the Secretary.

It is proposed, as soon as it may suit other arrangements, to proceed with an additional volume of Extracts from the Burgh Records of Aberdeen, under charge of the Secretary.

In the course of the past year, the Club has been deprived by death of several Members, who have been steady supporters of the Society since its commencement. Among these are Sir William Gordon Cumming of Altyre, Bart., Lord Medwyn, Lord Cockburn, Lord Rutherford, Dr. M'Pherson, and Mr. Chalmers of Aldbar, in the last of whom the Society has specially to deplore the loss of a most valuable friend, who in many ways aided its exertions and contributed to its works.

### REPORT OF THE AUDITORS—1854.

WE, the Auditors appointed to examine the Accounts of THE SPALDING CLUB, report that the Treasurers have exhibited to us a detailed account of their Intromissions with the Funds of the Club, from the 19th December, 1853, to the 19th December, 1854; that we have examined the said Account and relative Vouchers, and find the same correct, and that the following is an accurate Abstract of the Receipt and Expenditure during the above period:—

*Abstract of the Receipt and Expenditure of THE SPALDING CLUB, from 19th December, 1853, to 19th December, 1854.*

#### THE RECEIPT.

Balance due by Treasurers, as in Account ending 19th December, 1853,.....	£11 12 10½
Received Subscriptions from Members during year, per Cash Book,.....	352 16 0
Received Entrance Money from new Members,.....	9 9 0
Received for Set of Books,.....	14 19 0
Received Contribution from Cosmo Innes, Esq., for book on Sculptured Stone Monuments,.....	20 0 0
	<hr/> £408 16 10½

#### THE EXPENDITURE.

Paid to farther account of Lithographs of Sculptured Stones,.....	£156 2 11
Paid for Transcribing MSS., and comparing Charters,.....	4 9 2
Paid for Paper for Brodie's Diary,.....	50 0 0
Paid for delivering Volumes and collecting Subscriptions,.....	12 15 2
Paid for Stationery and Incidents,.....	5 5 6
Paid for Advertising and Insurance,.....	7 11 4
Paid for Miscellaneous Printing and Postages,.....	13 8 6
Paid for Printed Books for use of the Club,.....	8 14 0
Paid Mr. John Davidson, for transcribing MSS., collecting same, addressing Volumes, and general trouble connected with the Club,.....	26 0 0
Balance due by Treasurers on this Account,.....	124 10 3½
	<hr/> £408 16 10½
	<hr/> £408 16 10½

WM. SKINNER.  
AR. THOMSON.  
JOHN FLEMING.

# Works of the Spalding Club.

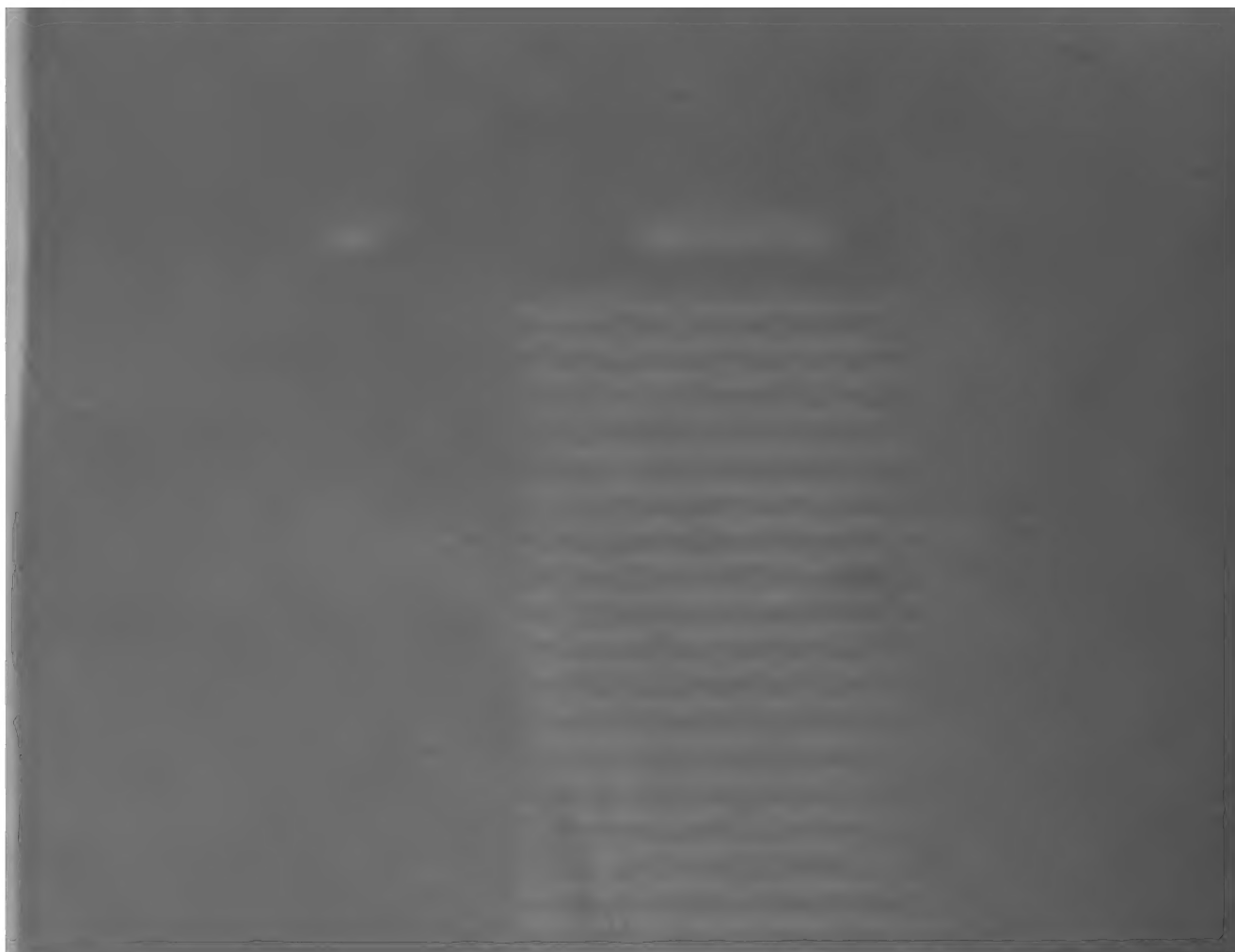
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- XXV. FASTI ABERDONENSIS: Selections from the Records of the University and King's College Aberdeen, from A.D. 1494, to A.D. 1854. Edited by Cosmo Innes, Esq. Presented to the Club by its noble President, the Earl of Aberdeen.

*Applications for admission to the Club should be addressed to the Secretary.*









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